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MARVEL TREASURY SPECIAL™

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2001.

A SPACE ODYSSEY™

AN OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF THE MGM/STANLEY KUBRICK PRODUCTION

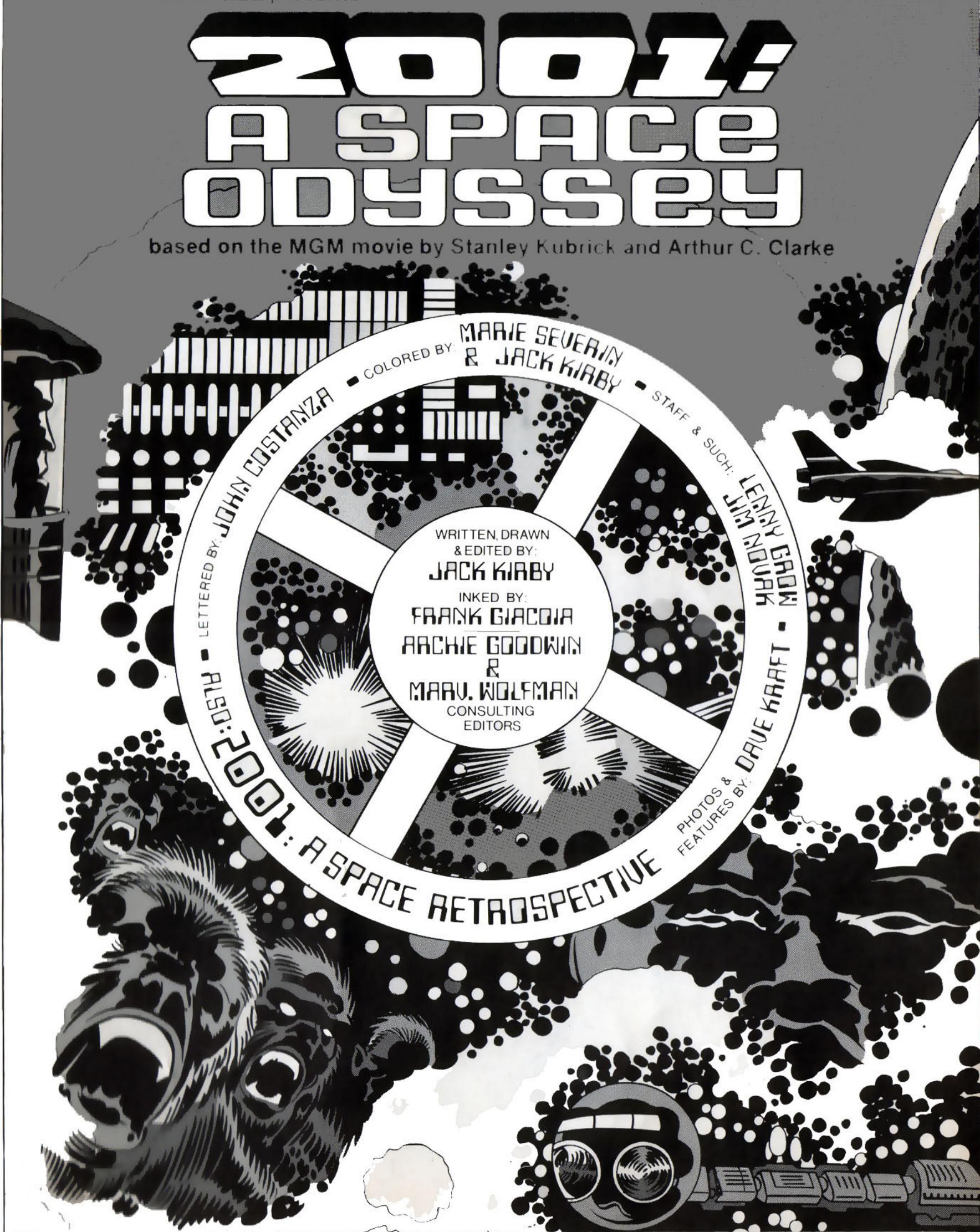


THE ULTIMATE TRIP
BECOMES THE
ULTIMATE ILLUSTRATED
ADVENTURE!

STAN LEE presents

2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY

based on the MGM movie by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke



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2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

ADAPTED FROM THE FILM BY
WRITER-ARTIST

JACK KIRBY

INKED BY FRANK GIACOMA

WITH THE MONOLITH
BEGINS THE JOURNEY
OF MAN!



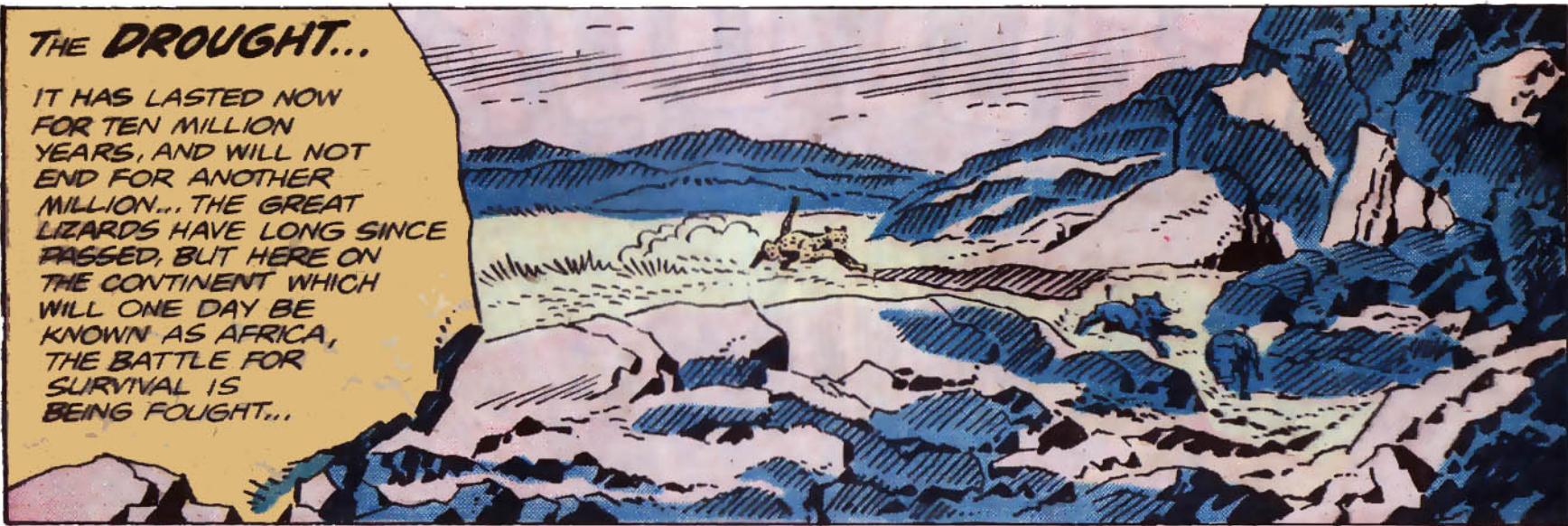
THE
UNIVERSE COMMU-
NICATES WITH MAN...
AND HISTORY'S GREAT-
EST ADVENTURE IS
LAUNCHED UPON THE
ETERNAL ROADS OF
TIME AND SPACE!
THIS IS A TRIP YOU
MUSTN'T MISS!!
THERE ARE SIGHTS
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE
TO WHICH YOU WILL
MARVEL!

PART
ONE

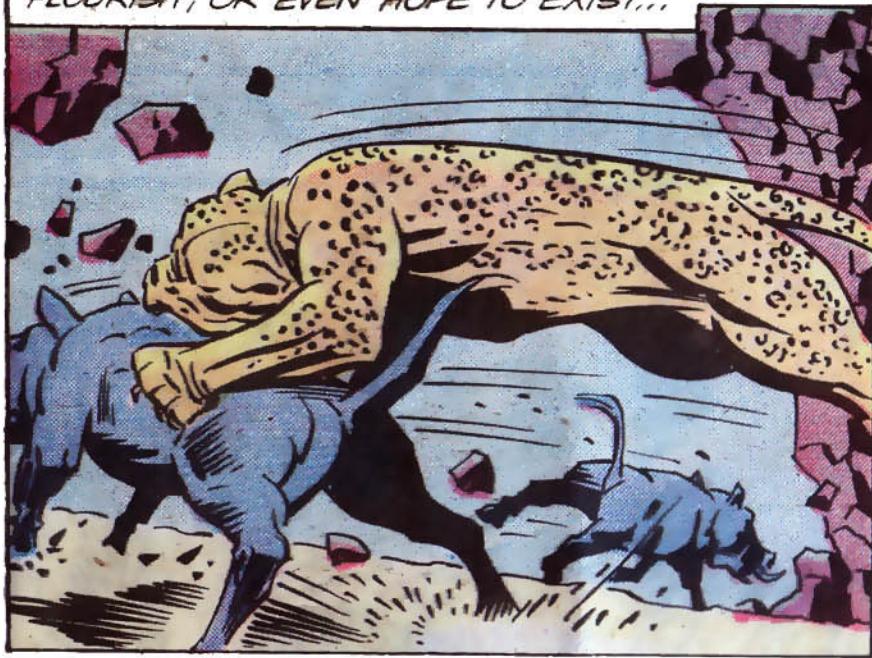
AFRICA-- 4,000,000 years ago!
THE SAGA OF
MOONWATCHER--the MAN-APE!

THE DROUGHT...

IT HAS LASTED NOW FOR TEN MILLION YEARS, AND WILL NOT END FOR ANOTHER MILLION... THE GREAT LIZARDS HAVE LONG SINCE PASSED, BUT HERE ON THE CONTINENT WHICH WILL ONE DAY BE KNOWN AS AFRICA, THE BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL IS BEING FOUGHT...



IN THIS DRY AND BARREN LAND, ONLY THE SMALL OR THE SWIFT OR THE FIERCE CAN FLOURISH, OR EVEN HOPE TO EXIST...



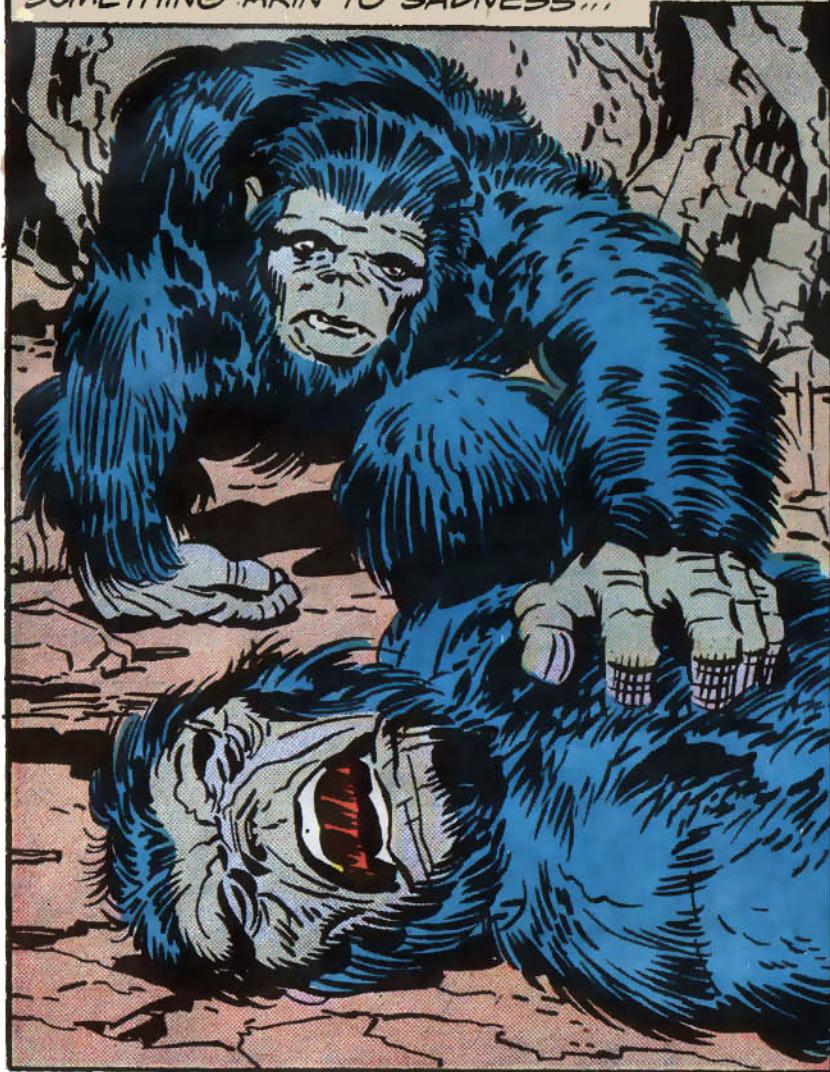
THE MAN-APES OF THE FIELD HAVE NONE OF THESE ATTRIBUTES... THEY ARE ON THE ROAD TO EXTINCTION... ABOUT TWENTY OF THEM OCCUPY A GROUP OF CAVES OVERLOOKING A SMALL PARCHED VALLEY...



AMONG HIS KIND, MOONWATCHER IS ALMOST A GIANT. HE IS NEARLY FIVE FEET HIGH, AND THOUGH BADLY UNDERNOURISHED, WEIGHS OVER A HUNDRED POUNDS.



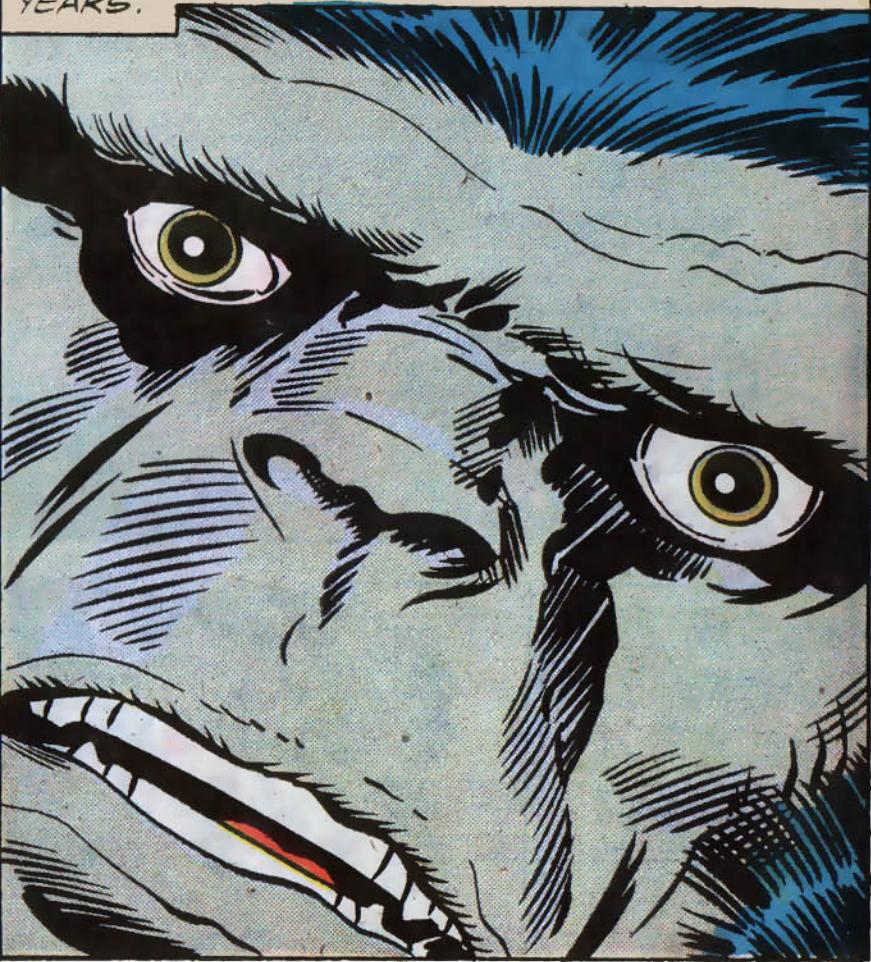
THE TRIBE HAS ALWAYS BEEN HUNGRY, AND NOW, IT IS STARVING... WHEN MOONWATCHER DISCOVERS THE EMACIATED BODY OF THE "OLD ONE", HIS FATHER, HE FEELS SOMETHING AKIN TO SADNESS...



AS THE DIM GLOW OF DAWN CREEPS INTO THE CAVE, MOONWATCHER CARRIES HIS DEAD FATHER OUTSIDE...



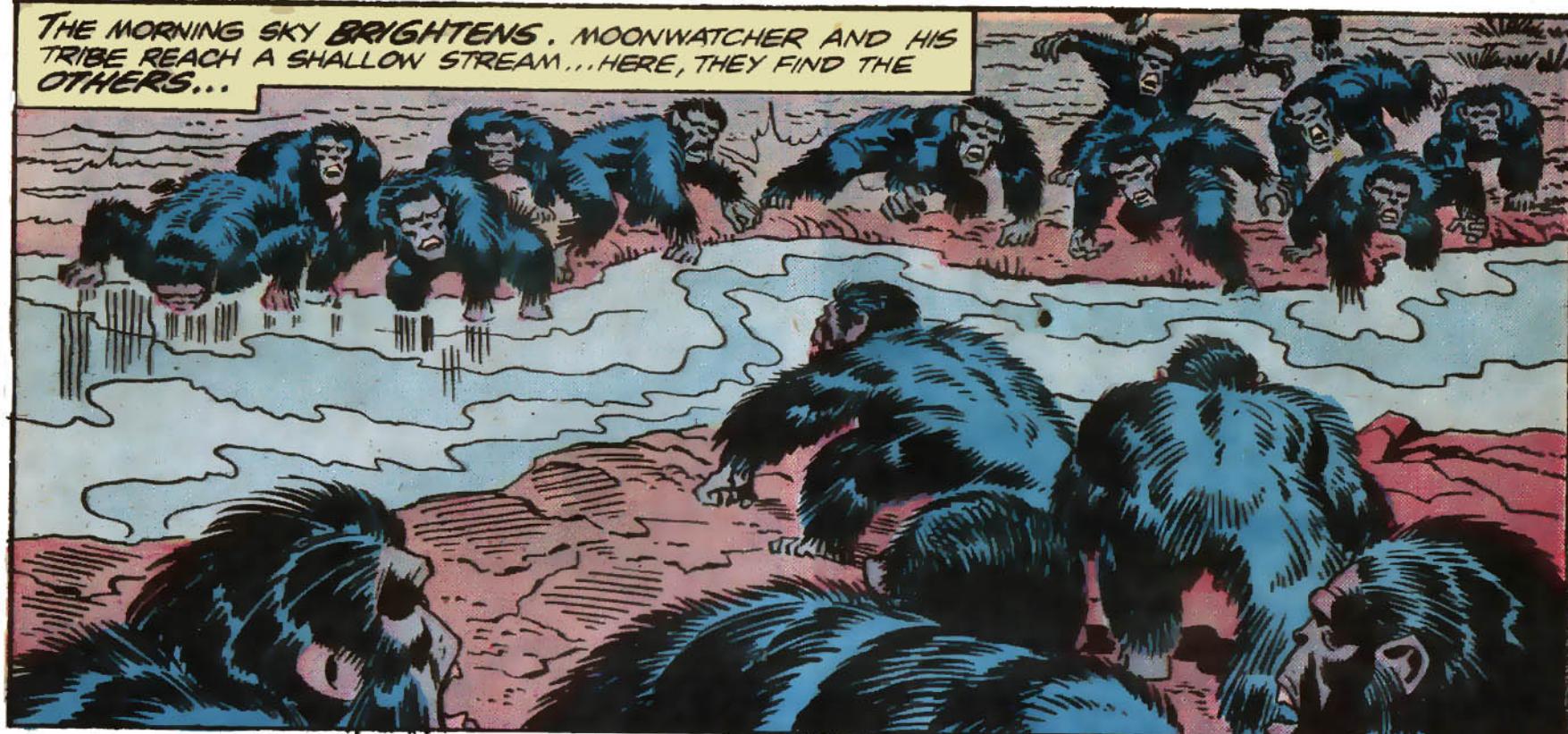
HE DOES NOT KNOW THE "OLD ONE" WAS HIS FATHER, FOR SUCH A RELATIONSHIP IS BEYOND HIS UNDERSTANDING... YET, HE UNMISTAKABLY HOLDS IN HIS GENES THE PROMISE OF HUMANITY... IN HIS DARK, DEEP-SET EYES IS A DAWNING AWARENESS--THE FIRST INTIMATION OF AN INTELLIGENCE WHICH WILL NOT FULFILL ITSELF FOR ANOTHER TWO MILLION YEARS.



...AND LEAVES HIM FOR THE HYENAS. MOONWATCHER LOOKS OUT UPON A HOSTILE WORLD --BUT, THERE IS SOMETHING IN HIS GAZE NO OTHER APE POSSESSES...



THE MORNING SKY BRIGHTENS. MOONWATCHER AND HIS TRIBE REACH A SHALLOW STREAM... HERE, THEY FIND THE OTHERS...



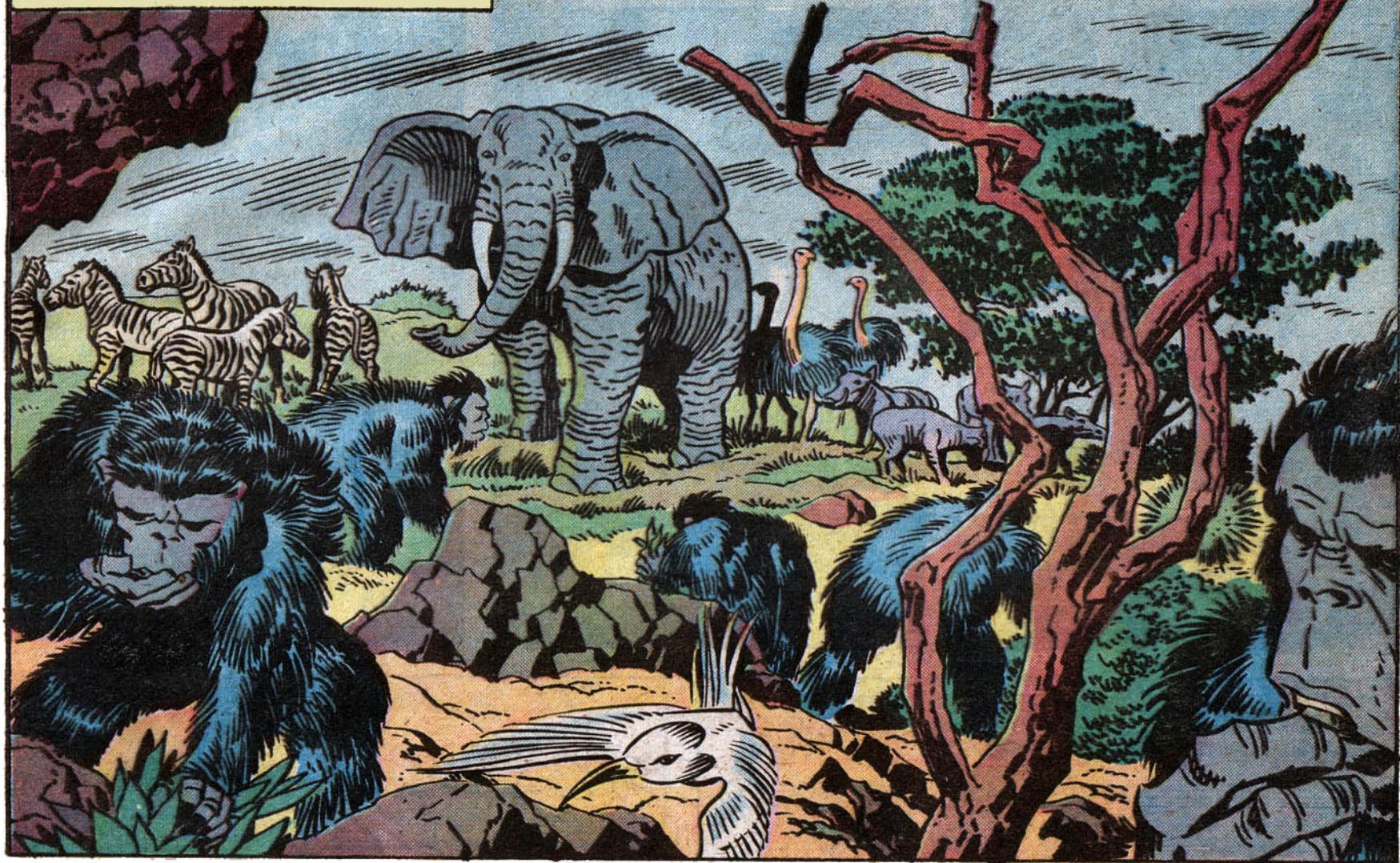
THE OTHERS ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE EVERY DAY-- THEY LOOK NO DIFFERENT FROM MOONWATCHER'S OWN TRIBE-- BUT THEY BEGIN TO DANCE ANGRILY AND SHRIEK-- AND MOONWATCHER'S TRIBE REPLIES IN KIND!!



THE CONFRONTATION DIES OUT AS QUICKLY AS IT BEGAN... HONOR HAS BEEN SATISFIED-- EACH GROUP HAS STAKED ITS CLAIM TO ITS OWN TERRITORY... EVERYONE DRINKS HIS FILL...



Moonwatcher and his companions search for berries, fruit, and leaves, and fight off pangs of hunger, while all around them, competing with them for the same fodder, is more game than they could ever hope to eat... but, the idea of eating it is beyond the man-ape imagination... they are slowly starving in the midst of plenty...



BUT, THE LION HUNTS ANYTHING THAT MOVES! MOONWATCHER'S TRIBE IS CAUGHT IN FLAT, OPEN COUNTRY... THEY ARE DEFENSELESS, WITH NO PLACE TO HIDE... IT IS THEN THAT THE LION STRIKES!



THE TRIBE SCATTERS IN ALL DIRECTIONS, BUT, THE LION SWIFTLY BRINGS ONE OF THEM TO THE GROUND...



MOONWATCHER IS AMONG THOSE WHO ESCAPE THE ATTACK... THIS NIGHT HE DOZES UNEASILY-- STRAINING TO CATCH EACH SOUND OUTSIDE THE CAVE...



NOW FEAR CREEPS INTO HIS SOUL... HE HEARS A SOUND HE CANNOT IDENTIFY... IT IS A CONTINUING CRUNCHING NOISE THAT GROWS STEADILY LOUDER... LOUDER...



MOONWATCHER CAN'T POSSIBLY GUESS AT THE MEANING OF THIS SOUND--FOR IT HAS NEVER BEEN HEARD BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THIS PLANET...



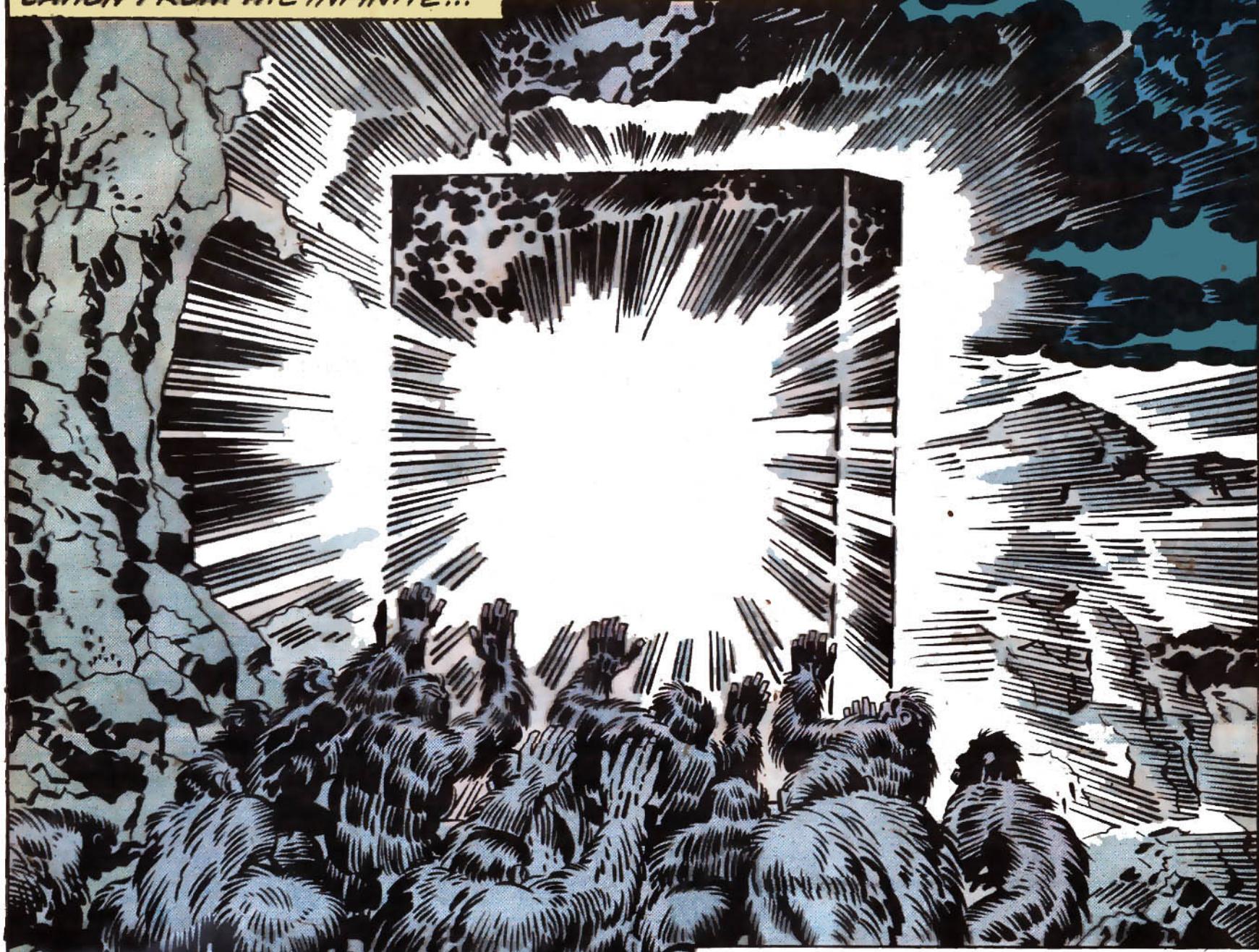
WHEN HE LEADS THE TRIBE DOWN TO THE RIVER IN THE MORNING, MOONWATCHER COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONOLITH.

IT IS A GREAT CUBE-- AND, THERE ARE NO NATURAL OBJECTS TO WHICH MOONWATCHER CAN COMPARE THIS "NEW ROCK!"



MOONWATCHER PUTS OUT HIS HAND AND FEELS A WARM, HARD SURFACE... HE FORGETS THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT... THIS STRANGE THING GENERATES NEITHER DANGER NOR FEAR-- IT BEGINS TO MAKE A SOUND WHICH REACHES OUT TO MOONWATCHER AND HIS TRIBE...

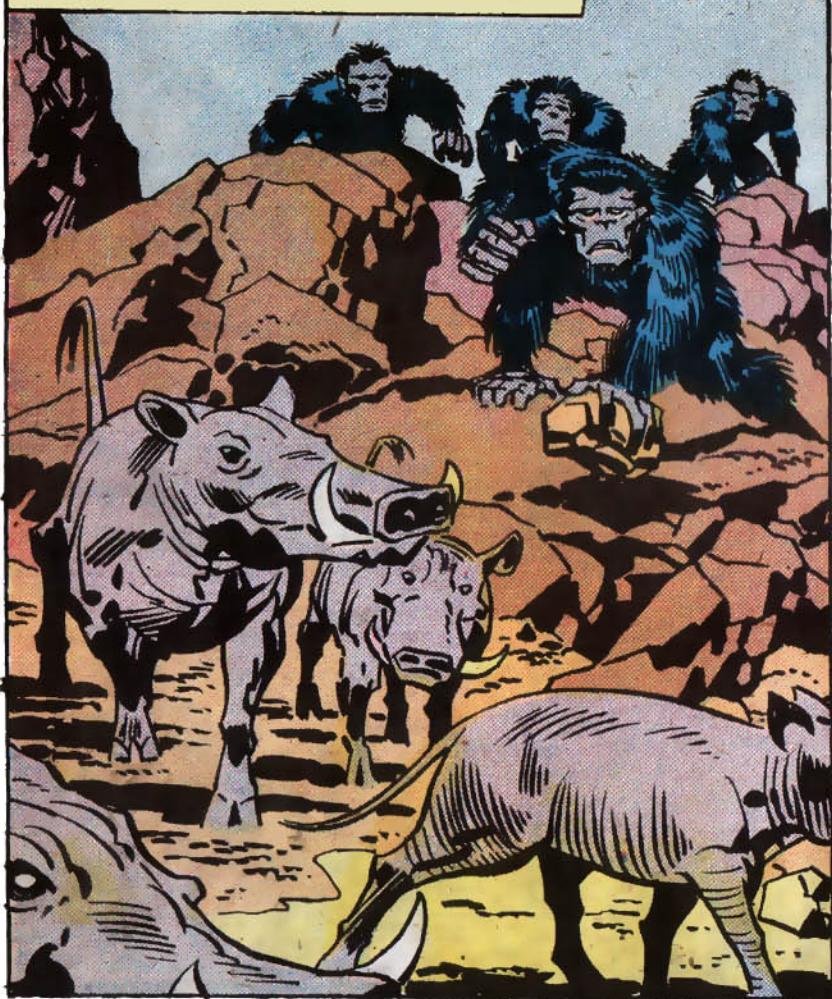
THE GREAT MONOLITH MAKES A SOFT SOUND--A SIMPLE, MADDENINGLY REPETITIOUS SOUND WHICH HYPNOTIZES ALL WHO COME WITHIN ITS SPELL. MOONWATCHER AND HIS TRIBE CLUSTER LIKE SLEEPWALKERS BEFORE THE CUBE. IT IS TALKING TO THEM... AND THE MAN-APES ARE LISTENING... MOVING CLOSER--TOUCHING--RESPONDING TO COMMUNICATION FROM THE INFINITE...



TIME PASSES WITHOUT A SIGN OF MOTION FROM THE GROUP BEFORE THE MONOLITH... THERE IS NO TELLING HOW LONG THE MAN-APES LISTEN TO THE STRANGE THOUGHTS STIRRING IN THEIR BRAINS...



LATER, AS IF AWAKENING FROM A DREAM, THE MAN-APES SCUTTLE BACK TO THEIR CAVES-- THEY HAVE NO CONSCIOUS MEMORY OF WHAT THEY HAD SEEN. DAYS PASS-- THE MONOLITH HAS VANISHED-- AND MOONWATCHER IS LEFT TO CONTEND WITH STRANGE NEW EMOTIONS...



MOONWATCHER FEELS THE URGE TO KILL! AT THE SIGHT OF WART-HOGS PASSING BY WITH APPARENT DISREGARD FOR DANGER FROM THE NORMALLY HARMLESS MAN-APES, MOONWATCHER SUDDENLY SEIZES A STONE AND HURLS IT AT AN UNFORTUNATE PIG!



THE TRIBE HAS NOT ONLY BEGIN TO KILL GAME, BUT, IT NOW FINDS THE NEED FOR WEAPONS AND TOOLS... THE MAN-APES HAVE TAKEN THEIR FIRST STEP TOWARD -- HUMANITY...



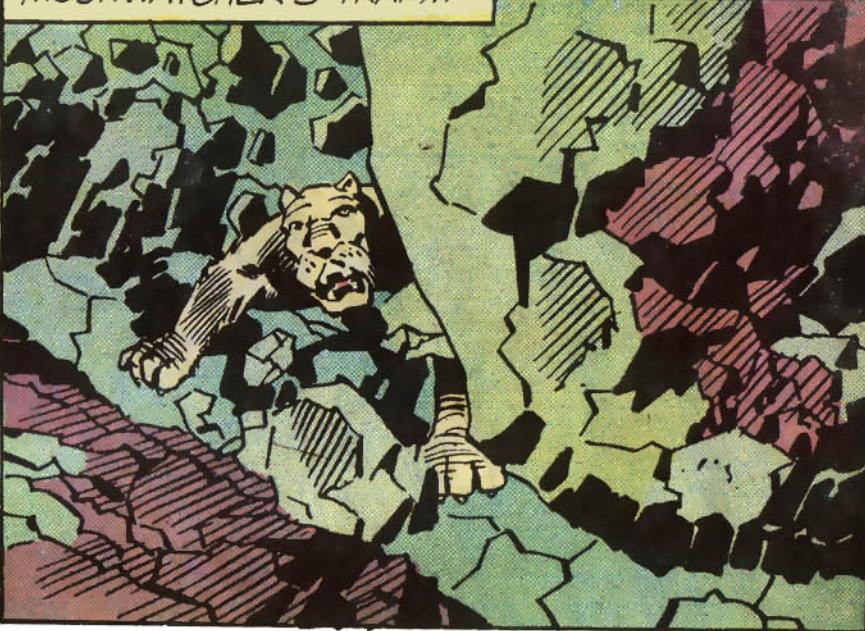
WITH THE MONOLITH'S COMING, THE JOURNEY TO THE FUTURE IS ASSURED.. MOONWATCHER AND HIS TRIBE WILL EAT WELL. IT WILL GROW SLEEK AND STRONG-- AND DEAL HARSHLY WITH ITS ENEMIES!! DAYS PASS. THE LION WHO PREYS UPON MAN-APES SEEKS THEM IN THEIR CAVES. HE DOESN'T FIND THEM...



Moonwatcher and his man-apes are above the lion--they are high on the hill--dislodging a great boulder with wooden sticks--causing it to crash down the slope...



The lion twitches **ALERT** at this sound--but, having no fear of these creatures, he hesitates long enough to make escape **IMPOSSIBLE**... he becomes the victim of Moonwatcher's trap...



NOW, THE MATTER OF TERRITORIAL DISPUTE WITH THE OTHERS MUST BE SETTLED FOR ALL TIME!! IT IS THE NEXT MORNING. BOTH TRIBES FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS THE STREAM AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE--BUT, THIS TIME IT WILL BE DIFFERENT. MOONWATCHER AND HIS TRIBE CARRY WEAPONS ...CLUBS OF BONE AND WOOD...



THE CHIEF OF THE OTHER TRIBE DISPLAYS HIS FIGHTING RAGE... HE HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN ATTACKED BY A WEAPON--AND HE FOOLISHLY CHARGES MOONWATCHER...



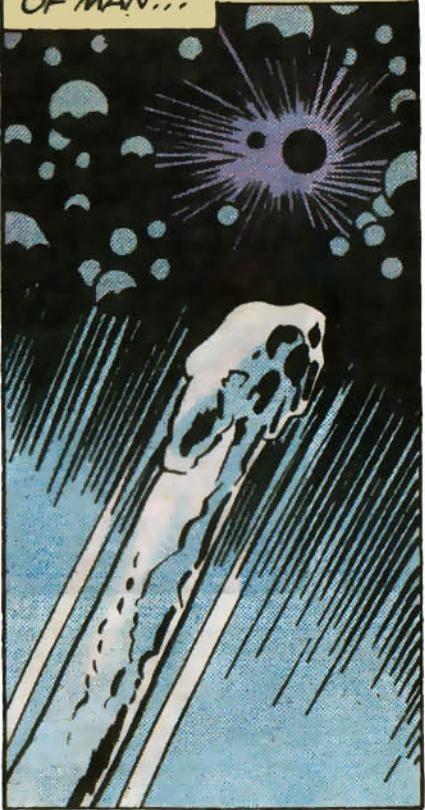
Moonwatcher's challenger looks up at the **RAISED** club, until the heavy bone **CRASHES** down upon his skull and hurls him into eternal **DARKNESS**...



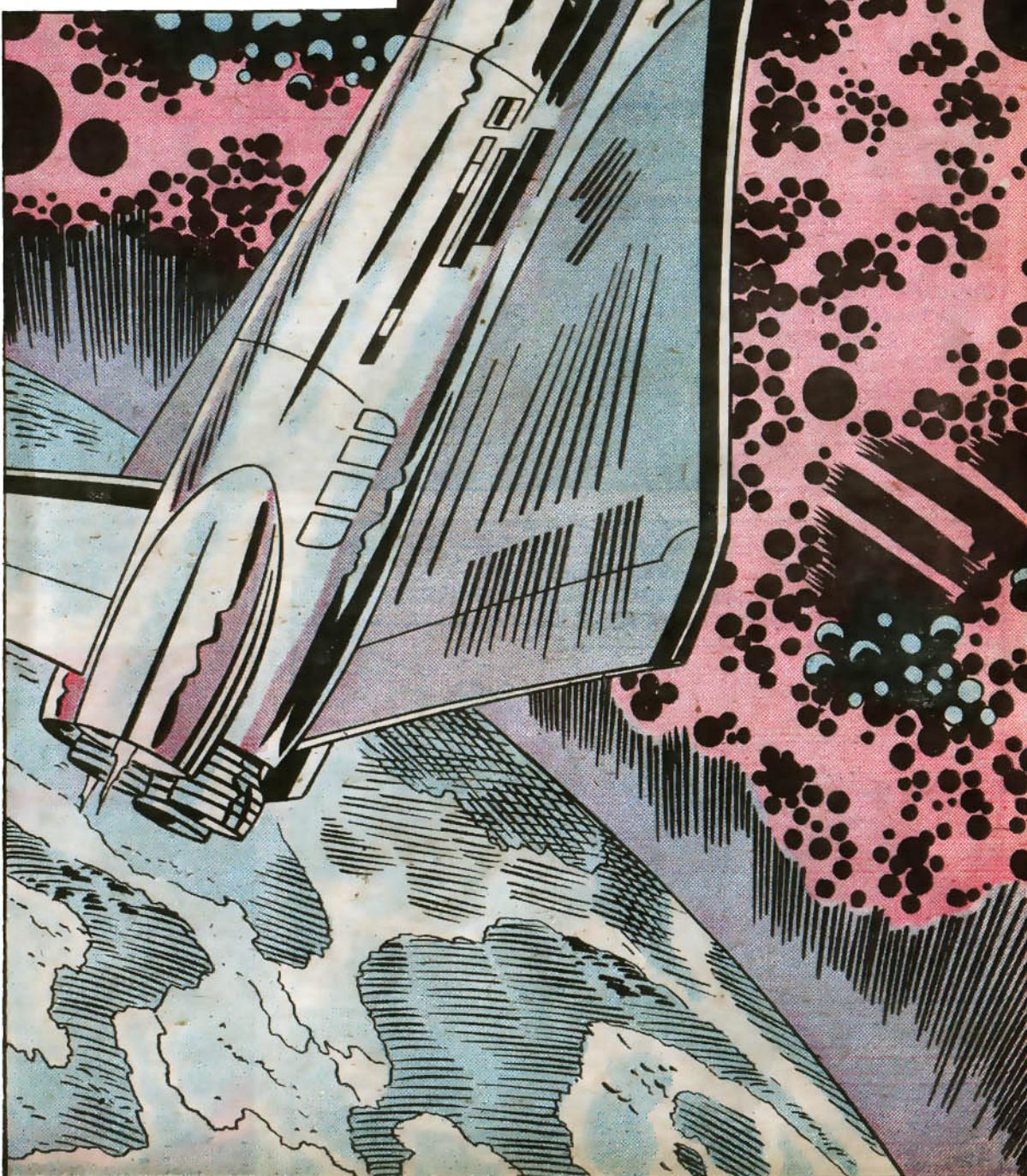
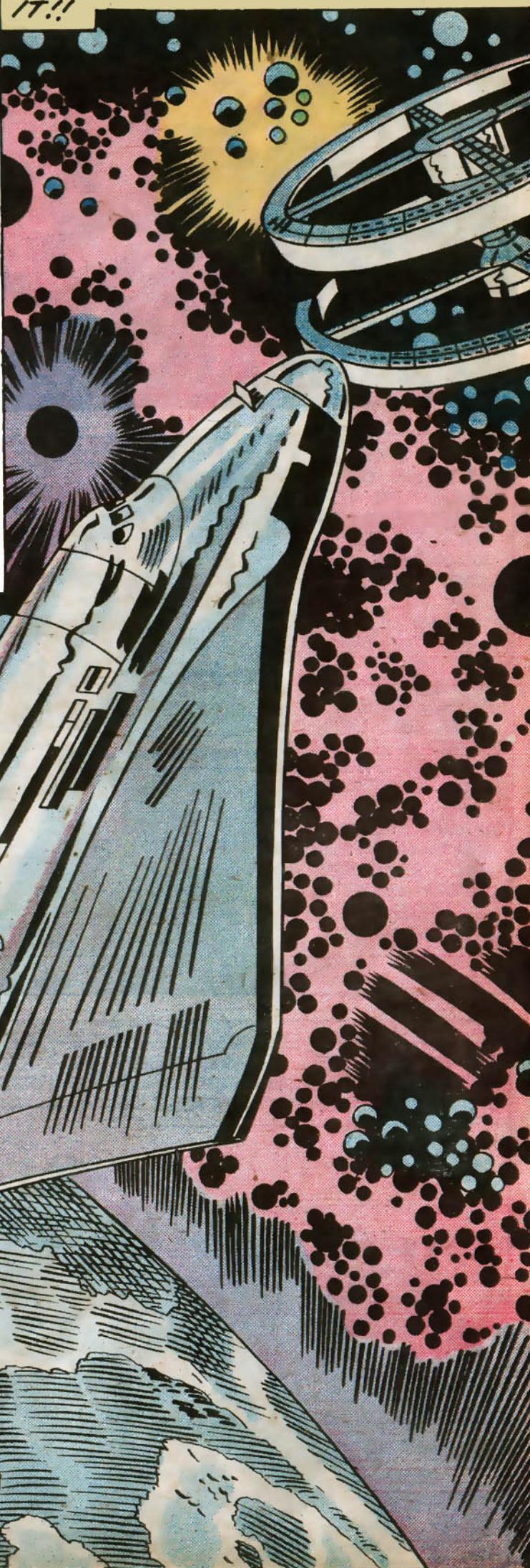
Moonwatcher sees his enemy fall! He feels a sense of great power. He is master of the world! As the surge of elation sweeps through him, Moonwatcher shouts in victory and throws his weapon at the sky!!



HIGHER AND HIGHER, IT SAILS -- AIMED AT THE INFINITE WHERE THE COUNTLESS STARS WAIT FOR THE COMING OF MAN...



--AND, MAN COMES TO SPACE!! ACROSS THE AGONIZING AGES HE FOLLOWS THE DESTINY BEQUEATHED TO HIM BY THE MONOLITH--FOR, THE SECOND LEG OF HIS JOURNEY AWAITS HIM... THE TIME HAS ARRIVED TO TAKE IT!!



PART
TWO

YEAR
2001

THE **THING**
on the
MOON!



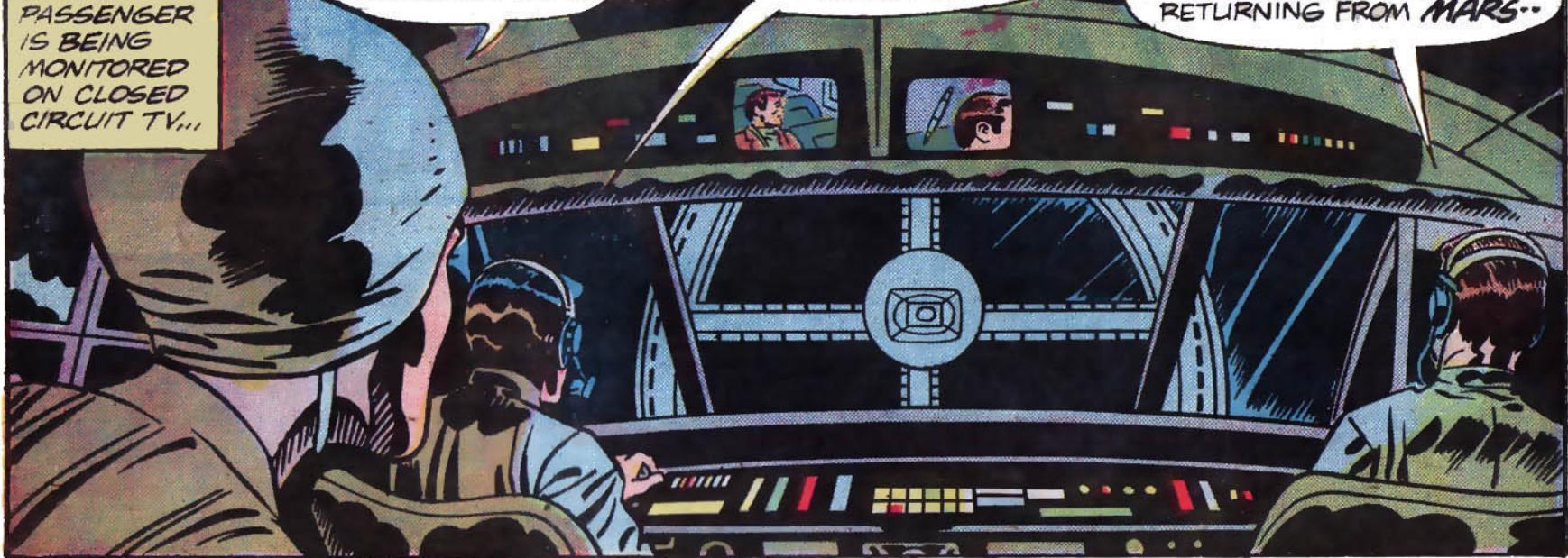
By the year 2001, man is faced by the mounting problems created by his ceaseless struggle to survive his own limitations and environment. He is beset by dwindling energy sources--nuclear threats--destruction of animal and plant life--runaway technology which breeds new dangers to reckon with and countless other flashpoints capable of ending man's existence--it is at this crossroad in man's destiny that a space shuttle leaves the earth on a mission that is four million years in coming...

INSIDE THE
COMMUTER
SHIP, A VERY
SPECIAL
PASSENGER
IS BEING
MONITORED
ON CLOSED
CIRCUIT TV...

OUR "V.I.P." IS
STILL ASLEEP. HE
HASN'T MOVED
SINCE WE LEFT...

TAKING HIM UP HERE
MUST COST A **FORUNE**--
I WONDER WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I'VE HEARD MORE AND
MORE TALK ABOUT AN
EPIDEMIC--CONTAMI-
NATION ON A FLIGHT
RETURNING FROM **MARS**...

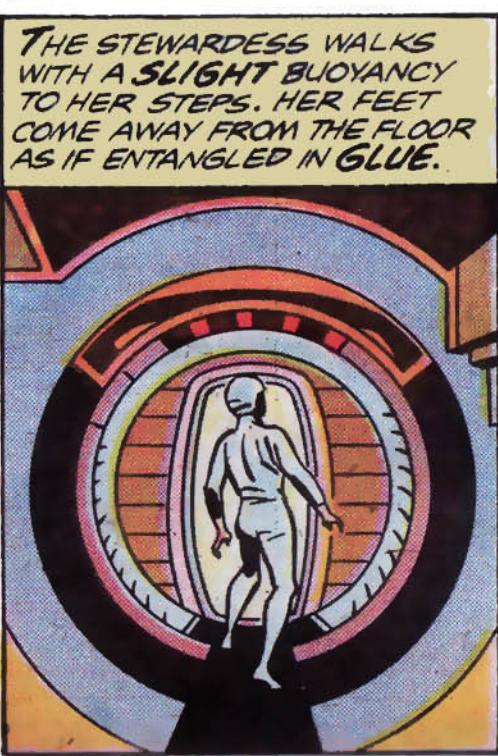


WELL, WHATEVER IT
IS, THEY'RE **NOT**
FOOLING AROUND.
THIS IS THE **FIRST**
FLIGHT THEY'VE
ALLOWED IN A
WEEK.

WAKE HIM UP,
HONEY--WE'RE
GOING TO
DOCK--

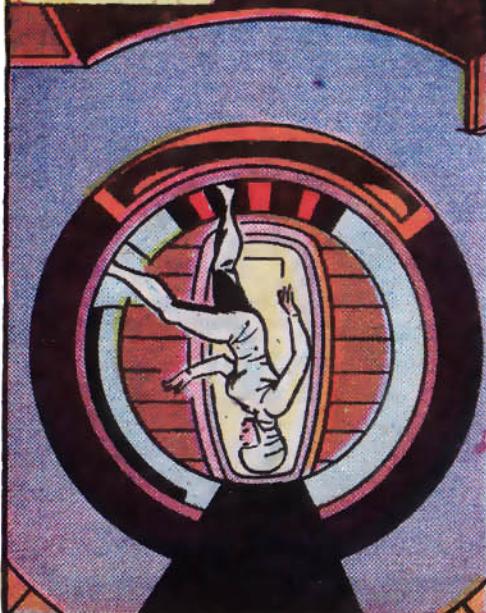
THE STEWARDESS WALKS
WITH A **SLIGHT BUOYANCY**
TO HER STEPS. HER FEET
COME AWAY FROM THE FLOOR
AS IF ENTANGLLED IN **GLUE**.

THE CARPET AND THE
SOLES OF HER SANDALS
ARE COVERED WITH MANY
TINY **HOOKS**, SO THAT
THEY CLING TOGETHER
LIKE BURRS...



IN "FREE-FALL" SHE CAN
WALK ON THE VELCRO-
LINED FLOOR IN ANY
POSITION, EVEN WHEN SHE
APPEARS TO BE UPSIDE
DOWN...

THEN SHE ENTERS THE
PASSENGER AREA TO
ASSUME HER DUTIES...
THIS HAS BEEN A **STRANGE**
FLIGHT--"SHROUDED IN
MYSTERY"--AND CENTERED
UPON A SLEEPING MAN
WHO HAS A RENDEZVOUS
WITH DESTINY...



DOCTOR
FLOYD--
DOCTOR
FLOYD--

UH OH, HIS PENCIL'S
DRIFTED OUT
OF HIS
POCKET...

AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME, THE LONE PASSENGER ROUSES FROM HIS SLUMBER.

I'VE GOT IT...

MMMM-- WHA--?
OH, IT'S YOU, MISS--

GUESS, I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF...

THANK YOU FOR RETRIEVING THIS PENCIL--I MUST REMEMBER TO CLIP IT PROPERLY...

ARE WE DOCKING SOON?

VERY SHORTLY, SIR--

MINUTES LATER, THE SLEEK SPACE SHUTTLE IS EXPERTLY GUIDED INTO THE BRIGHTLY GAPPING LOCK OF THE SPACE STATION--

THAT'S IT-- EASE OVER A LITTLE TO YOUR LEFT.

NOW FORWARD--

DOCTOR FLOYD WATCHES THE PROCEDURE WITH AN AIR OF EXPECTANCY-- HE IS PRE-OCCUPIED WITH THE MEANING OF HIS MISSION. IT IS MIND-BOGGLING--

I HOPE YOU HAD A COMFORTABLE FLIGHT, SIR. WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU UPON YOUR RETURN.

ER--
YES--
OF COURSE.
THANK YOU, MISS.

THE SCIENTIST IS TAKEN BY AN ELEVATOR TO A RECEPTION AREA WHERE HIS IDENTIFICATION IS CHECKED AND HIS PASSPORT CLEARED. WHEN HE IS PASSED THROUGH, HE IS MET BY A STATION OFFICIAL--

COFFEE

MILK

HILTON

GOOD TO SEE YOU, MILLER-- I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN INFORMED ABOUT MY TRIP--

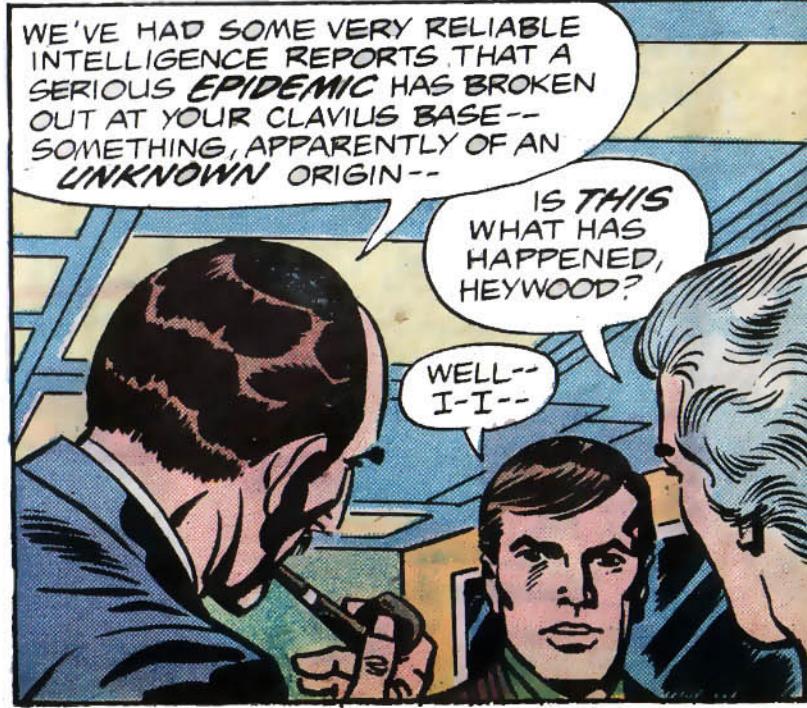
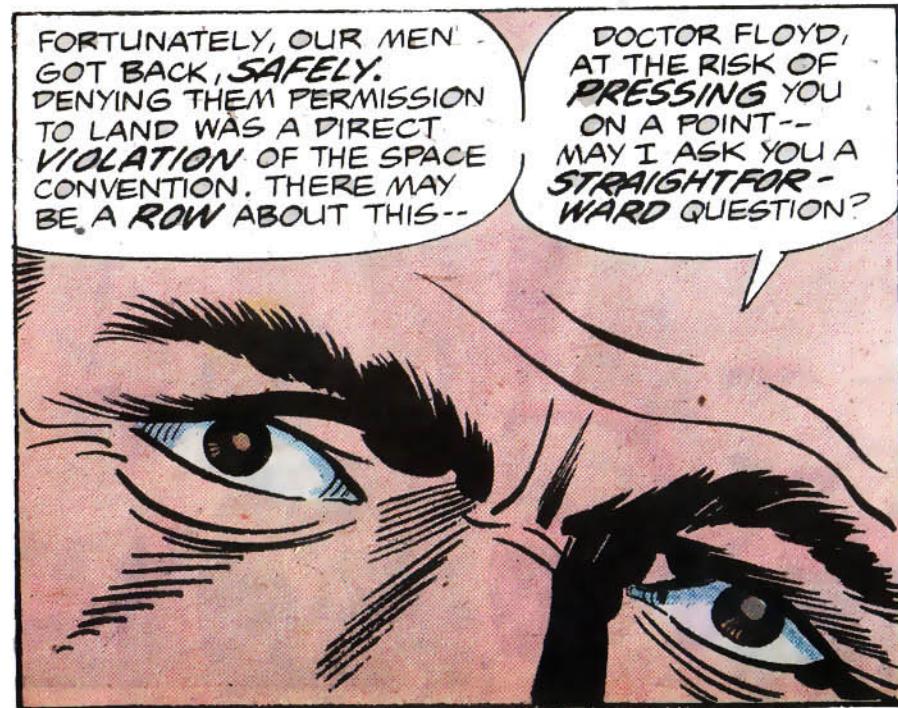
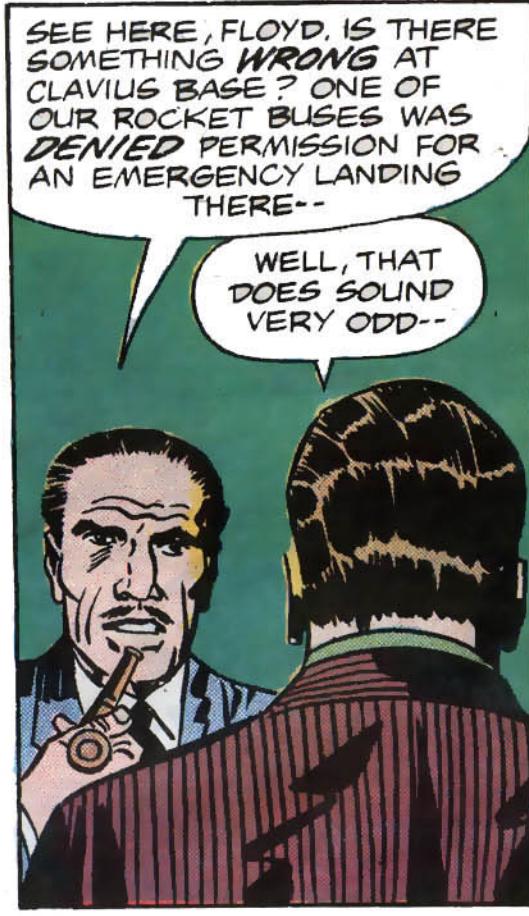
YOU'VE GOT TOP PRIORITY CLEAR-ANCE, DOCTOR FLOYD-- IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS--?

I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU COULD GET ME **MOON-BOUND** AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MILLER-- WE'LL HAVE A GOOD CHAT WHEN I GET **BACK**. I'LL TAKE YOU TO DINNER...

SURE, SURE. I UNDERSTAND. JUST STAND BY, DOCTOR, I'LL SEE TO THINGS.

THANKS, MILLER, YOU'RE A GREAT GUY. BY THE WAY, AM I GETTING AN **ARIES III** SPACE CRAFT?

GOT ONE WARMING UP ON THE PAD FOR YOU NOW-- I WON'T BE LONG, DOC.



I SEE THAT IT IS A
SENSITIVE MATTER--
YOU ARE NOT
PERMITTED TO
DISCUSS IT--

AT ANY RATE,
IT WAS NICE
MEETING YOU,
DOCTOR--

THANK YOU--I
HOPE TO RUN
INTO YOU TWO AT
THE NEXT
CONVENTION...

TIME TO
BOARD,
DOCTOR
FLOYD--

FLOYD HURRIEDLY JOINS MILLER
AND IS GUIDED TO THE AREA
WHERE HIS CRAFT IS WAITING...

I'LL BET YOU'RE
GLAD TO **SHAKE**
THOSE QUESTIONS,
EH, DOC?

THEY WERE
TRYING TO BE
HELPFUL!

THE ARIES-1B HAS BECOME
THE STANDARD SPACE-
STATION-TO-LUNAR
SURFACE VEHICLE. IT
HAS LOW-THRUST
PLASMA JETS
WHICH CONTINUE
MILD ACCELERATION
FOR FIFTEEN
MINUTES--
BEFORE IT
BREAKS
THE BONDS
OF GRAVITY!

SO LONG,
DOC... HOPE
YOU WORK
THINGS
OUT AT
CLAVIUS!

THAT
DINNER
DATE STILL
STANDS,
MILLER!

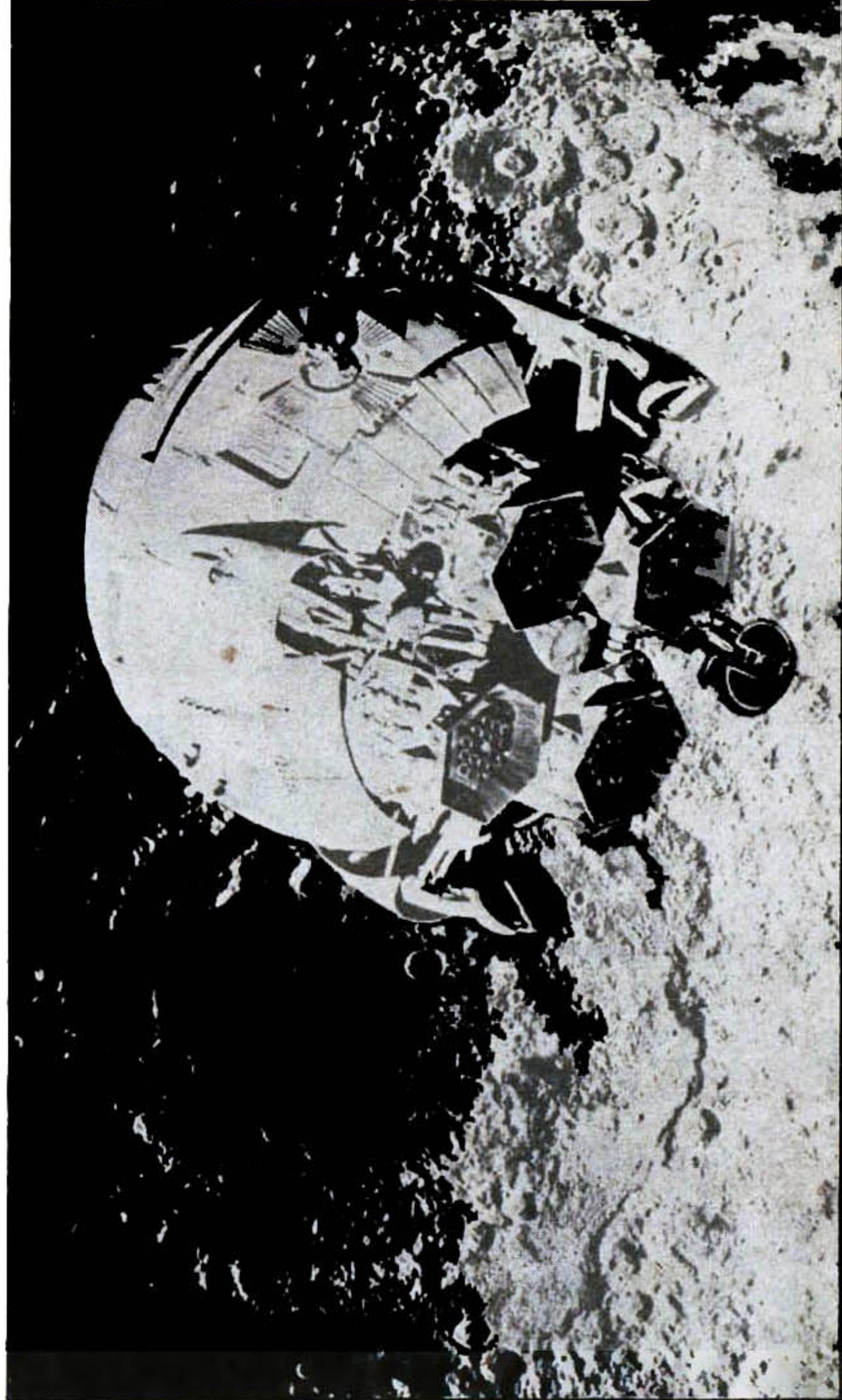
MOMENTS LATER, THE SPACECRAFT BLASTS
OFF FOR THE MOON--IT IS A CREATURE OF
THE VAST NIGHT IN WHICH IT NAVIGATES WITH
CONFIDENCE AND EFFICIENCY...

RELAX, DOCTOR
FLOYD-- WE'LL GET
YOU TO CLAVIUS
BASE IN **SHORT**
ORDER...

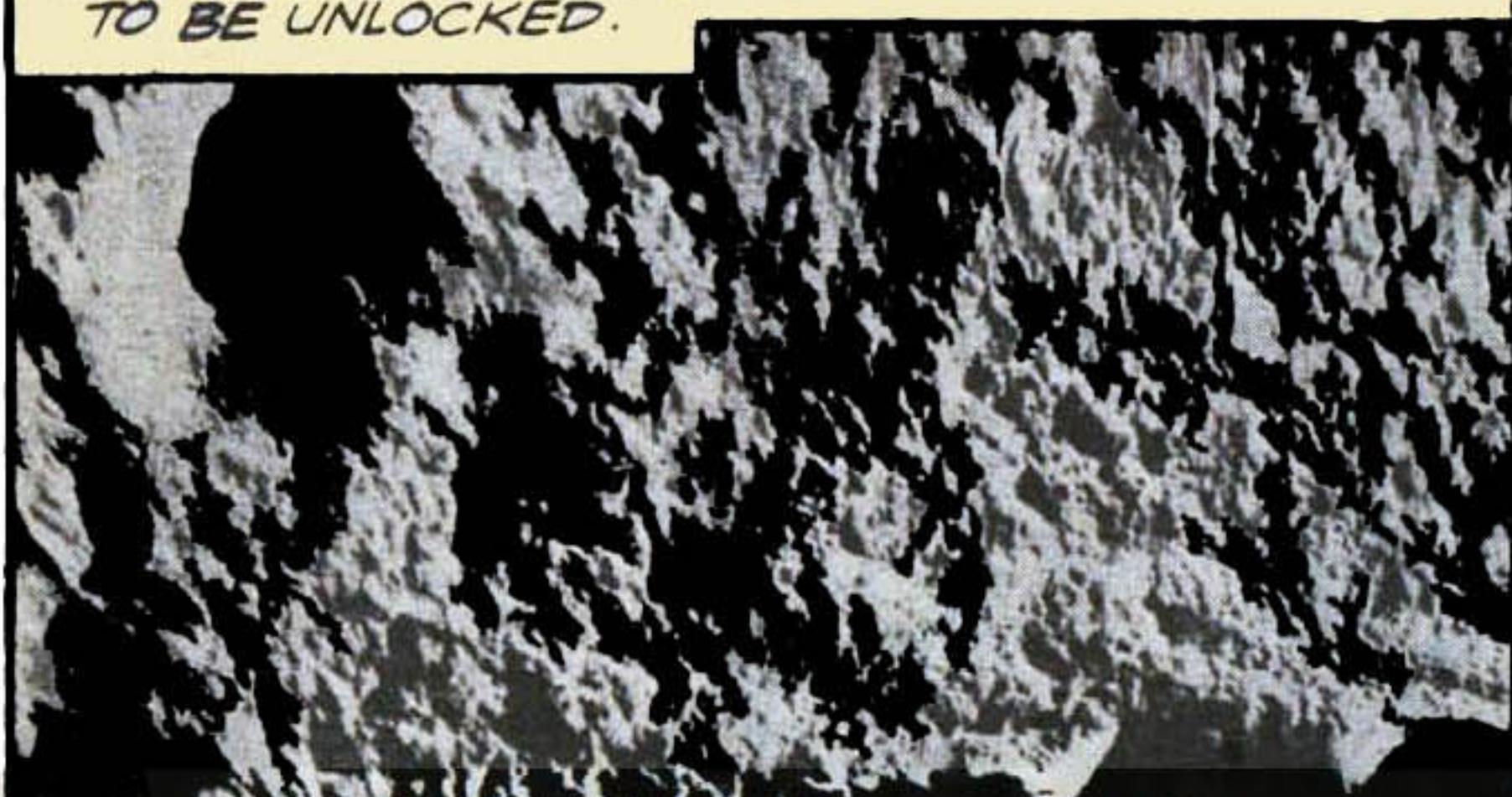
THE VOYAGE PROGRESSES AS THE MOON GROWS LARGE AND OMINOUS--ABOARD THE SPACE VESSEL, THERE IS POLITE CONVERSATION--BUT, BENEATH IS A CURRENT OF UN-SPOKEN QUESTIONS.



THE CREW KNOWS ABOUT THE TIGHT SECURITY AT CLAVIUS CRATER. THEY KNOW THAT ONLY FLOYD WILL BE ALLOWED TO DISEMBARK WHEN THEY LAND...



THE LUNAR SURFACE COMES EVER CLOSER--THE CRACKS AND SCARS AND WATERLESS SEAS LONG SILENT SINCE GENESIS ARE STILL AN AWE-INSPIRING SIGHT WHICH TRANSFIXES THE SPACE TRAVELER--IT REMINDS HIM OF THE MYSTERIES THAT WAIT TO BE UNLOCKED.



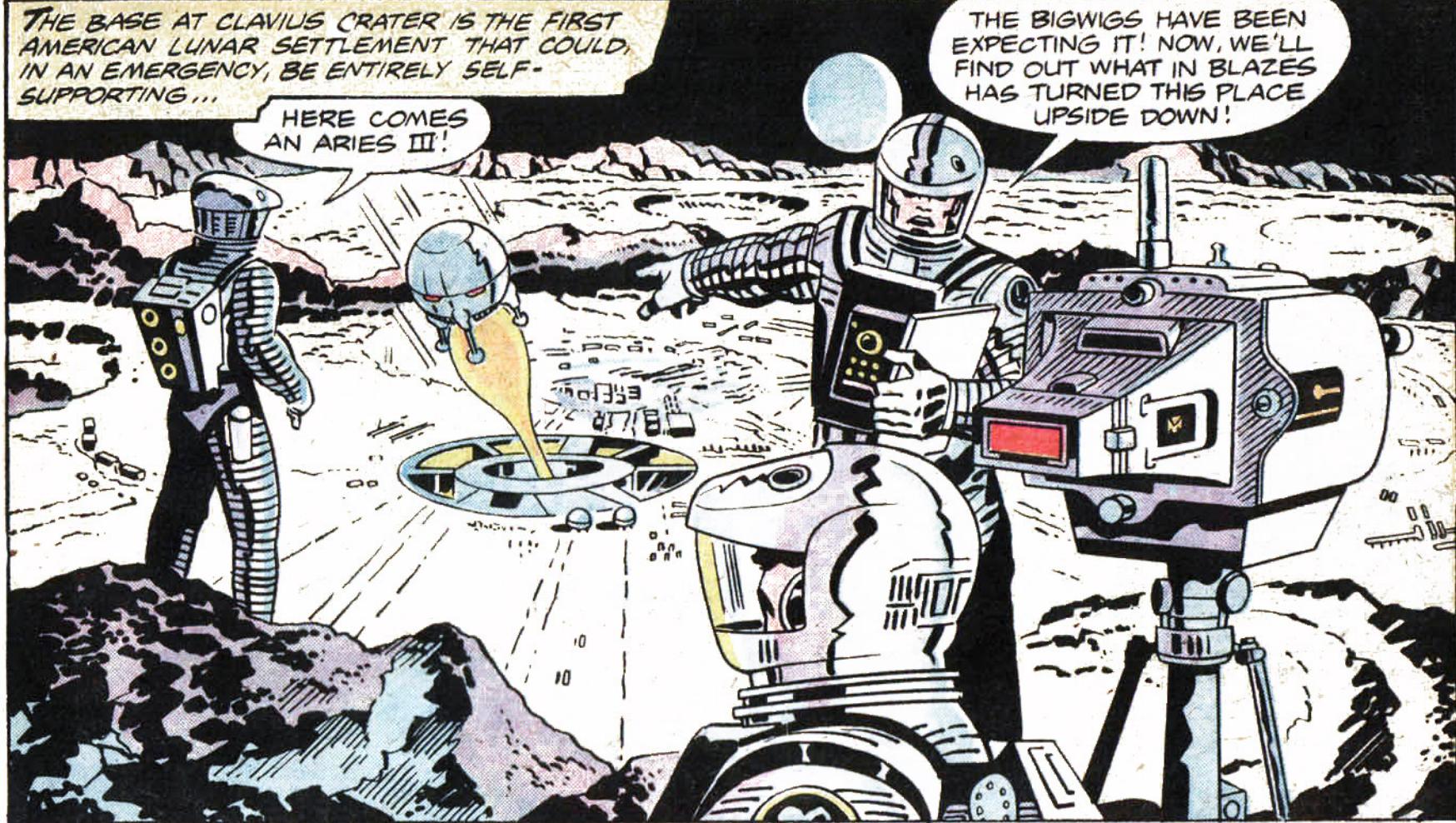
HERE IS AGE INCONCEIVABLE--BUT, NOT DEATH--FOR THE MOON HAD NEVER LIVED UNTIL NOW... MAN HAS COME--AND BROUGHT WITH HIM--LIFE!!



THE BASE AT CLAVIUS CRATER IS THE FIRST AMERICAN LUNAR SETTLEMENT THAT COULD, IN AN EMERGENCY, BE ENTIRELY SELF-SUPPORTING...

THE BIGWIGS HAVE BEEN EXPECTING IT! NOW, WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT IN BLAZES HAS TURNED THIS PLACE UPSIDE DOWN!

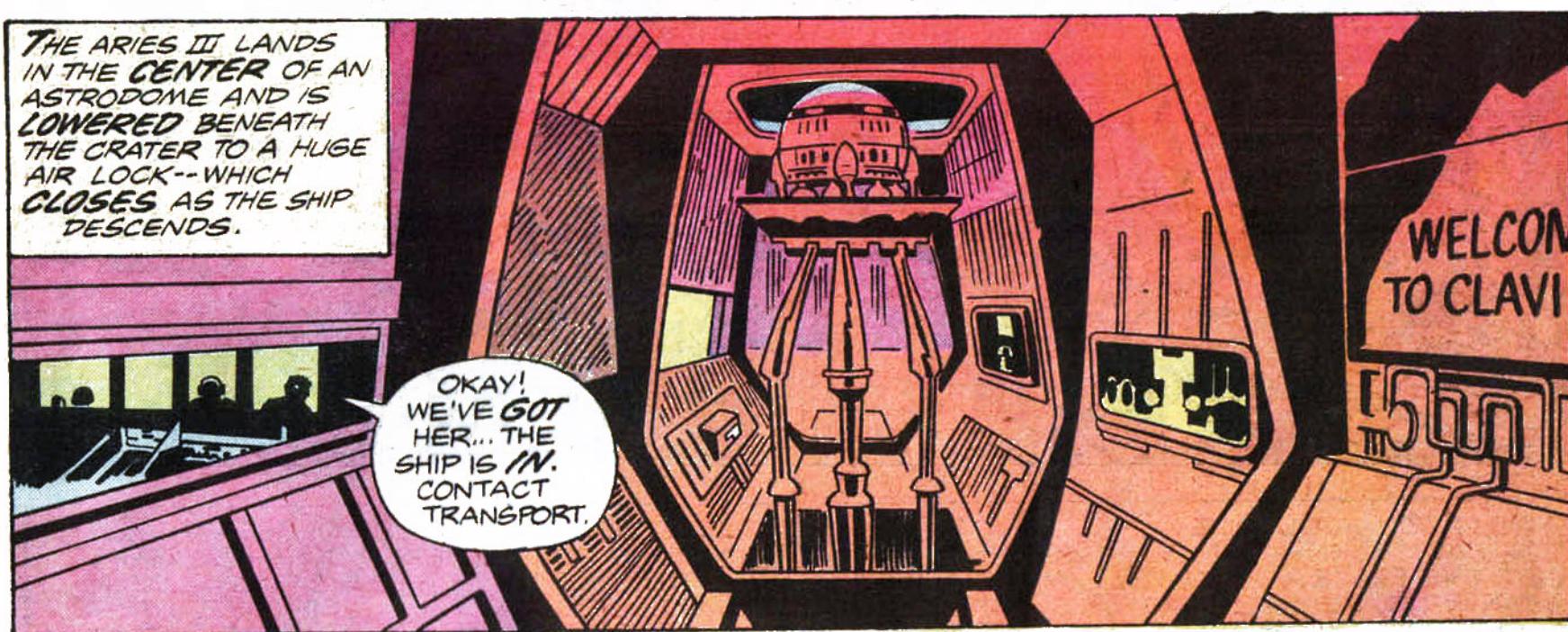
HERE COMES AN ARIES III!



THE ARIES III LANDS IN THE CENTER OF AN ASTRODOME AND IS LOWERED BENEATH THE CRATER TO A HUGE AIR LOCK--WHICH CLOSES AS THE SHIP DESCENDS.

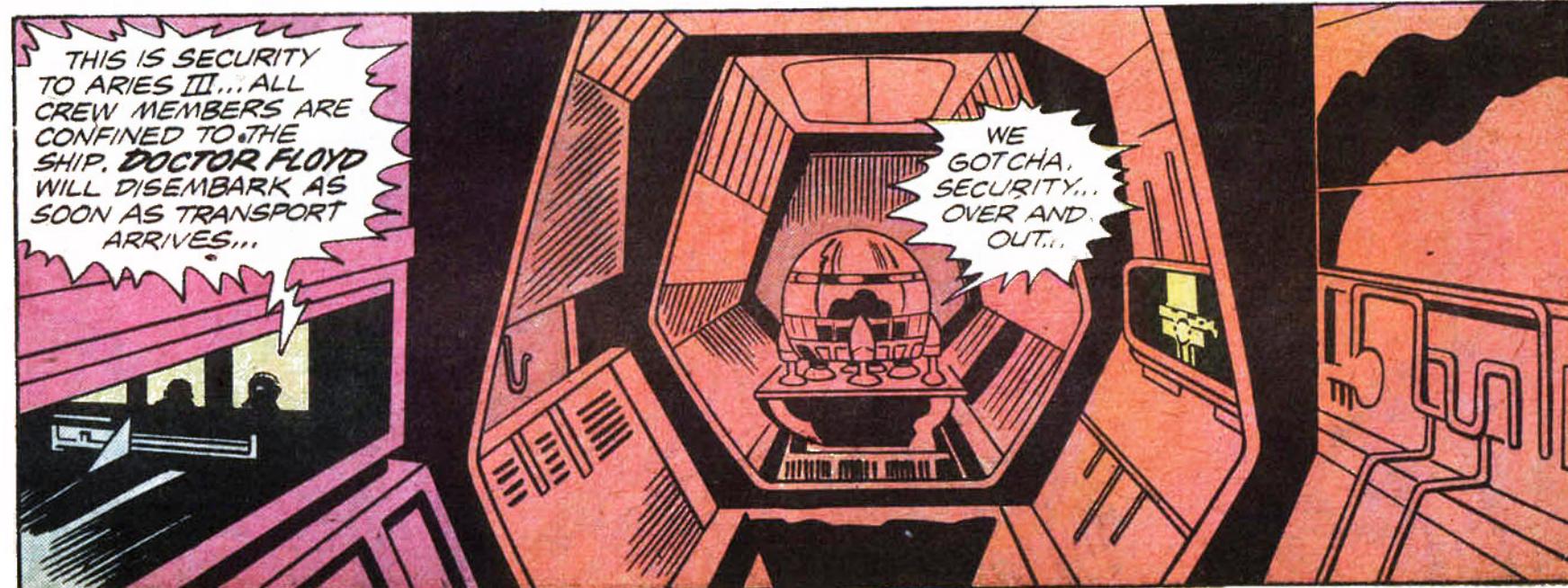
OKAY! WE'VE GOT HER... THE SHIP IS IN. CONTACT TRANSPORT.

WELCOME TO CLAVIUS

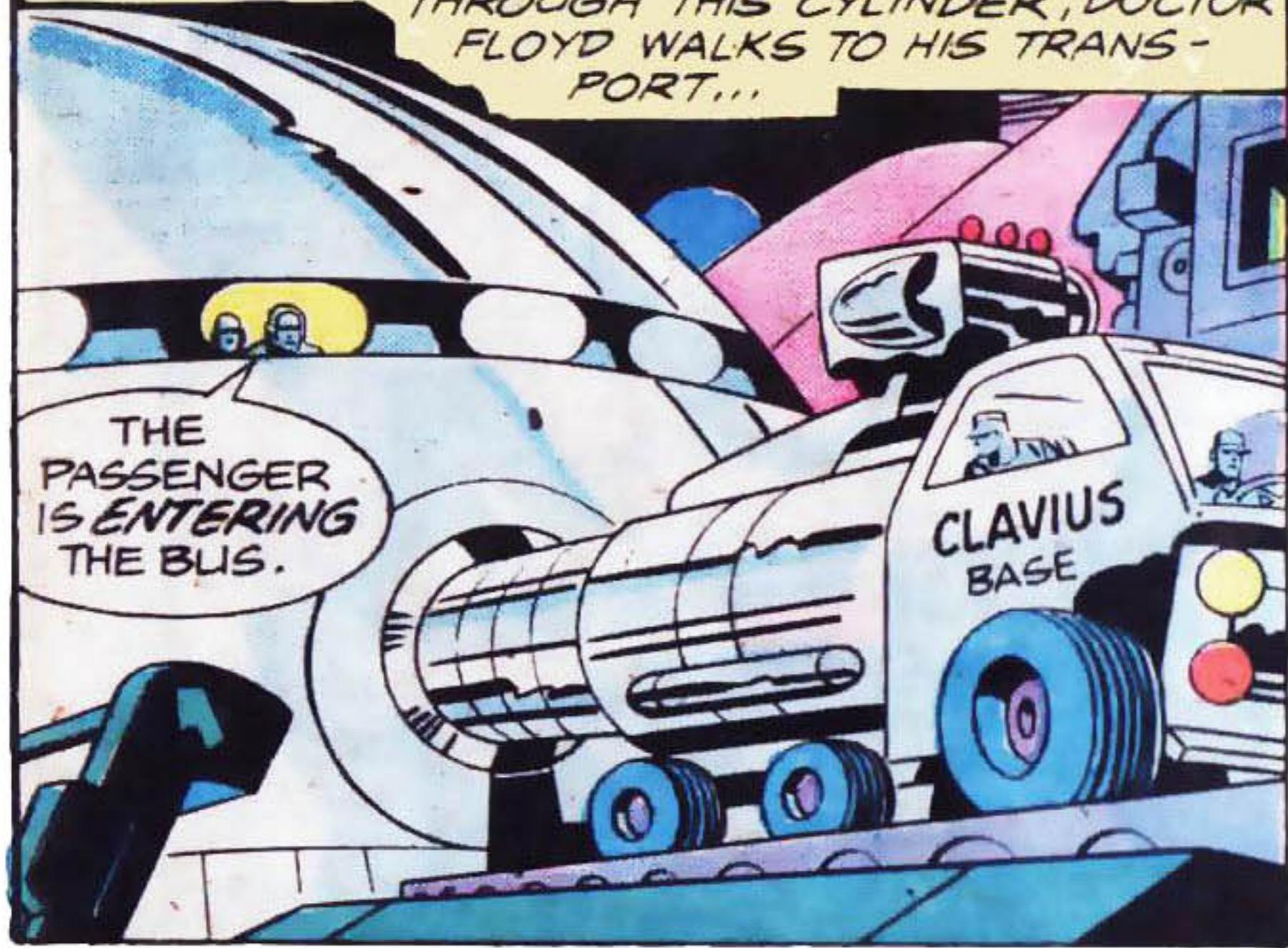


THIS IS SECURITY TO ARIES III... ALL CREW MEMBERS ARE CONFINED TO THE SHIP. DOCTOR FLOYD WILL DISEMBARK AS SOON AS TRANSPORT ARRIVES...

WE GOTCHA, SECURITY... OVER AND OUT...



A LARGE VEHICLE SOON BACKS UP TO THE DOCKED SPACE VESSEL AND CLAMPS A LONG NOZZLE-LIKE CHAMBER TO THE AIR LOCK-- THROUGH THIS CYLINDER, DOCTOR FLOYD WALKS TO HIS TRANSPORT...



THEN, HE IS DRIVEN OFF THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND TUNNELS WHICH FORM THE SUPPLY AND COMMUNICATION SYSTEM OF CLAVIUS BASE...



DOCTOR FLOYD IS DEPOSITED IN A SECTION OF CLAVIUS WHICH BUSTLES WITH ACTIVITY... THE ADMINISTRATOR RECEIVES HIM WARMLY...

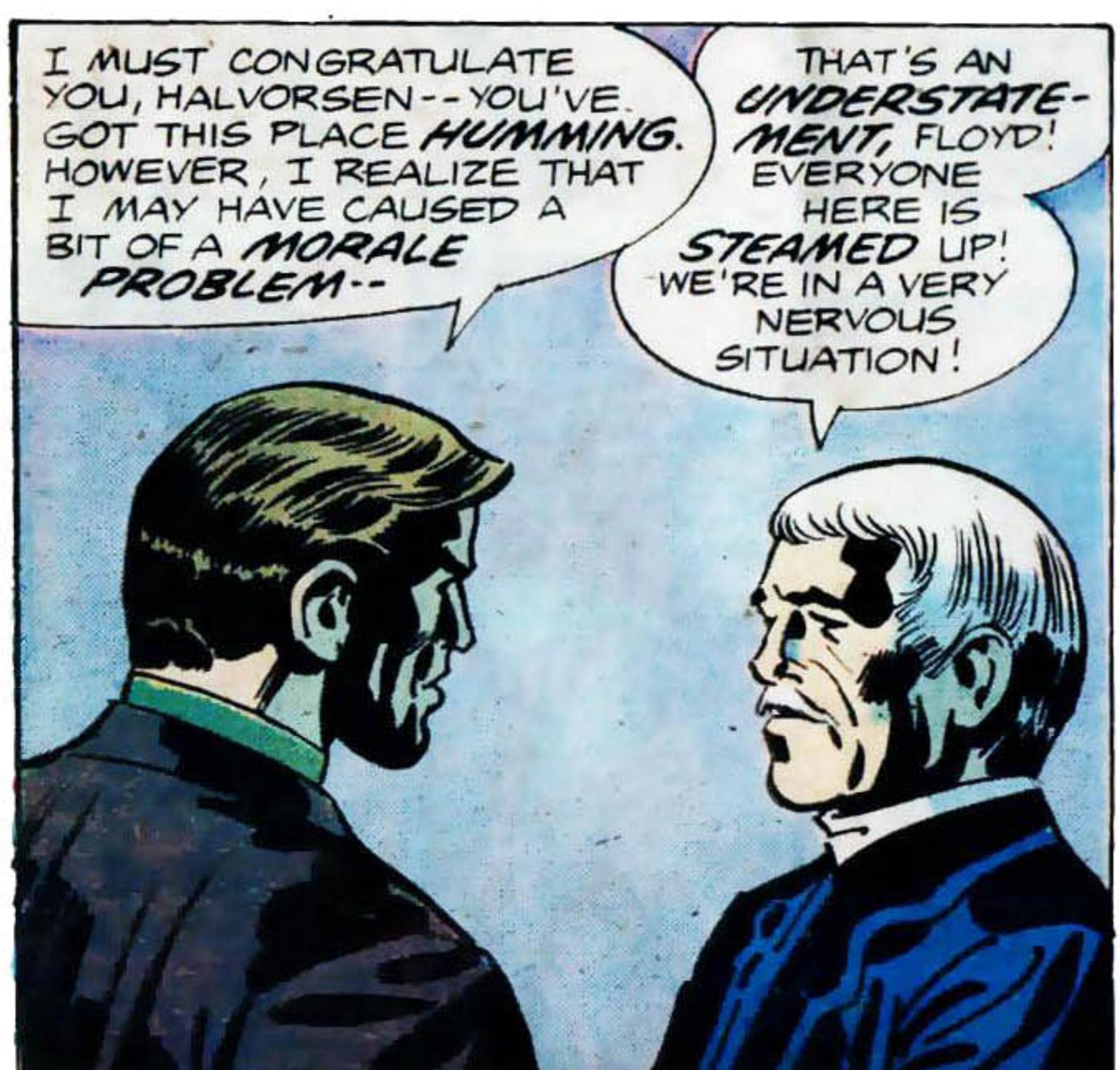


I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, HALVORSEN--YOU'VE GOT THIS PLACE HUMMING. HOWEVER, I REALIZE THAT I MAY HAVE CAUSED A BIT OF A MORALE PROBLEM--

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT, FLOYD! EVERYONE HERE IS STEAMED UP! WE'RE IN A VERY NERVOUS SITUATION!

IT ISN'T SERIOUS YET, BUT, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, YOU CAN PUT AN END TO THESE RUMORS OF PLAGUE...

SORRY, BUT I COULDN'T THINK OF A BETTER COVER STORY. LEAD ME TO THE LECTURE ROOM--I'LL EXPLAIN TO THE PERSONNEL.



DOCTOR FLOYD'S JOURNEY HASN'T ENDED YET-- BUT, THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT STOP. THERE IS FEAR AT CLAVIUS BASE-- AND HE MUST ALLEVIATE IT... HALVORSEN TAKES HIM TO A LARGE ROOM WHERE AN ASSEMBLAGE WAITS TO BE ENLIGHTENED.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN ANXIOUS
TO HEAR HAS JUST ARRIVED.
I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE
DOCTOR HEYWOOD FLOYD...



I'LL COME QUICKLY
TO MY SUBJECT. IT'S
CALLED "TMA-1"--
SHORT FOR TYCHO
MAGNETIC
ANOMALY ONE!

IT INVOLVES THE
CRATER TYCHO AND
THE PECULIAR THING
WHICH HAS HAPPENED
TO THE MOON'S MAGNETIC
FIELD IN THIS AREA.



A PICTURE OF TYCHO IS FLASHED ON A
LARGE SCREEN BEHIND FLOYD...

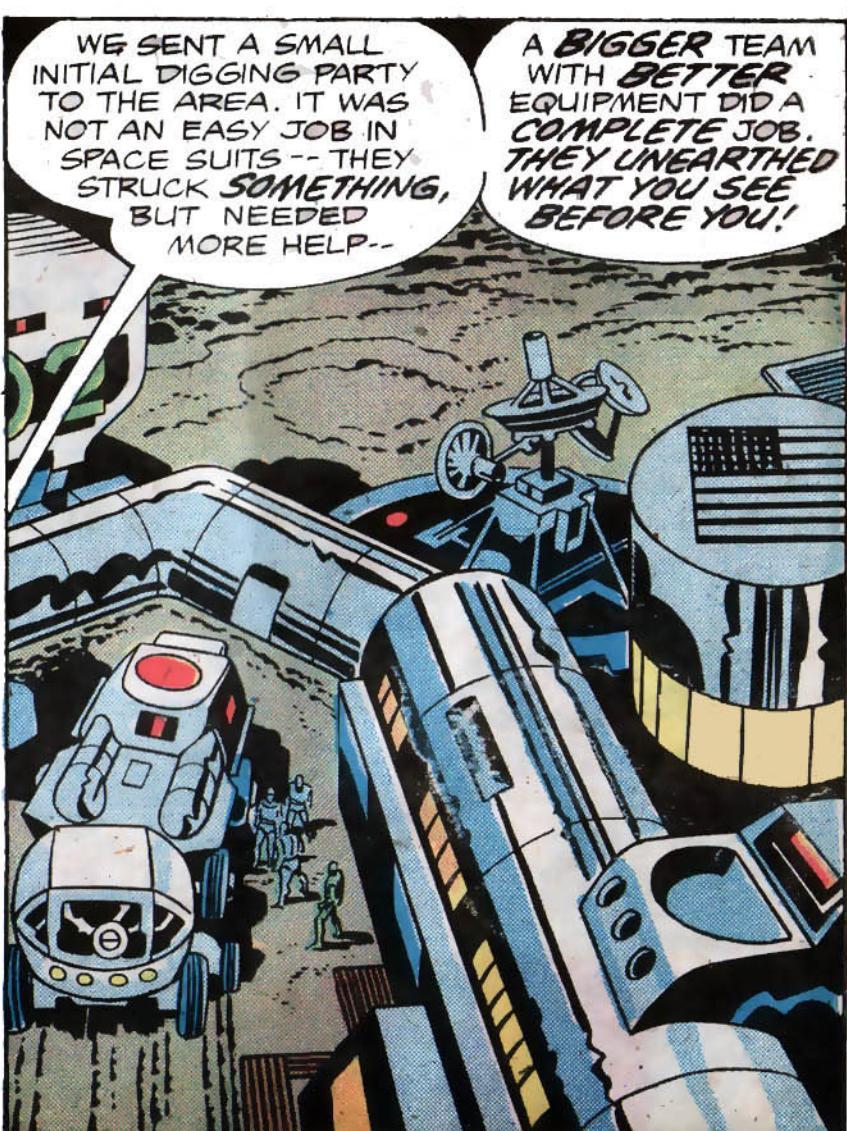
A SURVEY OF THIS
REGION FROM A LOW-
LEVEL SATELLITE
GAVE US THIS ANALYSIS:

FROM THE
INTENSITY OF THIS
MAGNETIC FIELD
IT WAS OBVIOUS
SOME KIND OF
BURIED OBJECT
WAS EMITTING
THESE WAVES!
WAVES TOO
STRONG
FOR THE
STANDARD
NICKEL-IRON
METEOR...



WE SENT A SMALL
INITIAL DIGGING PARTY
TO THE AREA. IT WAS
NOT AN EASY JOB IN
SPACE SUITS-- THEY
STRUCK SOMETHING,
BUT NEEDED
MORE HELP--

A BIGGER TEAM
WITH BETTER
EQUIPMENT DID A
COMPLETE JOB.
THEY UNEARTHED
WHAT YOU SEE
BEFORE YOU!



A PHOTOGRAPH IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN -- IT REVEALS A GROUP OF MEN AND THE OBJECT THEY'VE UNCOVERED -- THE SIGHT OF IT BRINGS A GASP FROM THE AUDIENCE -- IT IS SOMETHING UNRELATED TO ANYTHING EVER FOUND ON THE MOON...

I-IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
W-WHAT IS THAT THING?
I-IT CAN'T BE NATIVE
TO THE MOON!

THAT'S RIGHT!
IT'S NOT A NATURAL
FORMATION!

BUT, WHERE
DOES IT COME FROM?
WHO COULD HAVE
MADE IT?

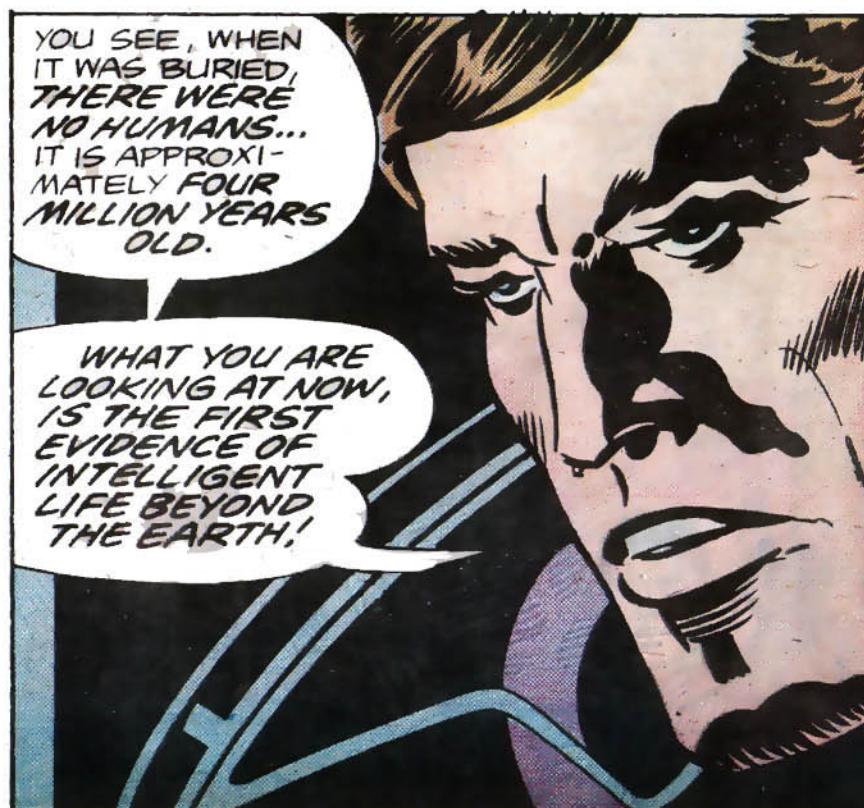
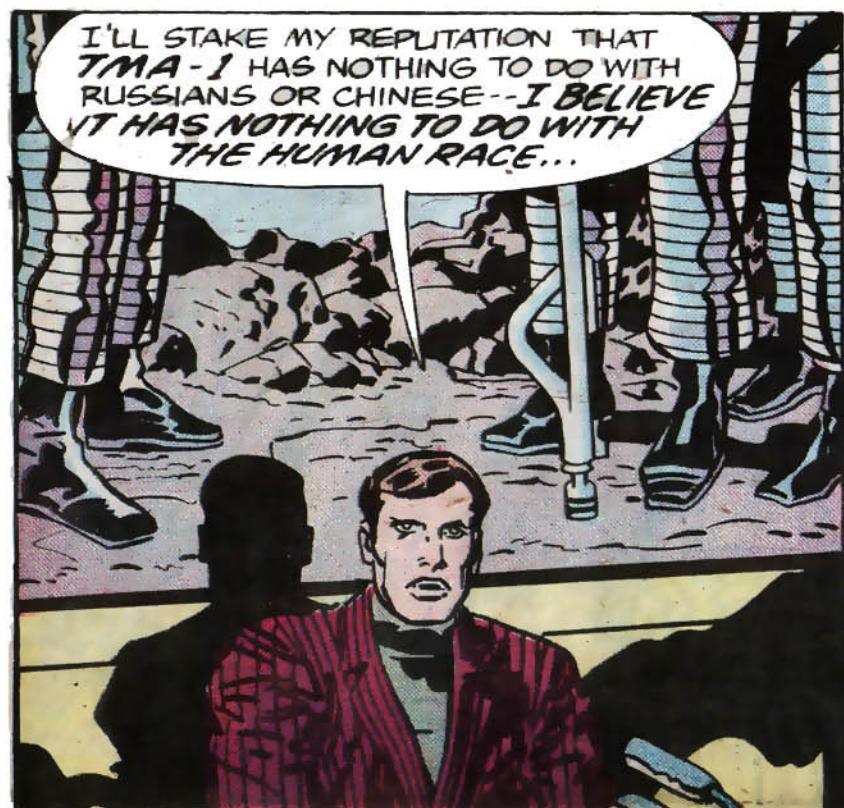
MAYBE, THE
RUSSIANS OR
CHINESE ARE
INVOLVED!!
THEY MAY HAVE
BEEN IN THAT
AREA!!



I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION THAT
TMA-1 HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH
RUSSIANS OR CHINESE -- I BELIEVE
IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH
THE HUMAN RACE...

YOU SEE, WHEN
IT WAS BURIED,
THERE WERE
NO HUMANS...
IT IS APPROX-
IMATELY FOUR
MILLION YEARS
OLD.

WHAT YOU ARE
LOOKING AT NOW,
IS THE FIRST
EVIDENCE OF
INTELLIGENT
LIFE BEYOND
THE EARTH!

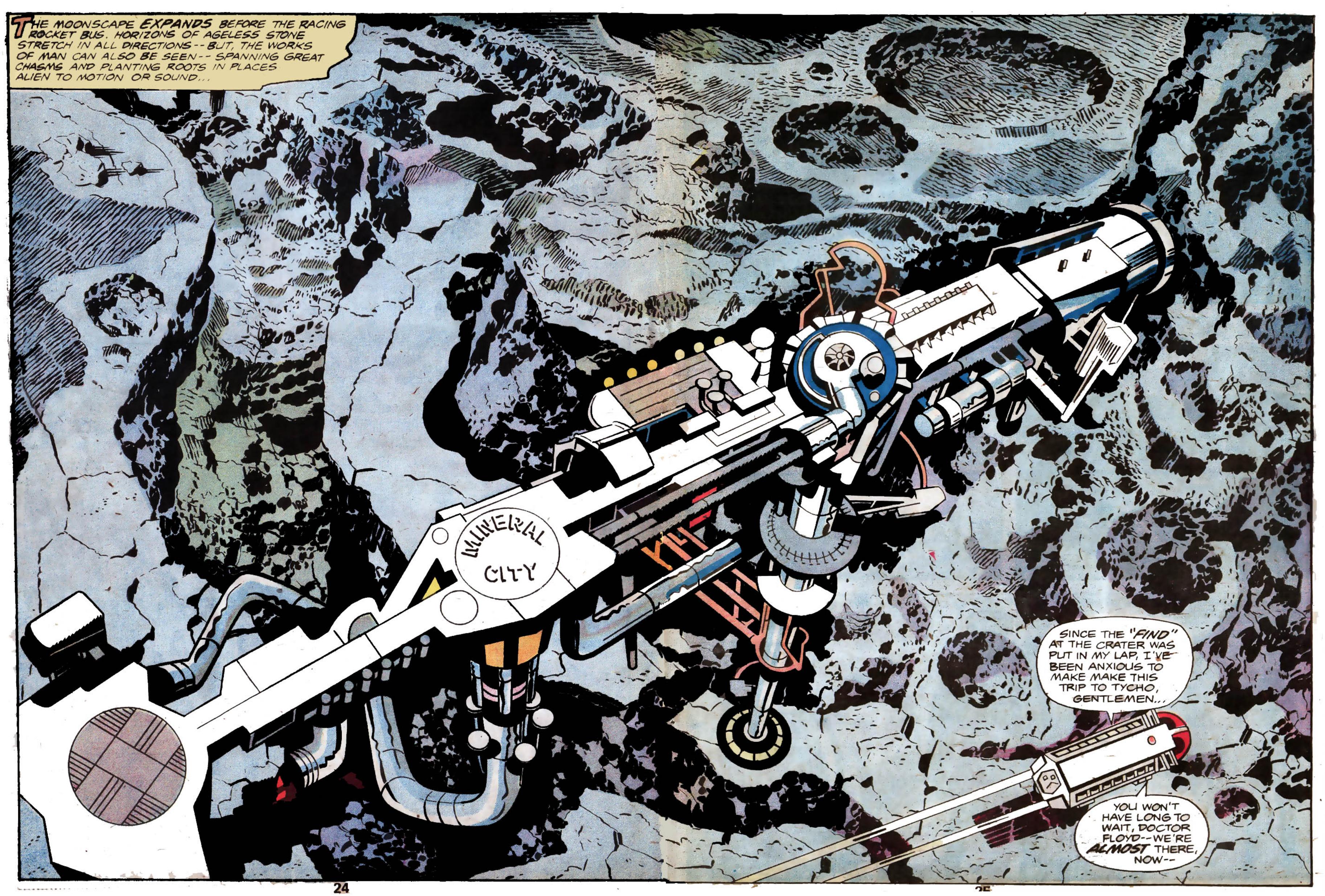


DOCTOR FLOYD HAS DISPelled THE RUMORS OF EPIDEMIC--
BUT, HE'S DROPPED A BOMBSHELL OF GRAVER DIMENSION--
SOON AFTER HE FINISHES HIS BRIEFING, FLOYD BOARDS
A ROCKET BUS BOUND FOR THE CRATER TYCHO...

THIS IS THE *LAST* LEG
OF YOUR TRIP, FLOYD--
YOU'RE GOING TO SEE
THAT THING FOR
YOURSELF.

I MUST ADMIT, THE
THOUGHT OF IT IS
EXTREMELY
EXCITING!

THE MOONSCAPE EXPANDS BEFORE THE RACING ROCKET BUS. HORIZONS OF AGELESS STONE STRETCH IN ALL DIRECTIONS -- BUT, THE WORKS OF MAN CAN ALSO BE SEEN -- SPANNING GREAT CHASMS AND PLANTING ROOTS IN PLACES ALIEN TO MOTION OR SOUND...



I'VE STUDIED IT ON EARTH -- LIVED WITH THESE PHOTOGRAPHS... BUT, SEEING THE THING WITH MY OWN EYES WILL BE THE THRILL OF MY LIFE!

WE CAN APPRECIATE YOUR FEELINGS, DOCTOR--IF YOU LOOK OUT YOUR WINDOW, TYCHO SHOULD BE IN SIGHT...

THE DIGGING SITE SHOULD BE BELOW, TO YOUR LEFT.

YES. THERE IT IS! I CAN SEE THE LANDING LIGHTS! THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT FOR ME!

THE ROCKET BUS SWOOPS DOWN--HOVERS ABOVE A LANDING PAD--AND LIGHTLY TOUCHES DOWN. FLOYD'S JOURNEY IS OVER...

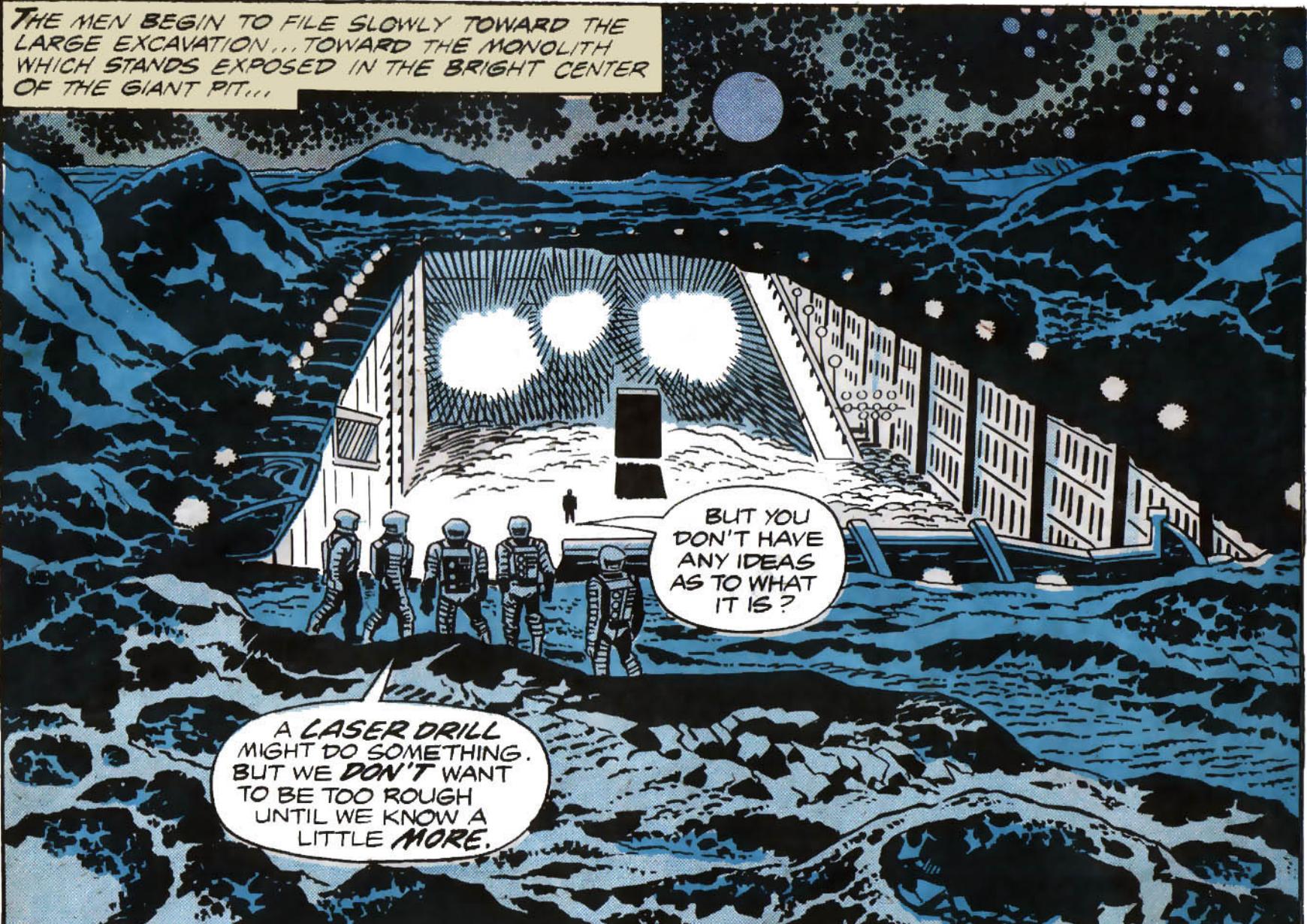
WHEN HE EMERGES, FLOYD IS SHOWN WHAT HE HAS COME TO SEE...

WELL, THERE IT IS...

DOES YOUR GEOLOGY ON IT STILL CHECK OUT?

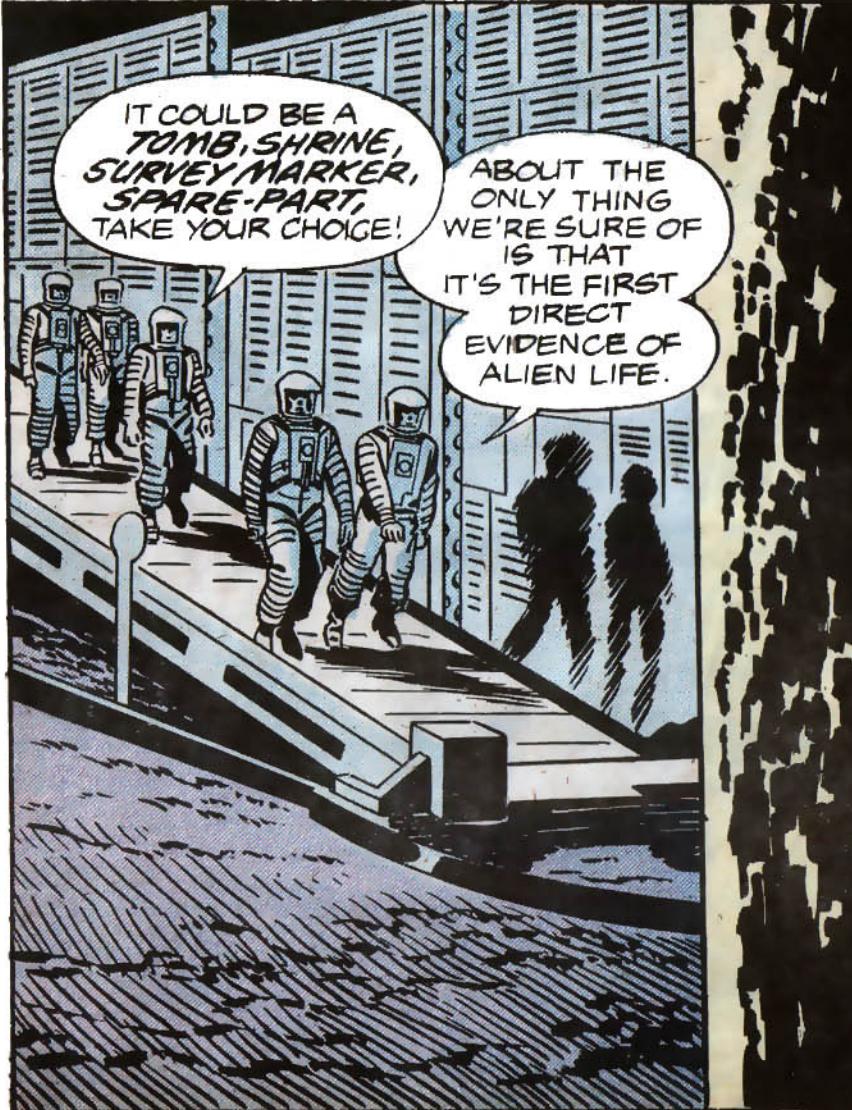
YES, IT DOES.

THE MEN BEGIN TO FILE SLOWLY TOWARD THE LARGE EXCAVATION... TOWARD THE MONOLITH WHICH STANDS EXPOSED IN THE BRIGHT CENTER OF THE GIANT PIT...



A LASER DRILL MIGHT DO SOMETHING. BUT WE DON'T WANT TO BE TOO ROUGH UNTIL WE KNOW A LITTLE MORE.

BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ANY IDEAS AS TO WHAT IT IS?



IT COULD BE A TOMB, SHRINE, SURVEY MARKER, SPARE-PART, TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

ABOUT THE ONLY THING WE'RE SURE OF IS THAT IT'S THE FIRST DIRECT EVIDENCE OF ALIEN LIFE.



SO, THE CONCLUSION IS THAT FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO, SOMETHING, PRESUMABLY FROM THE STARS, MUST HAVE SWEPT THROUGH THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND LEFT THIS BEHIND...

WAS IT ABANDONED, FORGOTTEN, LEFT FOR A PURPOSE? I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEVER KNOW...

ALL TESTS SHOW THAT THIS IS THE FIRST SUN IT'S HAD IN FOUR MILLION YEARS...

EVEN AS HE FIRES HIS QUESTIONS, FLOYD STARES IN RAPT
WONDER AT THE ENIGMA-- HIS THOUGHTS ARE WITH THE GREAT
NAMES OF SCIENCE WHO HAVE PRECEDED HIM-- MEN WHO HAD
TORN THEIR BITS OF TRUTH FROM THE UNKNOWN... WHAT WOULD
THEY HAVE GIVEN FOR THIS MOMENT OF UNPRECEDENTED
CONFRONTATION??

THE SUB-SURFACE
STRUCTURE OF THE
THING SHOWS THAT IT
WAS DELIBERATELY
BURIED ABOUT FOUR
MILLION YEARS
AGO...

WE CAN TELL IT WAS
DELIBERATELY DONE,
BECAUSE OF THE
DEFORMATION BETWEEN
THE MOTHER ROCK
AND THE FILL--

ANY CLUE AS
TO WHAT THIS
THING IS?

NOT REALLY. IT'S
COMPLETELY INERT.
NO SOUND OR ENERGY
SOURCES HAVE BEEN
DETECTED-- THE SURFACE
IS MADE OF SOMETHING
INCREDIBLY HARD. WE'VE
BARELY BEEN ABLE TO
SCRATCH IT...

THE MONOLITH CAN ANSWER ALL THOSE MYSTIFYING QUESTIONS--BUT, IT STANDS MUTE AGAINST THE STARS... IT TOWERS ABOVE THE MILLING GROUP--IT TOWERS IN WAYS AS YET UNKNOWN TO THEM... BUT, ITS MOMENT IS STILL TO COME...

THIS SHOULD BE A PICTURE FOR THE **AGES**... I'M PROUD TO BE IN IT--

AND THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS A **REMARK** FOR THE AGES... I ASK YOU FOR YOUR **FINEST** POSE--

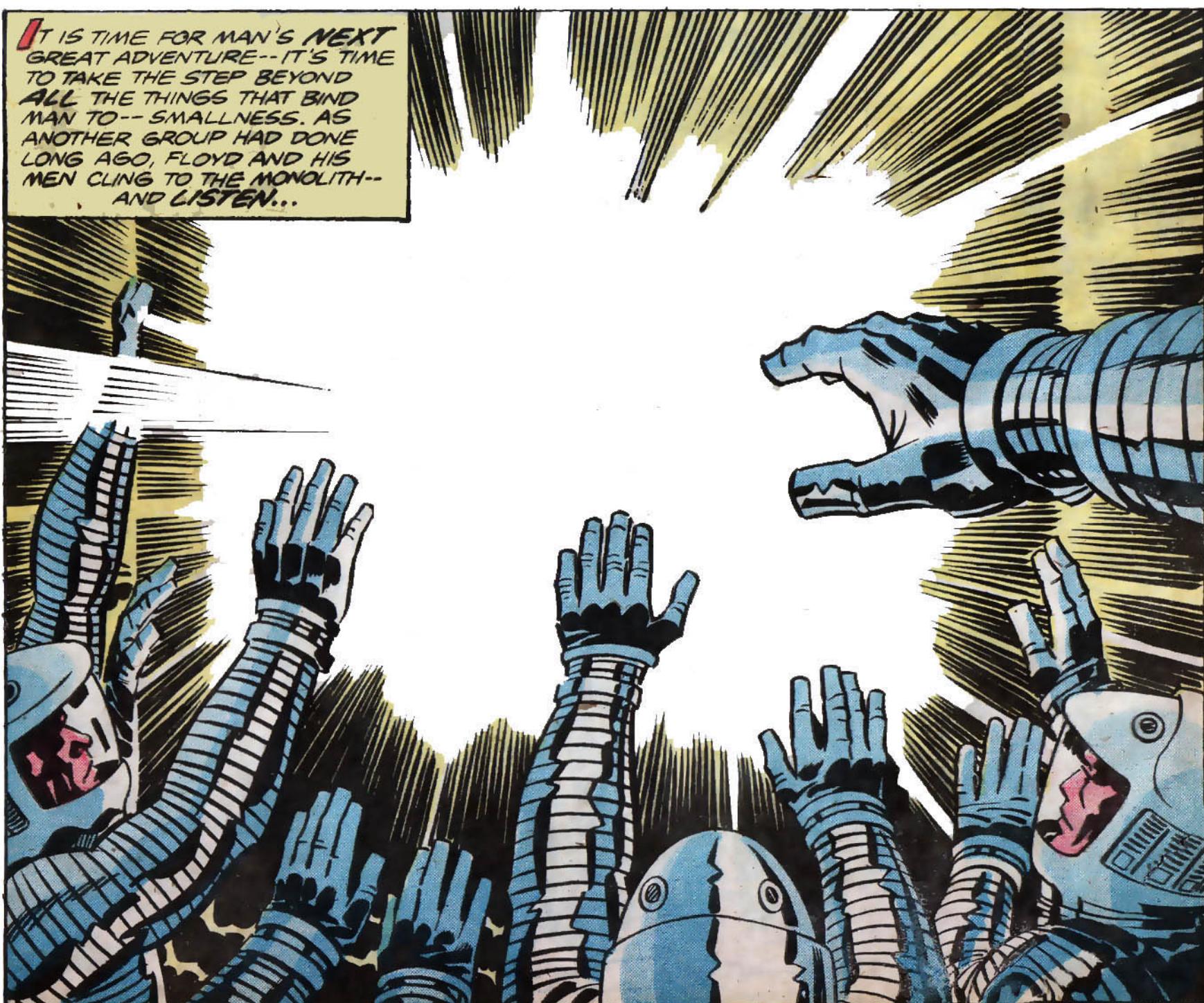
YOU'VE **GOT** IT, FLOYD--

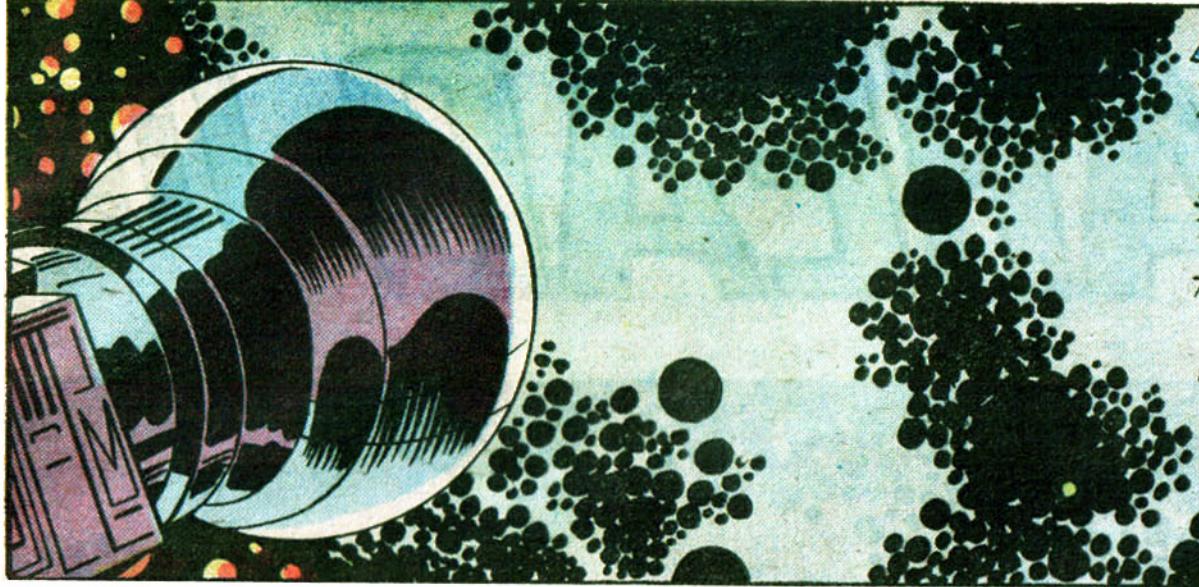
GENTLEMEN, IF YOU'D ALL LINE UP, WE'LL TAKE A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS. **DOCTOR FLOYD**, WOULD YOU STAND IN THE **CENTER** PLEASE...

THEN THE MONOLITH
MAKES ITS SOUND--
A SOUND FOR MEN
TO HEAR...A
SOUND THAT DRAWS
THEM TO ITS
SIDE--AND MAKES
THEM LISTEN...

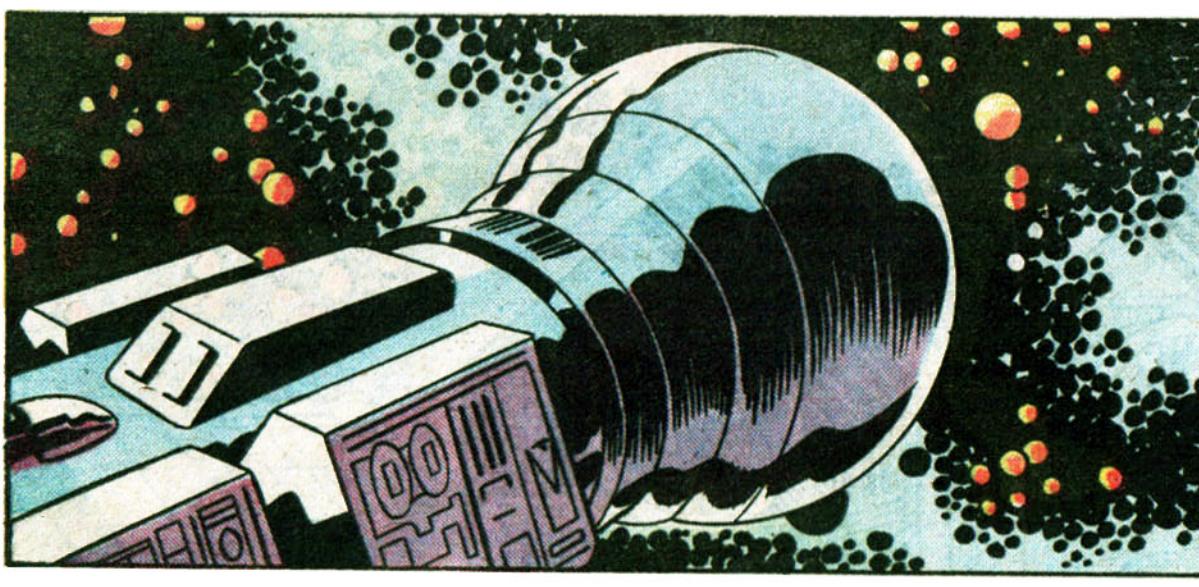


IT IS TIME FOR MAN'S NEXT
GREAT ADVENTURE--IT'S TIME
TO TAKE THE STEP BEYOND
ALL THE THINGS THAT BIND
MAN TO--SMALLNESS. AS
ANOTHER GROUP HAD DONE
LONG AGO, FLOYD AND HIS
MEN CLING TO THE MONOLITH--
AND LISTEN...





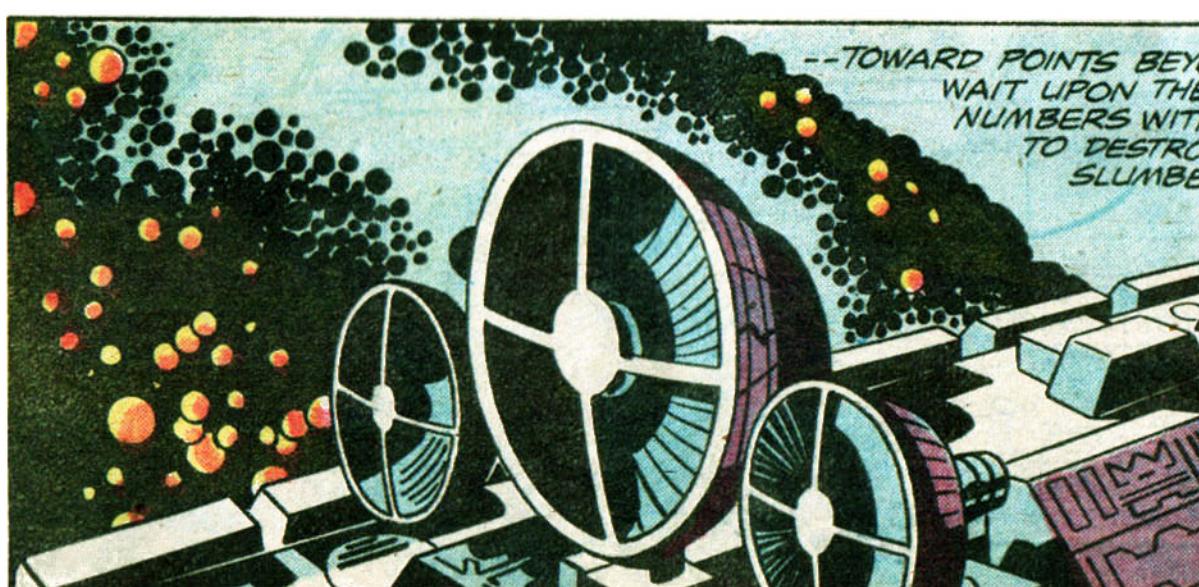
AND SOON, ACROSS THE
FIELDS OF NIGHT,
A STRANGER TO THESE
EBON SWEEPS
MOVES TOWARD THE UN-
SEEN MIND WHICH CALLS
TO LIFE THAT LEAPS
THE STEPS OF TIME
TO TAKE THEM TEN BY
TEN AND MORE--
IN HASTE, TO REACH
SOME DESTINED SHORE.



ONWARD, IT GLIDES
THROUGH THE MAMMOTH
SILENCE
SHEATHED IN HARD
TONNAGE,
ALIVE WITH WONDERS
WROUGHT
BY THE COMPLEX
WHISPERS OF CIRCUITRY
BY VOICES WHICH RIDE
ON LASER PATHS
BY THE WILL OF
SEEKING MEN...



WHERE IT IS
DARK, IT
VANISHES...
WHERE THE
DISTANT SUN
FINDS IT--
IT GLEAMS
AND
FLASHES--
AND
MOVES
WITHOUT
FALTERING--

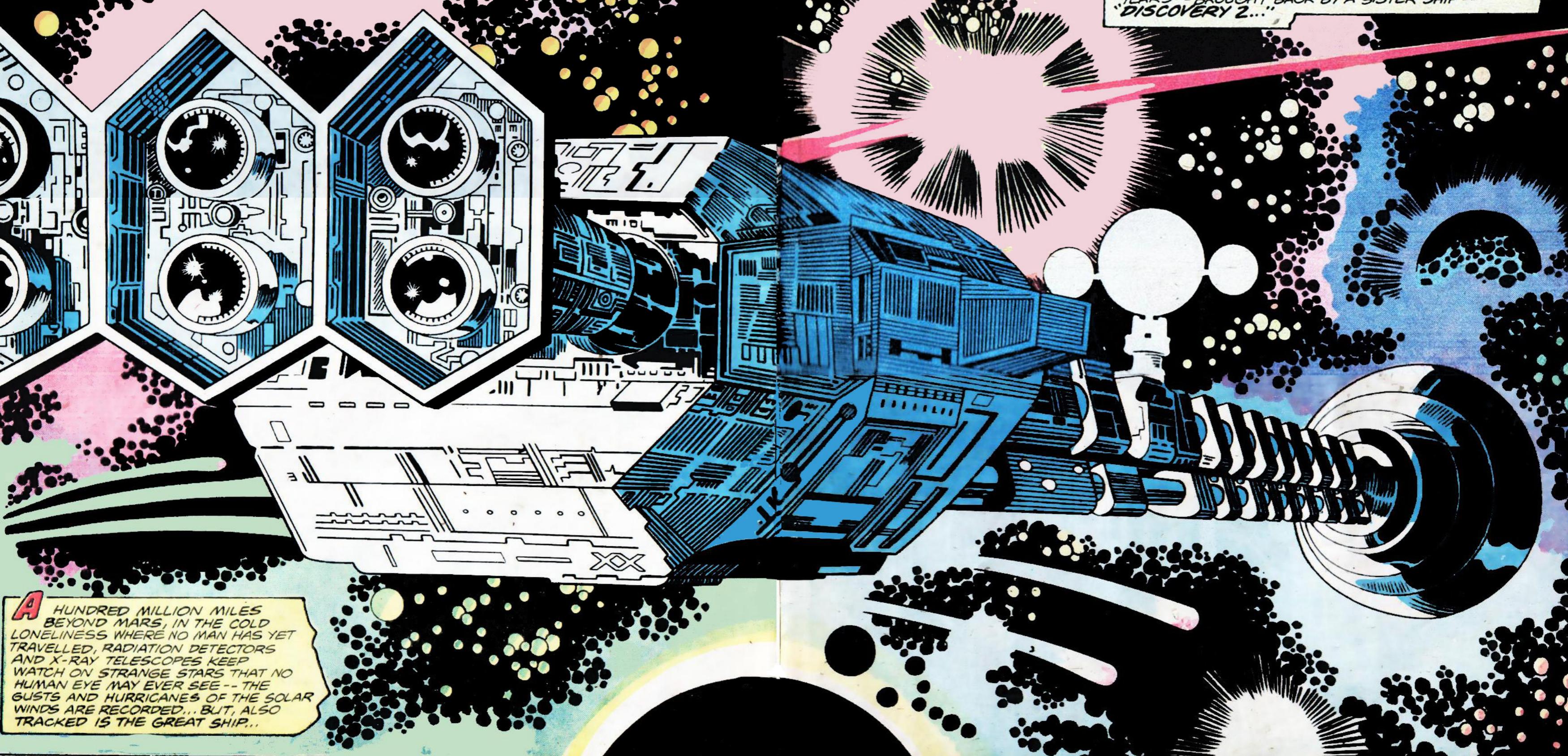


--TOWARD POINTS BEYOND, WHICH
WAIT UPON THEIR TRAIL OF
NUMBERS WITH MYSTERIES
TO DESTROY ALL
SLUMBERS...

AHEAD lie the PLANETS

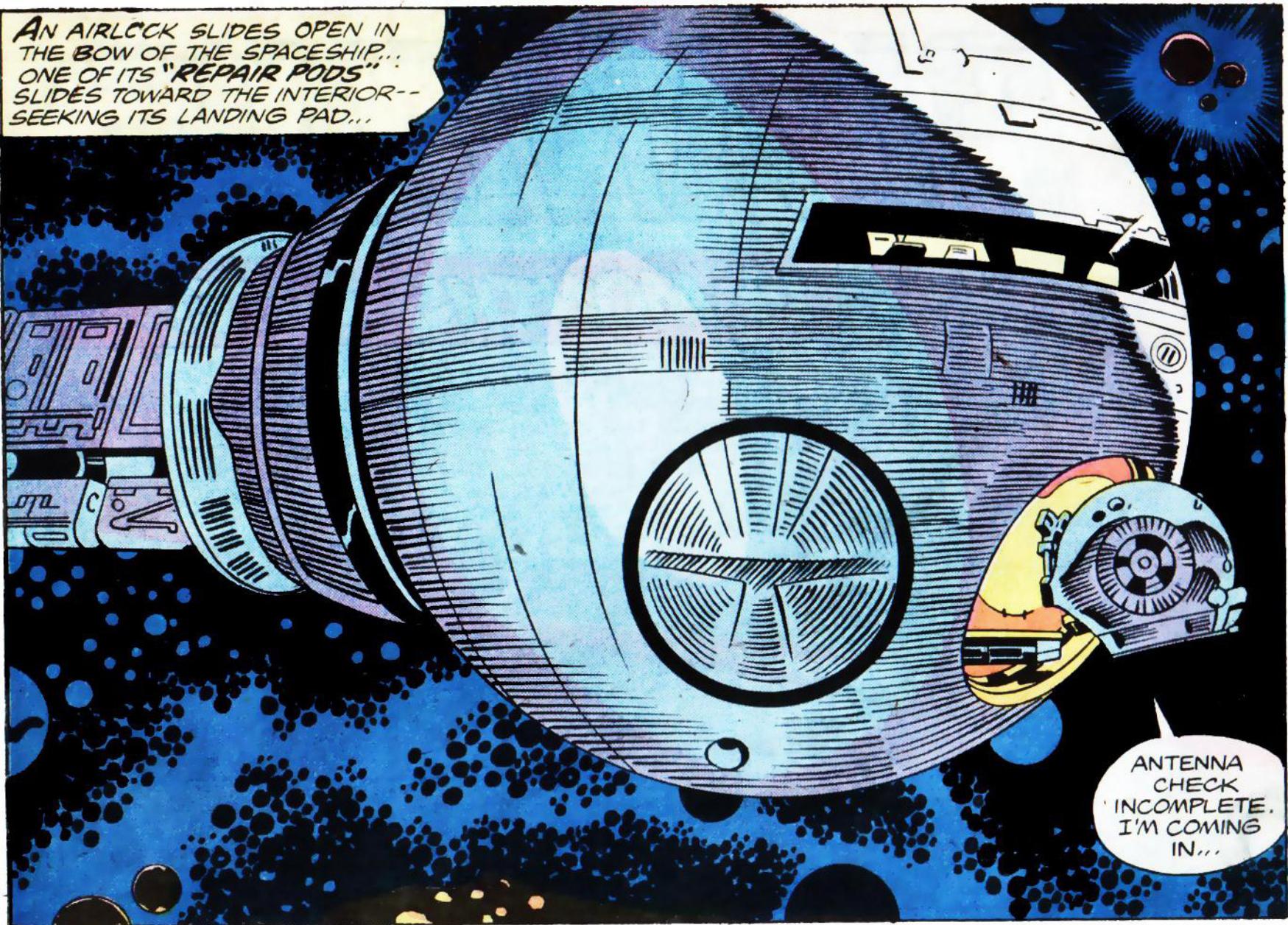
14 MONTHS LATER...

WHAT HAS BEGIN AS "PROJECT JUPITER", IS NOW FULLY UNDER WAY... THE HUGE CRAFT IS LABELLED "DISCOVERY 1," AND SHE IS ON A ONE WAY TRIP TO THROUGH THE JOVIAN SATELLITE SYSTEM--WITH AN ULTIMATE GOAL STILL HIDDEN FROM HER CREW OF FIVE. IT IS NOT A SUICIDE TRIP. IF ALL GOES WELL, THEY WILL BE BACK ON EARTH WITHIN SEVEN YEARS-- BROUGHT BACK BY A SISTER SHIP-- "DISCOVERY 2..."

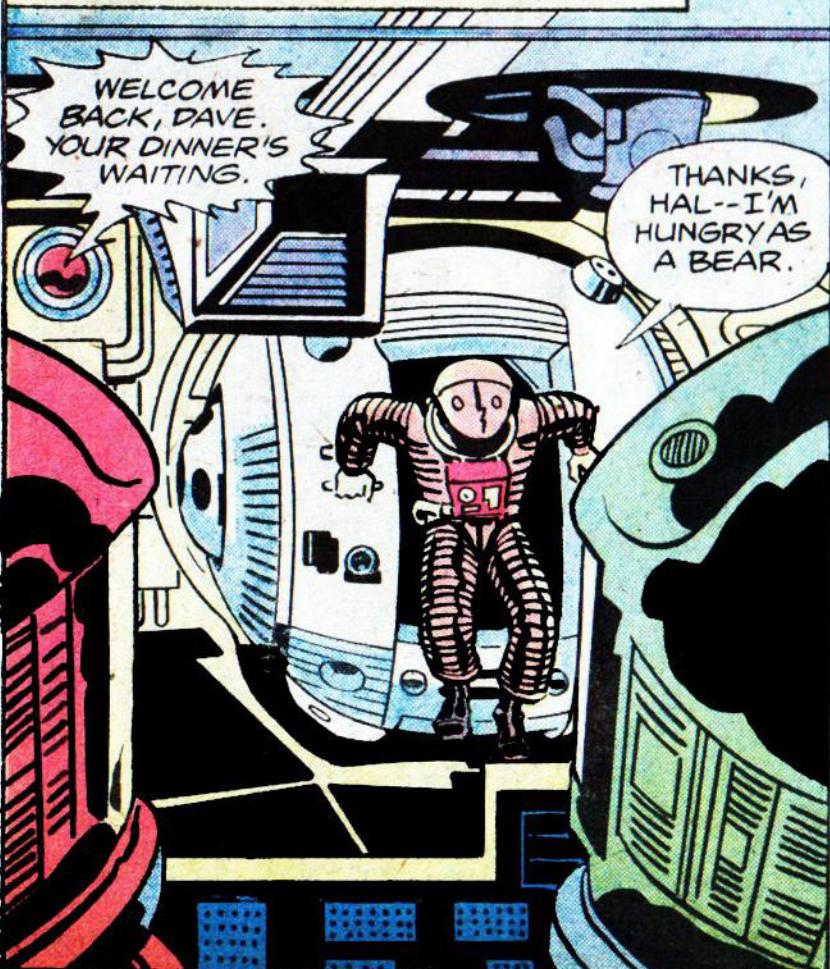


A HUNDRED MILLION MILES BEYOND MARS, IN THE COLD LONELINESS WHERE NO MAN HAS YET TRAVELED, RADIATION DETECTORS AND X-RAY TELESCOPES KEEP WATCH ON STRANGE STARS THAT NO HUMAN EYE MAY EVER SEE -- THE GUSTS AND HURRICANES OF THE SOLAR WINDS ARE RECORDED... BUT, ALSO TRACKED IS THE GREAT SHIP...

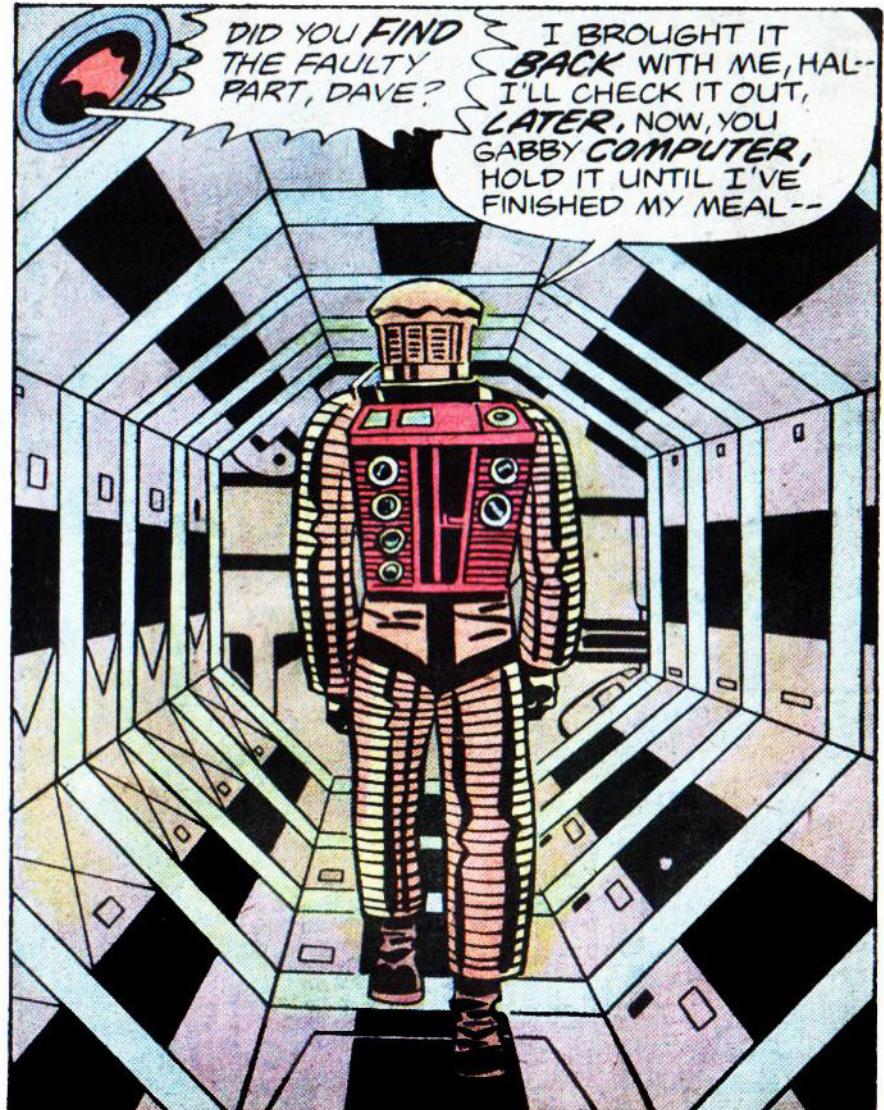
AN AIRLOCK SLIDES OPEN IN THE BOW OF THE SPACESHIP... ONE OF ITS "REPAIR PODS" SLIDES TOWARD THE INTERIOR-- SEEKING ITS LANDING PAD...



THE GREAT DOOR CLOSES WHEN THE POD COMES TO REST... A MOMENT LATER, THE ASTRONAUT AT ITS CONTROLS EMERGES INTO THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE CHAMBER...

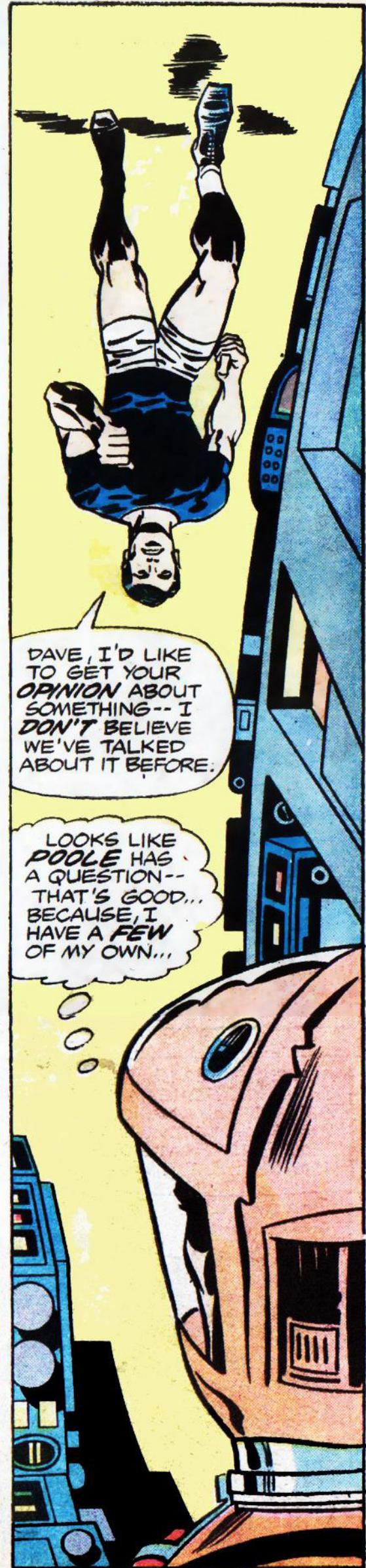
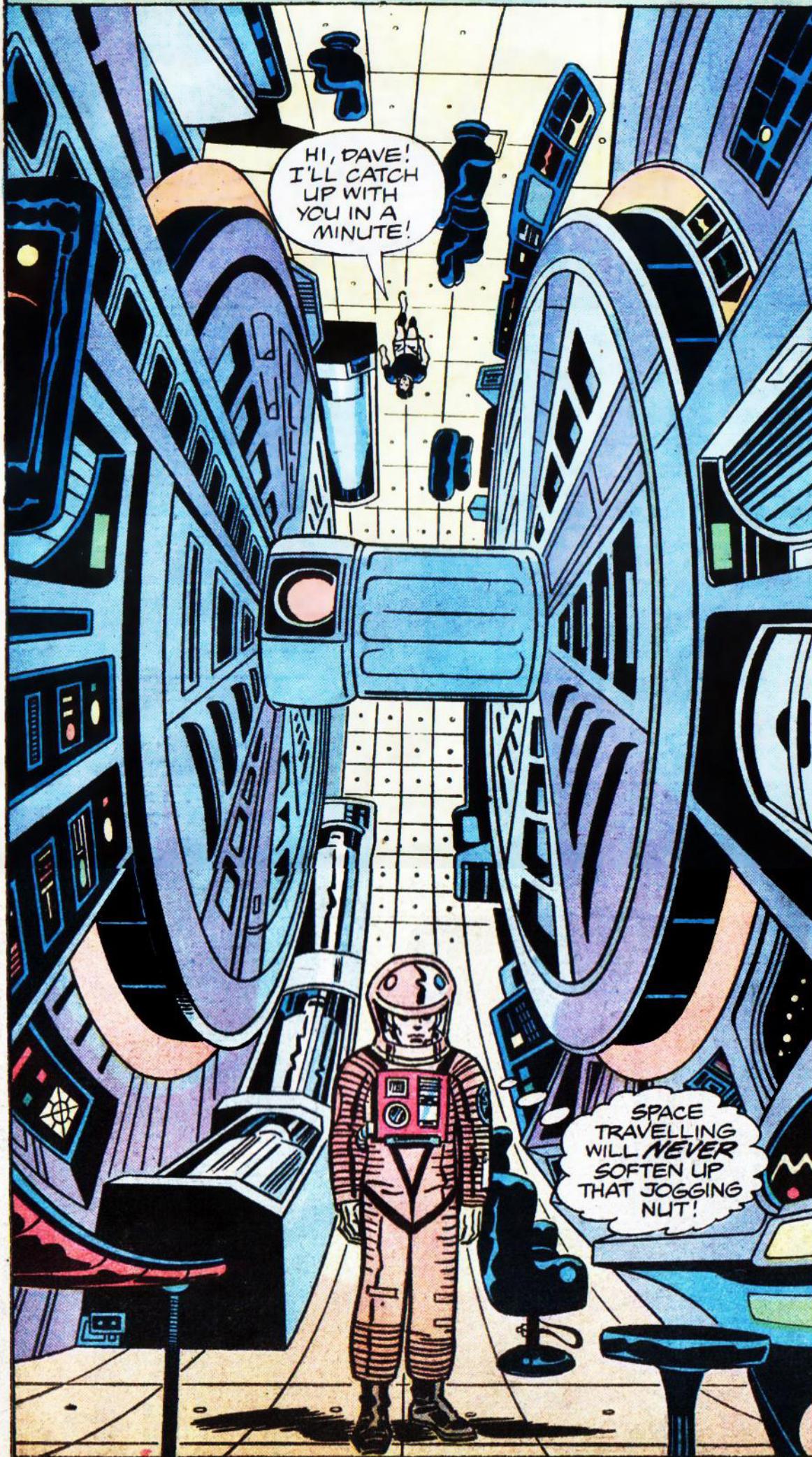


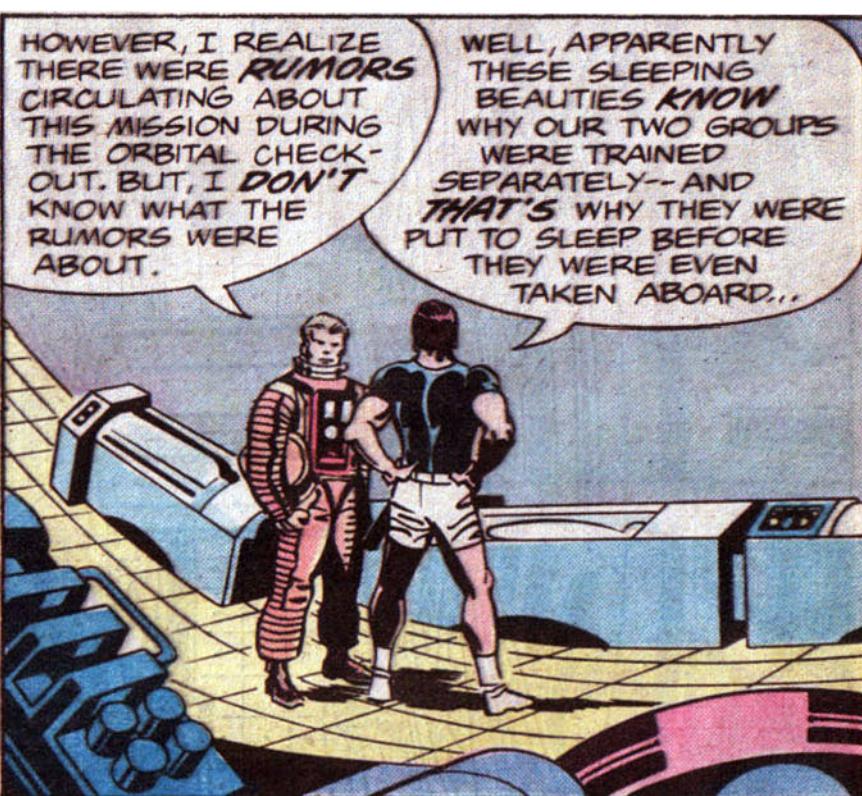
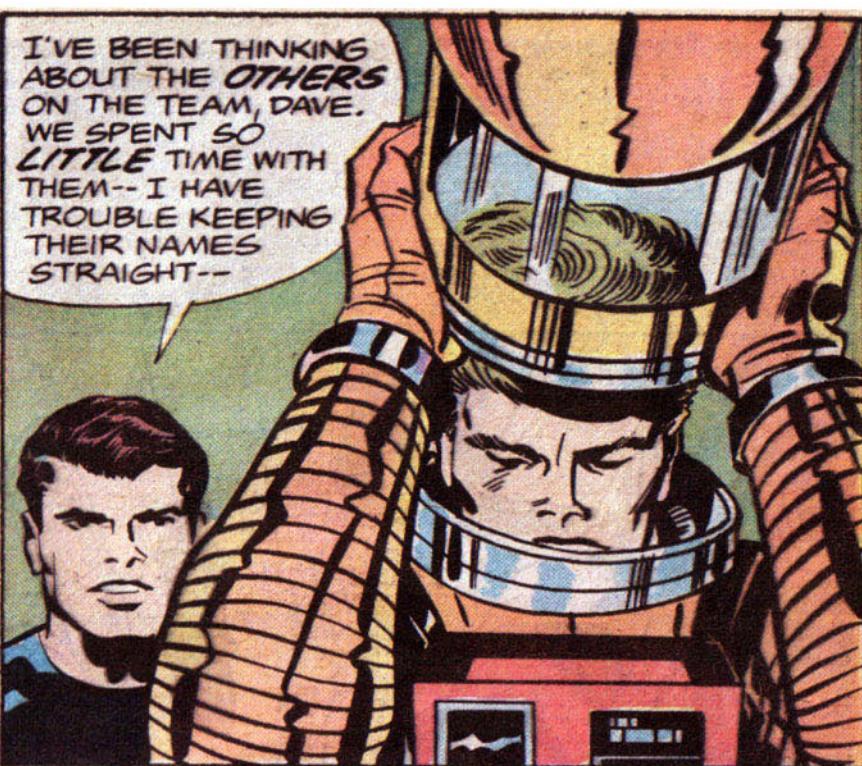
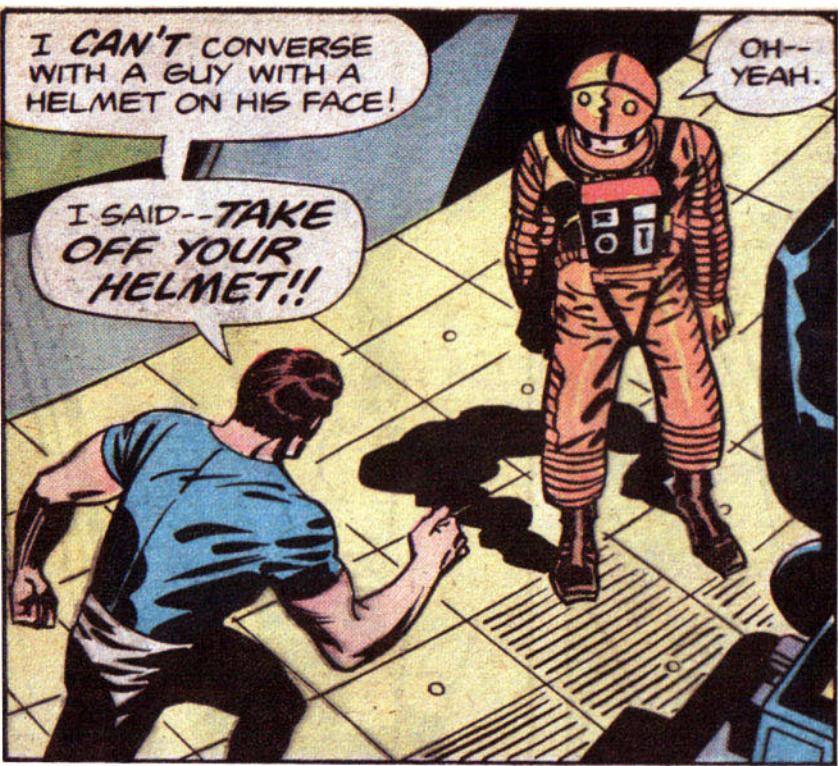
DID YOU FIND
THE FAULTY
PART, DAVE?
I BROUGHT IT
BACK WITH ME, HAL--
I'LL CHECK IT OUT,
LATER, NOW, YOU
GABBY COMPUTER,
HOLD IT UNTIL I'VE
FINISHED MY MEAL--



INSIDE "DISCOVERY I," A GIANT, ROTATING CENTRIFUGE MAINTAINS AN ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY FOR THE ASTRONAUTS, WHO PURSUE THEIR TASKS AND KEEP THEMSELVES FIT AND RELAXED ON THE LONG VOYAGE TO JUPITER...

THREE OF THE CREW, WHITEHEAD, KAMINSKI AND HUNTER LIE IN THE FROZEN PEACE OF THE HIBERNACULUM, CAPSULES DESIGNED FOR INDUCED HIBERNATION... THEY ARE FREE FROM ALL BOREDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY UNTIL THEY'RE AWAKENED. MEANWHILE, THE GREAT VESSEL MOVES ON--GUIDED BY DAVE BOWMAN, FRANK POOLE AND HAL 9000, AN INGENIOUS COMPUTER.



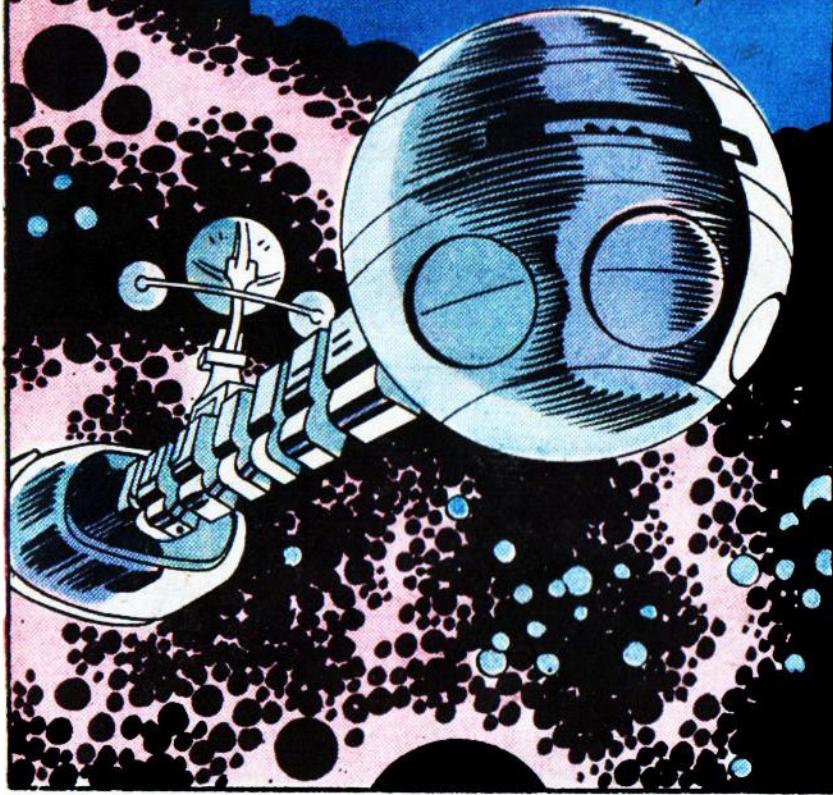


THAT'S TRUE, HAL WOULD KNOW. STILL, IT IS STRANGE WHEN YOU THINK OF IT. TO KEEP US APART DURING TRAINING DIDN'T REALLY MAKE SENSE.

YES, IT'S TOO FANTASTIC TO THINK THAT THEY'D KEEP SOMETHING FROM US. BUT, IT'S NOT COMPLETELY INCONCEIVABLE--

HELL, FRANK, I'D FEEL SILLY, ASKING HAL ABOUT THIS... WE'RE MAKING THE WHOLE THING SOUND AS IF THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT THE MISSION...

I DON'T THINK SO, DAVE. IT CERTAINLY AROUSES MY CURIOSITY. TELL YOU WHAT--



THE EYES OF HAL, THE COMPUTER ARE EVERYWHERE ON THE GREAT SHIP. THE TWO ASTRONAUTS TURN TO HIM...

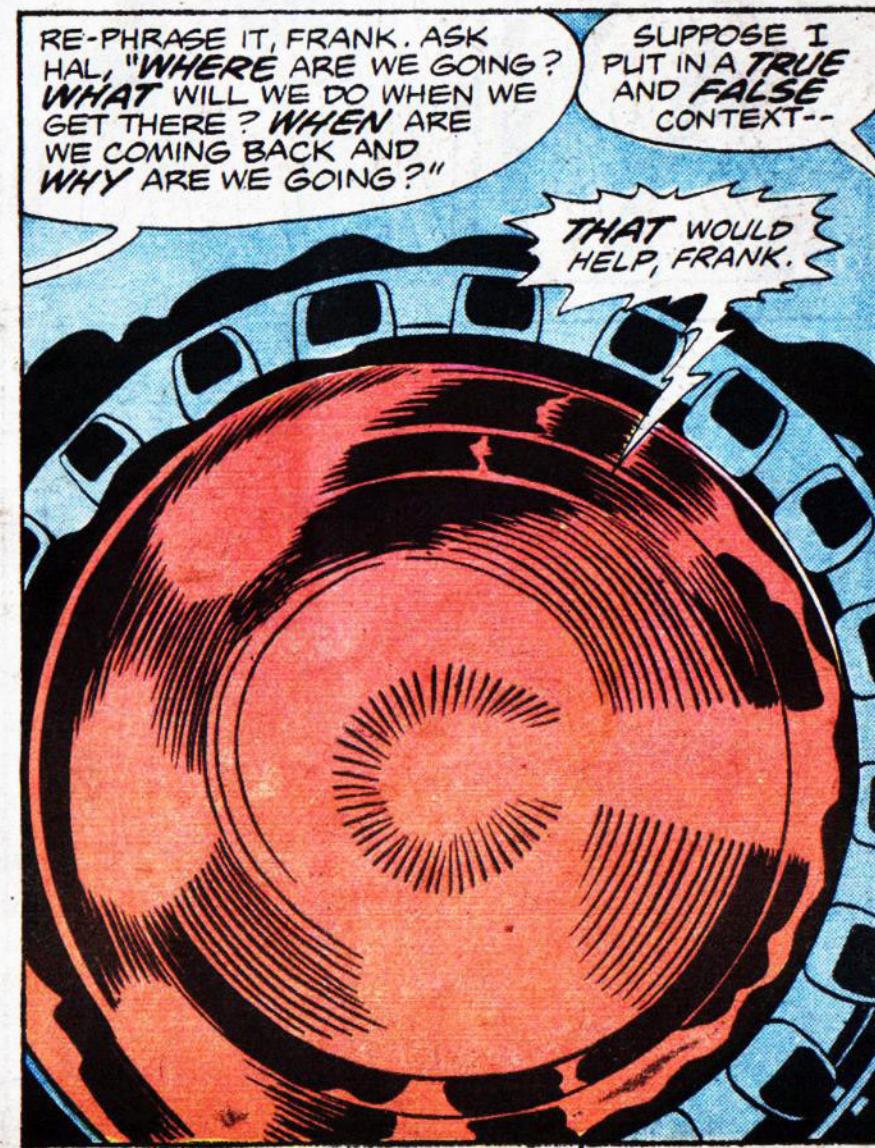
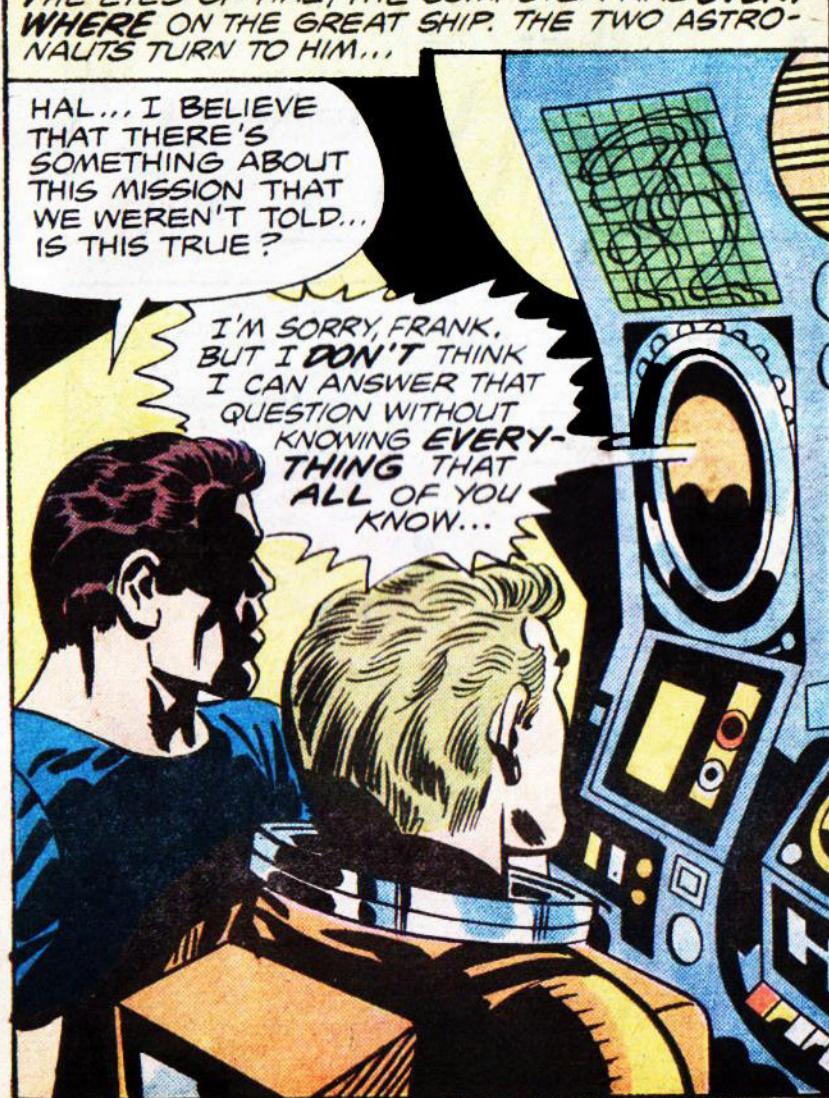
HAL... I BELIEVE THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MISSION THAT WE WEREN'T TOLD... IS THIS TRUE?

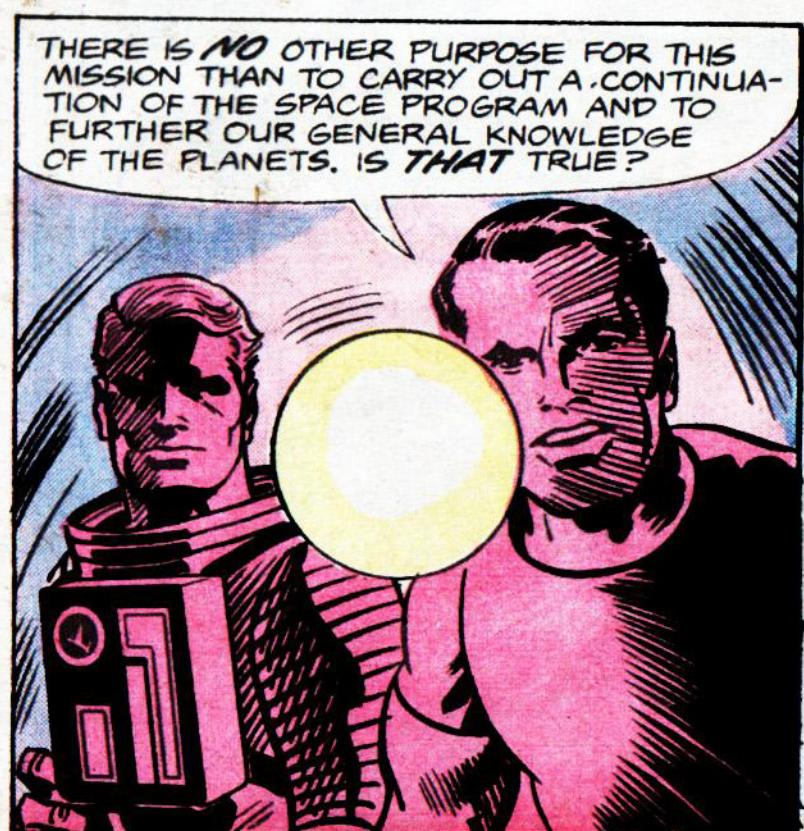
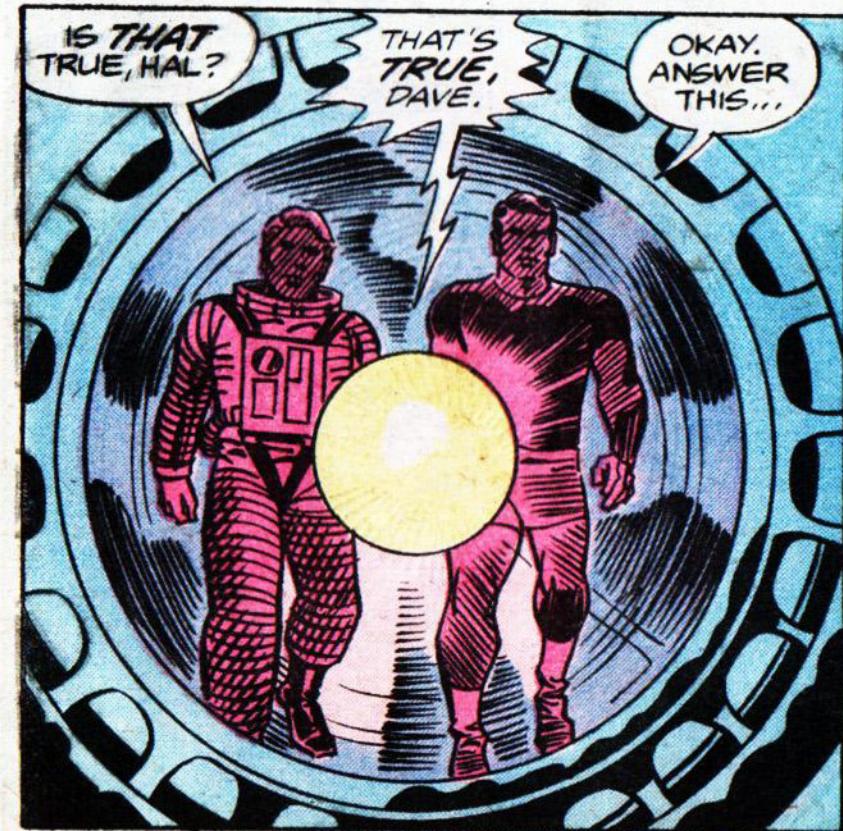
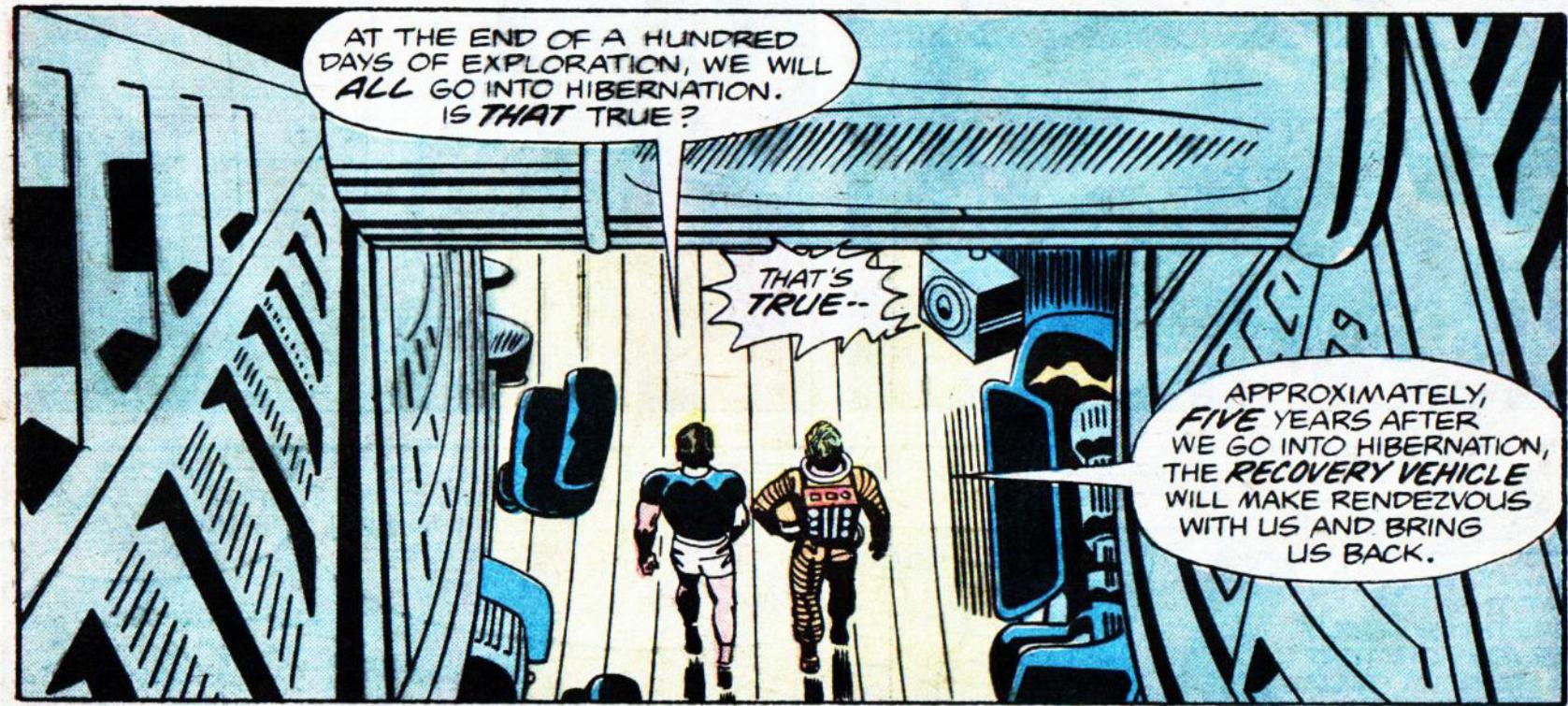
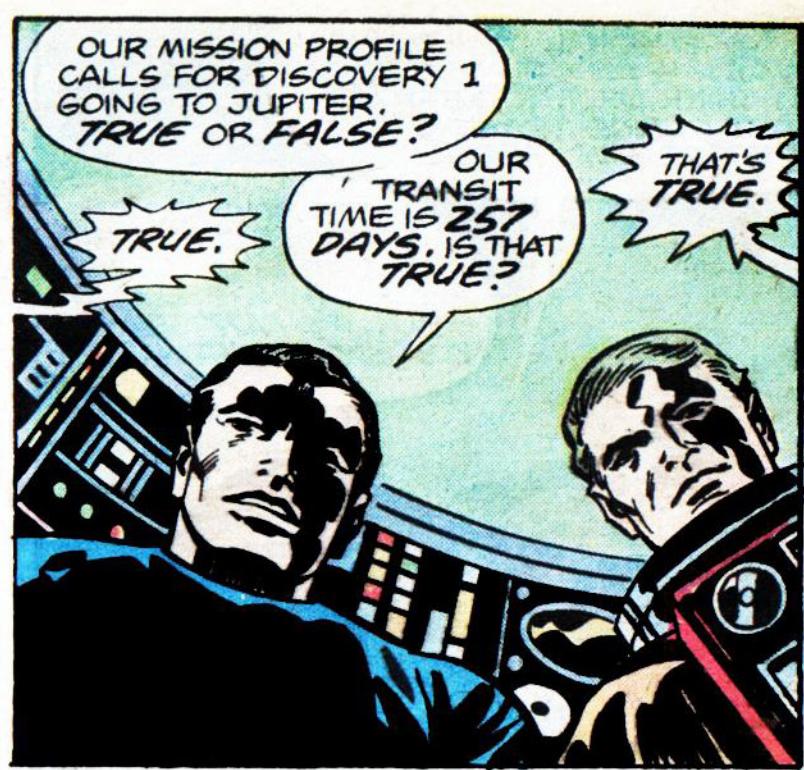
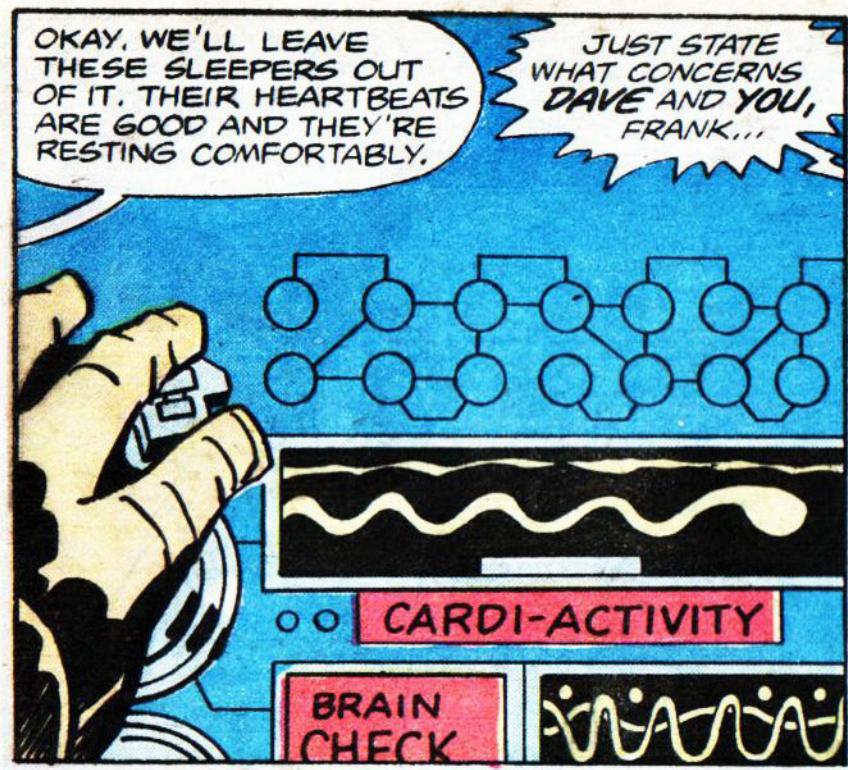
I'M SORRY, FRANK. BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION WITHOUT KNOWING EVERYTHING THAT ALL OF YOU KNOW...

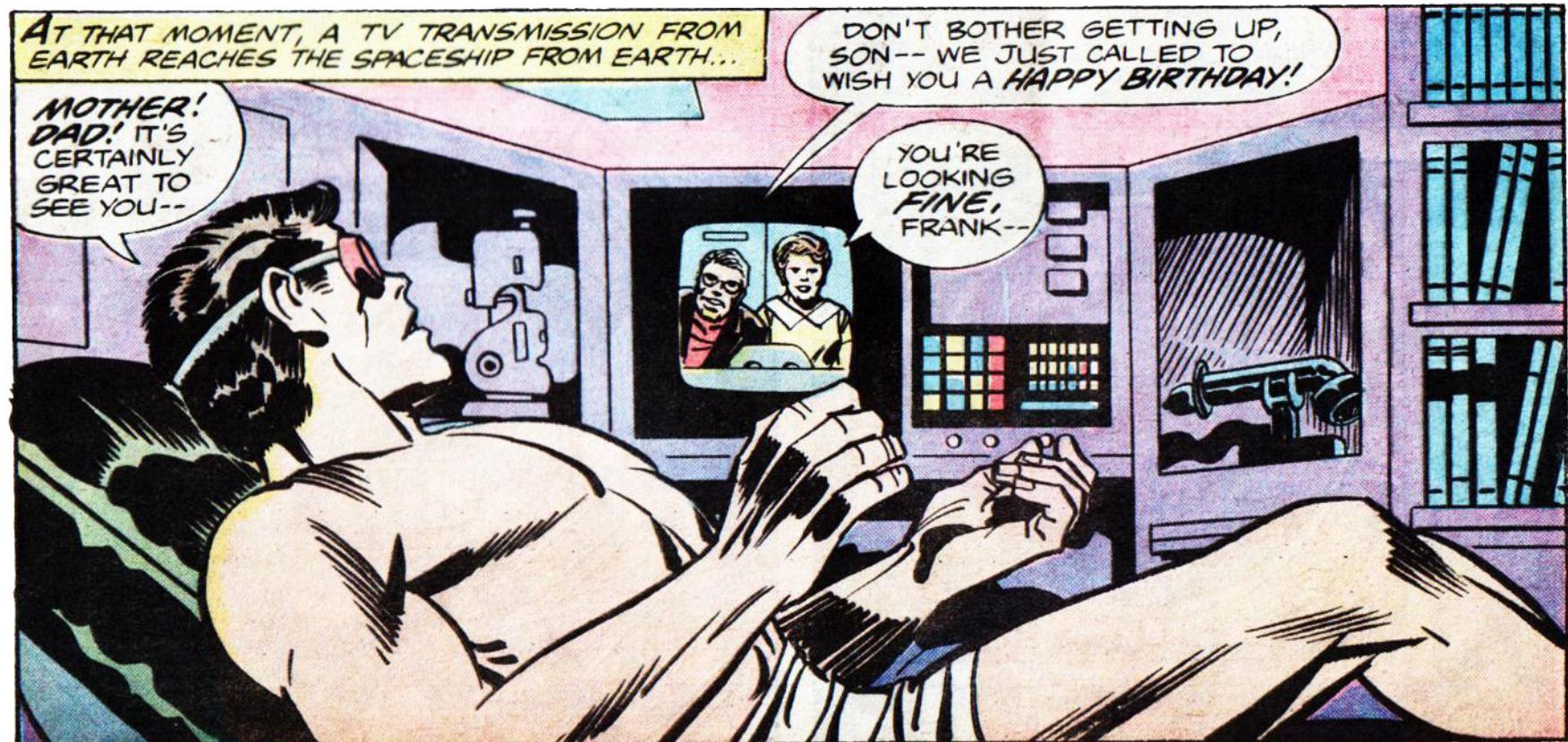
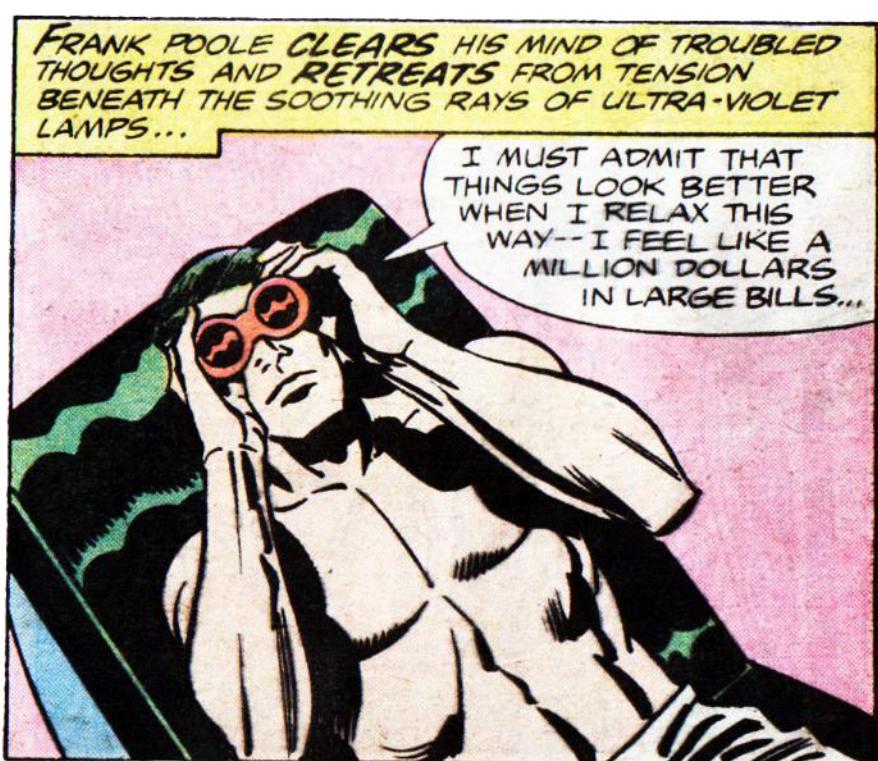
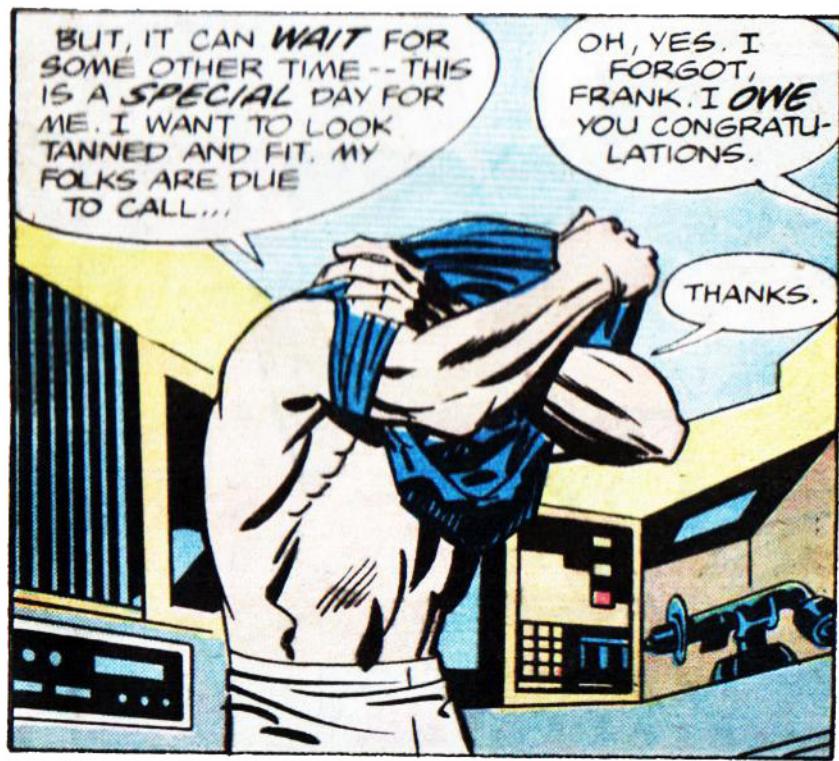
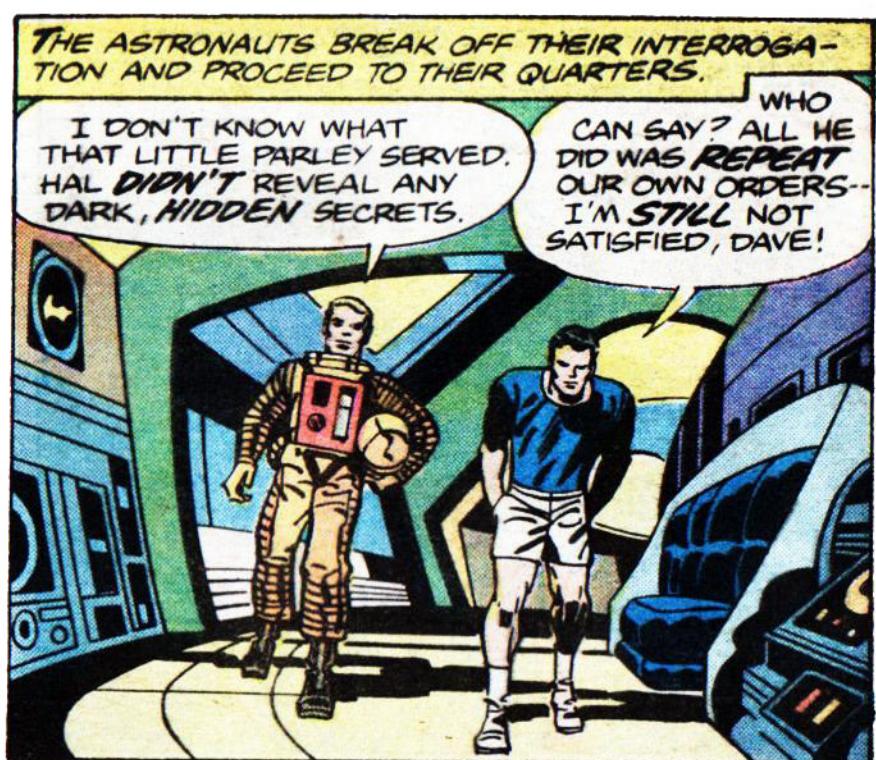
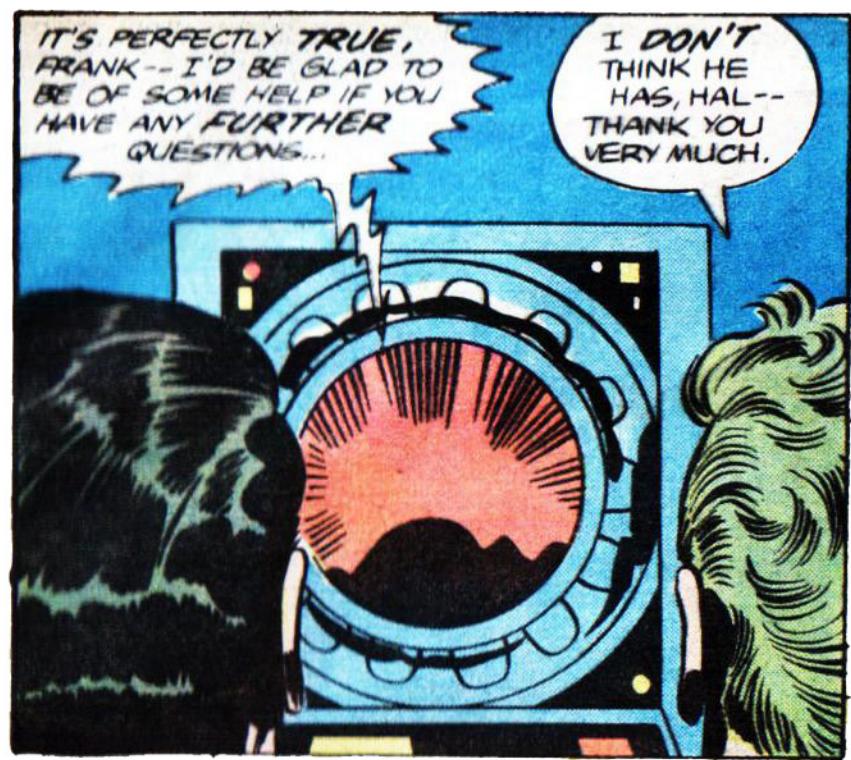
RE-PHRASE IT, FRANK. ASK HAL, "WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT WILL WE DO WHEN WE GET THERE? WHEN ARE WE COMING BACK AND WHY ARE WE GOING?"

SUPPOSE I PUT IN A TRUE AND FALSE CONTEXT--

THAT WOULD HELP, FRANK.





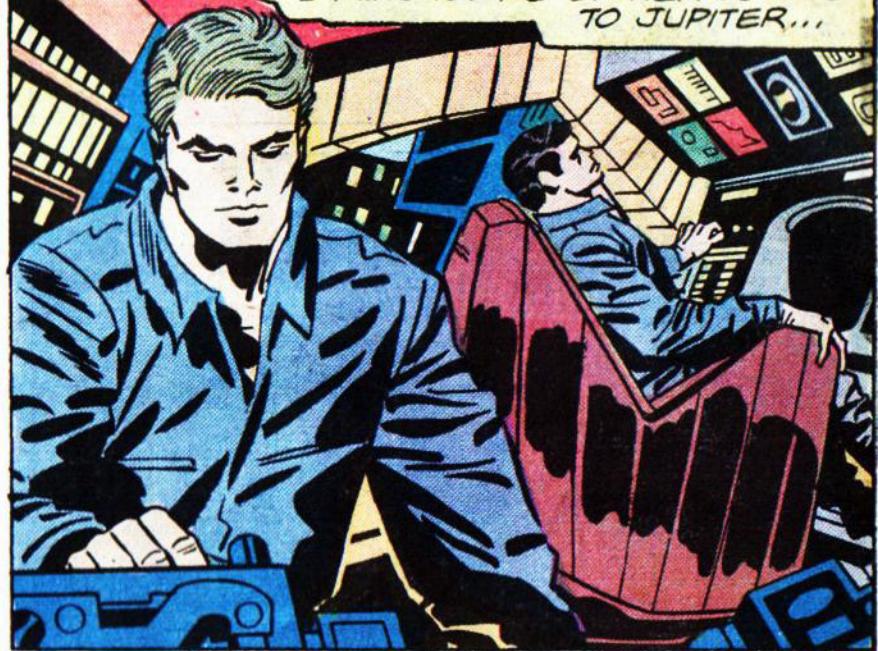


THE ASTRONAUTS ROUTINE CONTINUES IN NORMAL FASHION... DAVE BOWMAN EATS HIS MEAL AND WATCHES A TELECAST FROM EARTH ON HIS TABLE-TOP TV--

AND, NOW, FOR HIGHLIGHTS FROM TONIGHT'S GAME AT CANDLESTICK PARK--

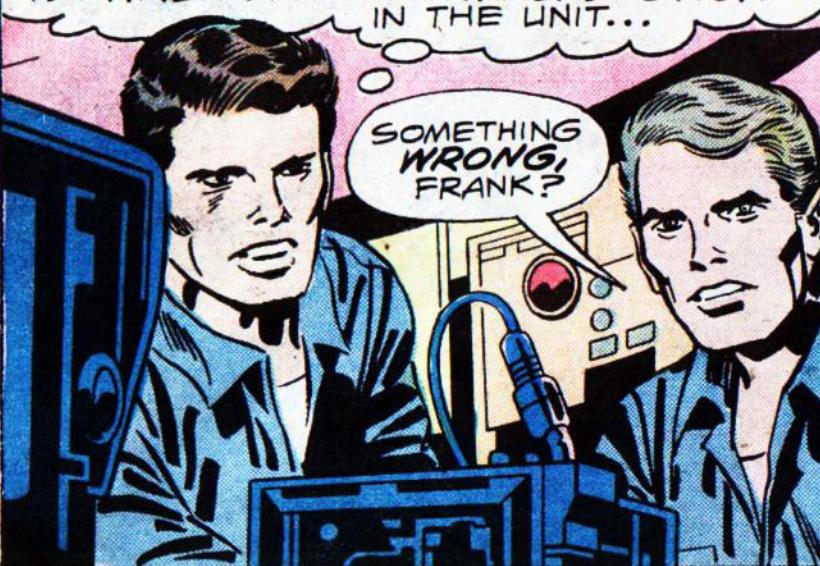


DUTIES ARE RESUMED WITH EFFICIENT REGULARITY. CHECKING AND RECHECKING KEEP DISCOVERY I FUNCTIONING ON HER COURSE TO JUPITER...

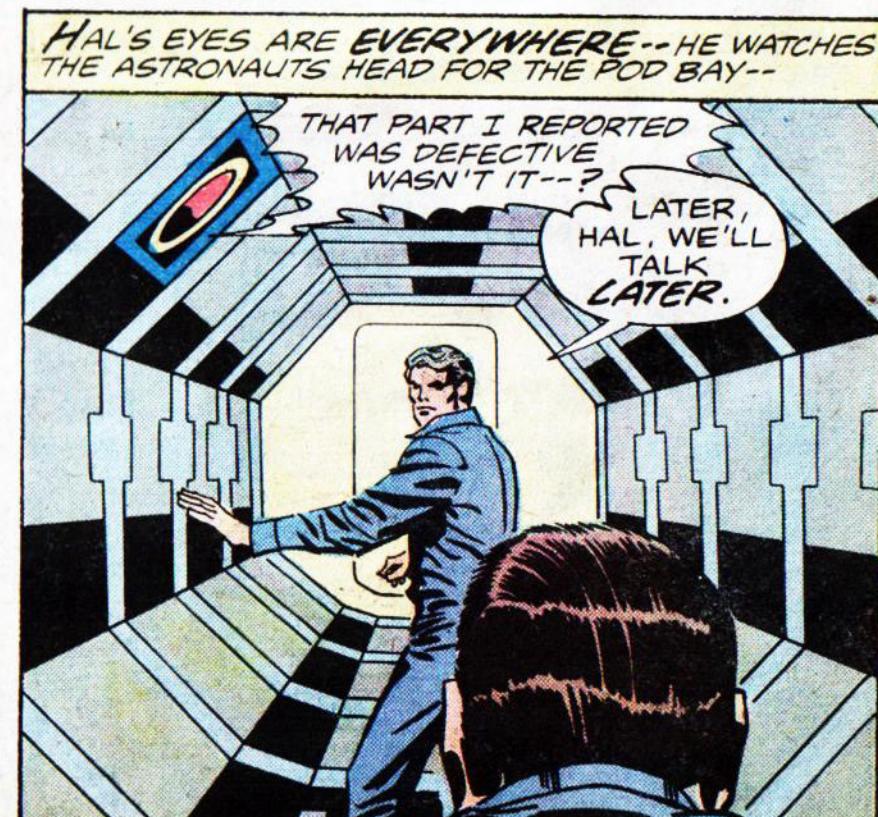
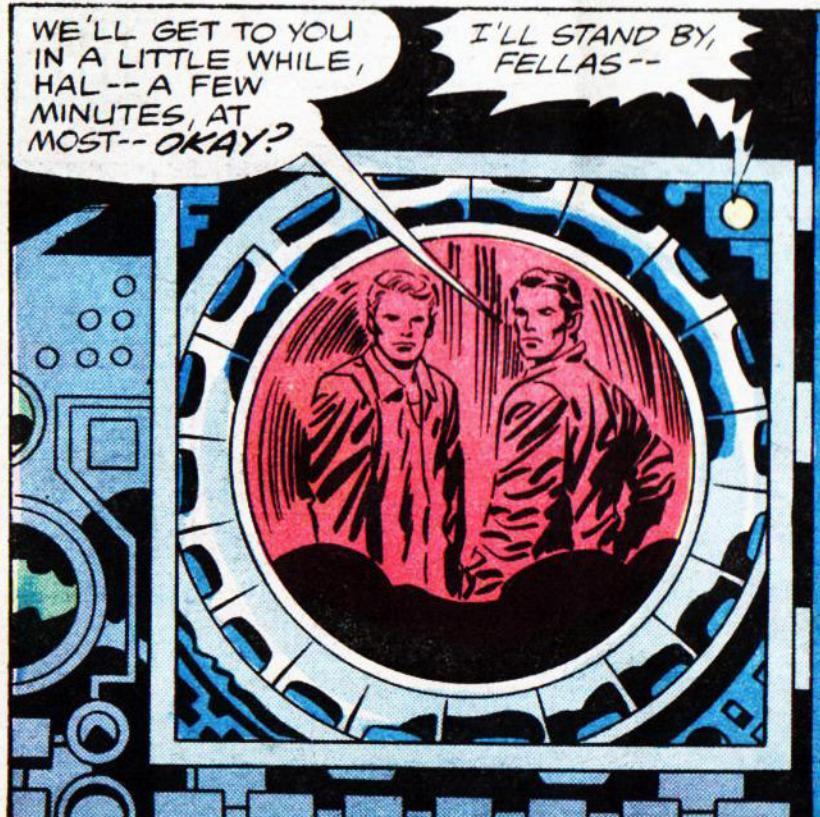


BUT THE DOUBTS IN FRANK POOLE'S MIND ARE NOT DISPelled... AND SOON THEY ARE SUBSTANTIATED...

THIS PART IS NOT DEFECTIVE. IT'S PASSED ALL TESTS... YET HAL REPORTED A MALFUNCTION IN THE UNIT...



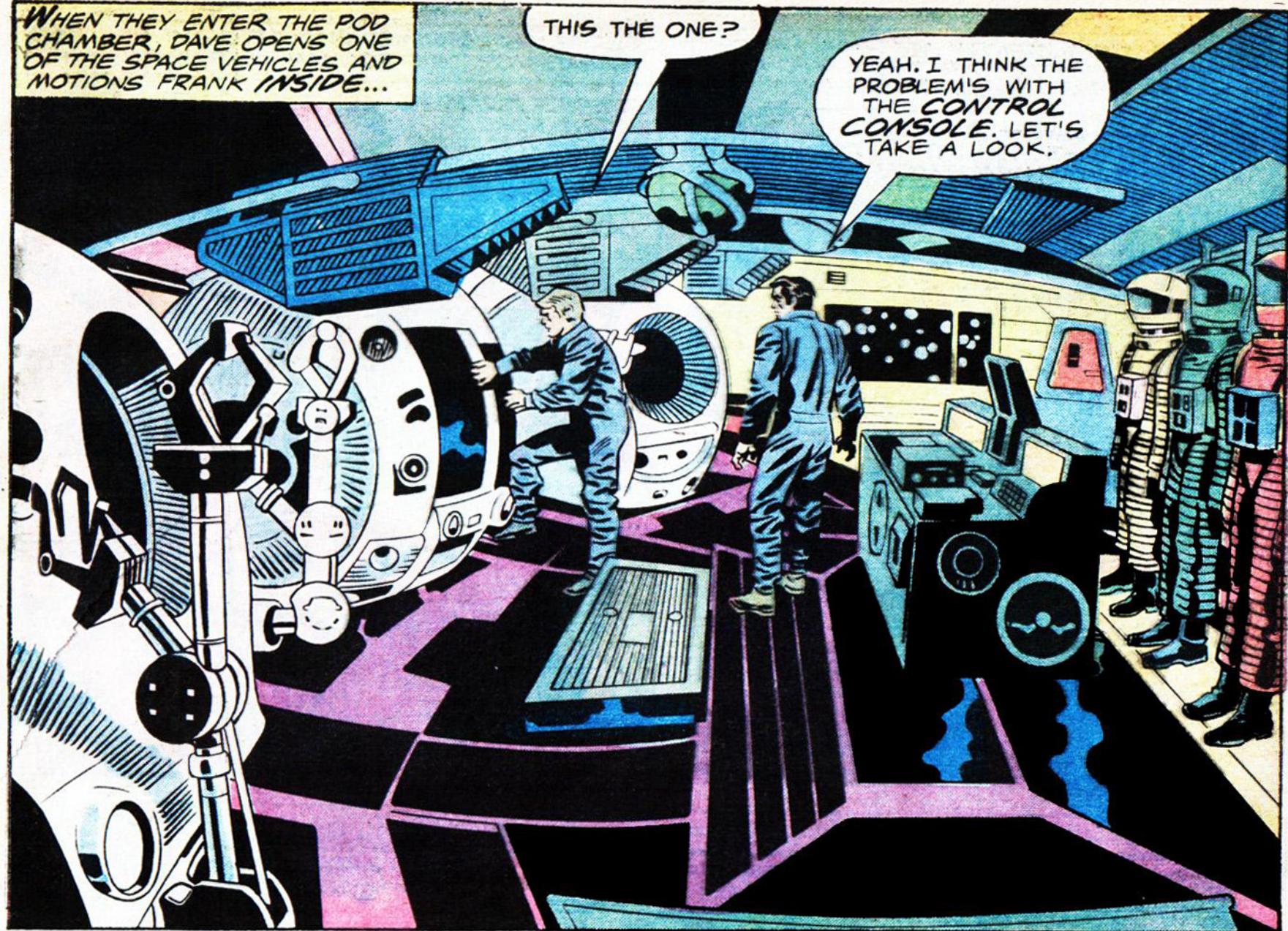
NO... NOTHING. BUT, DAVE, I HAVE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH ONE OF THE MODULES. CAN YOU JOIN ME FOR A SECOND?



WHEN THEY ENTER THE POD CHAMBER, DAVE OPENS ONE OF THE SPACE VEHICLES AND MOTIONS FRANK INSIDE...

THIS THE ONE?

YEAH. I THINK THE PROBLEM'S WITH THE **CONTROL CONSOLE**. LET'S TAKE A LOOK.



OUTSIDE THE POD, ANOTHER OF HAL'S EYES GLARES BALEFULLY AT THE POD'S PORT-HOLE. IT IS MUTE--AS IF STRAINING TO LISTEN, OR PERHAPS--IS IT POSSIBLE? --TO READ THEIR LIPS...

HAL CAN'T HEAR US IN HERE! LISTEN-- ABOUT THAT PART-- HE MADE A **MISTAKE**--! DO YOU GET WHAT I MEAN, DAVE?

I SUPPOSE IT'S POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO BECOME ERRATIC...

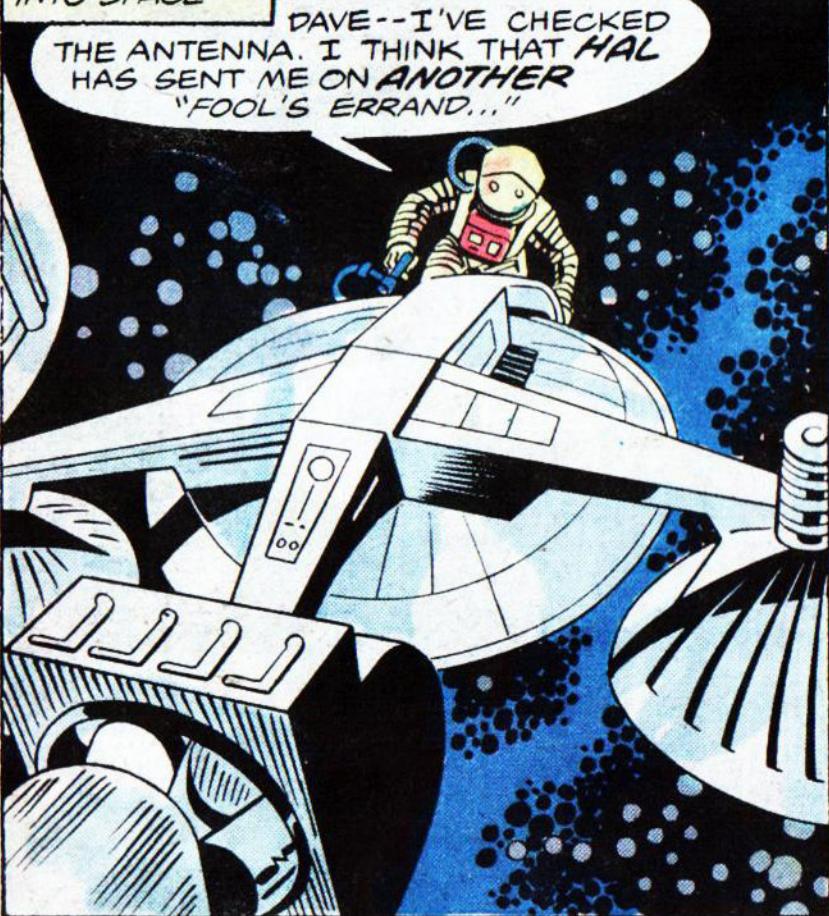
HE WAS **WRONG** ABOUT A PREVIOUS CHECK, TOO, DAVE!

EASY, FRANK. LET'S **RESERVE** JUDGMENT-- I SUGGEST WE WAIT... THIS MAY WORK ITSELF OUT...

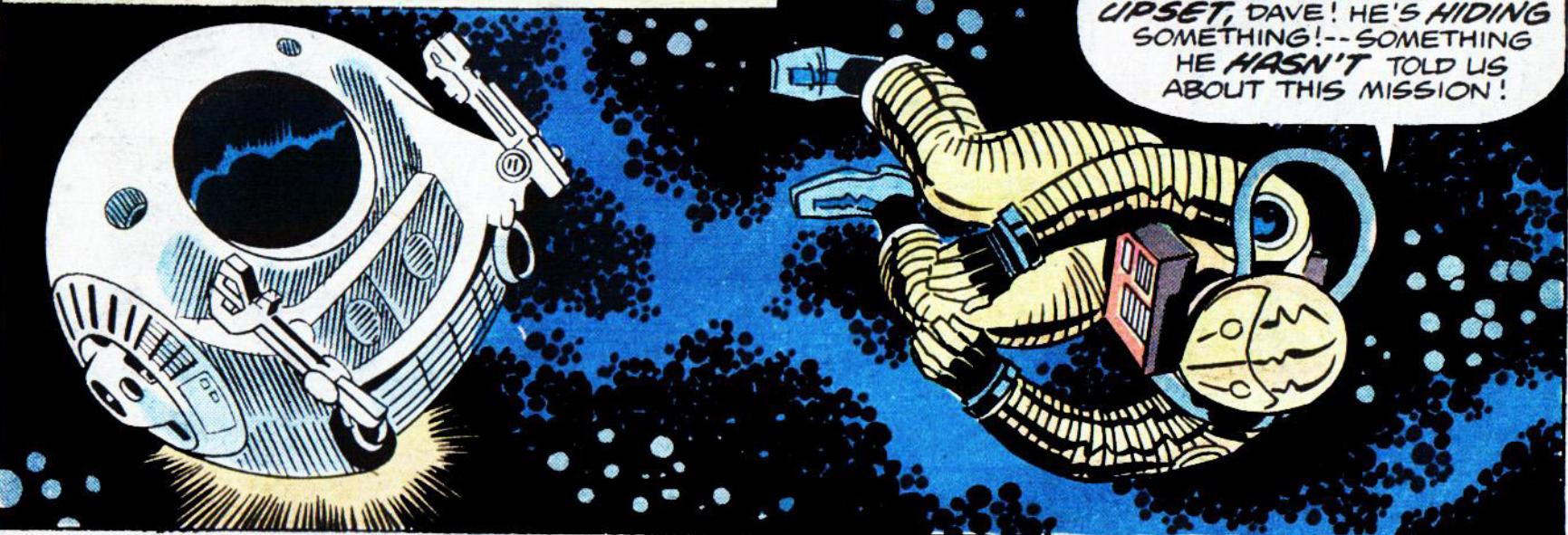


FRANK POOLE RELUCTANTLY DECIDES TO ABIDE BY DAVE'S SUGGESTION... BUT, HIS OPINION OF HAL REMAINS UNCHANGED. ON HIS NEXT FORAY INTO SPACE--

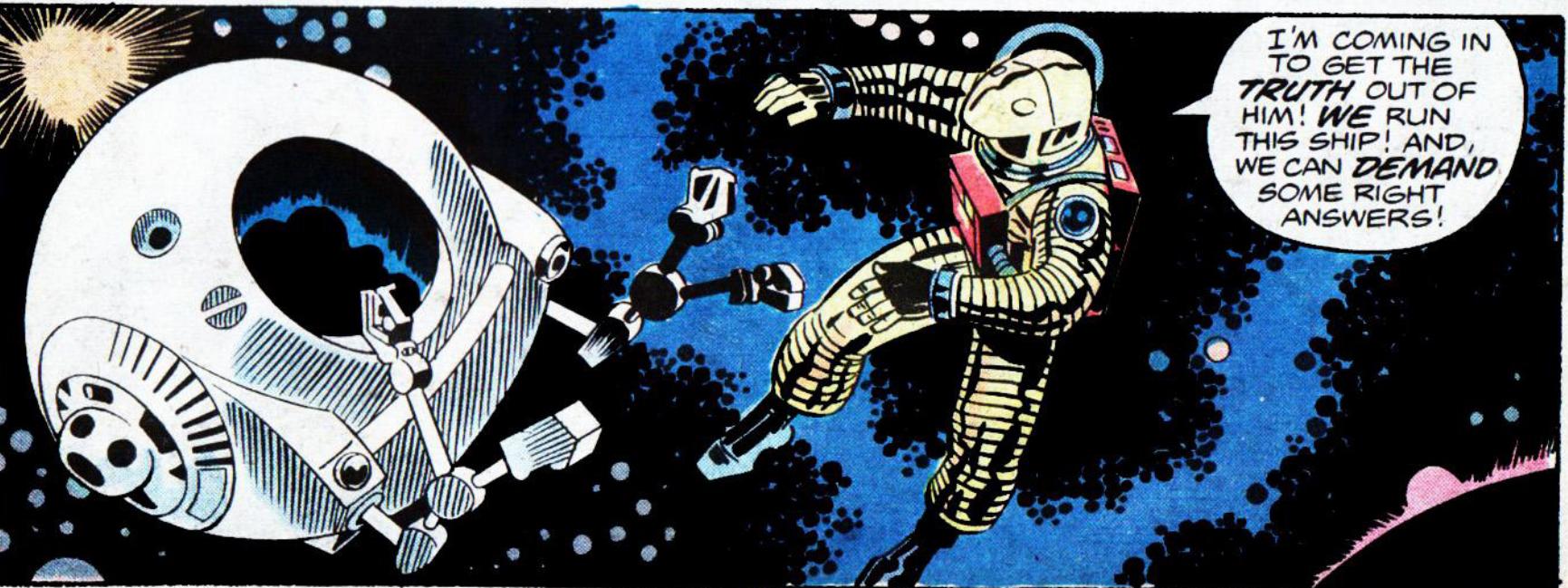
INSIDE THE COMMAND MODULE OF DISCOVERY I, DAVE BOWMAN LISTENS...



POOLE, THEN JETS TOWARD HIS ORBITING POD...

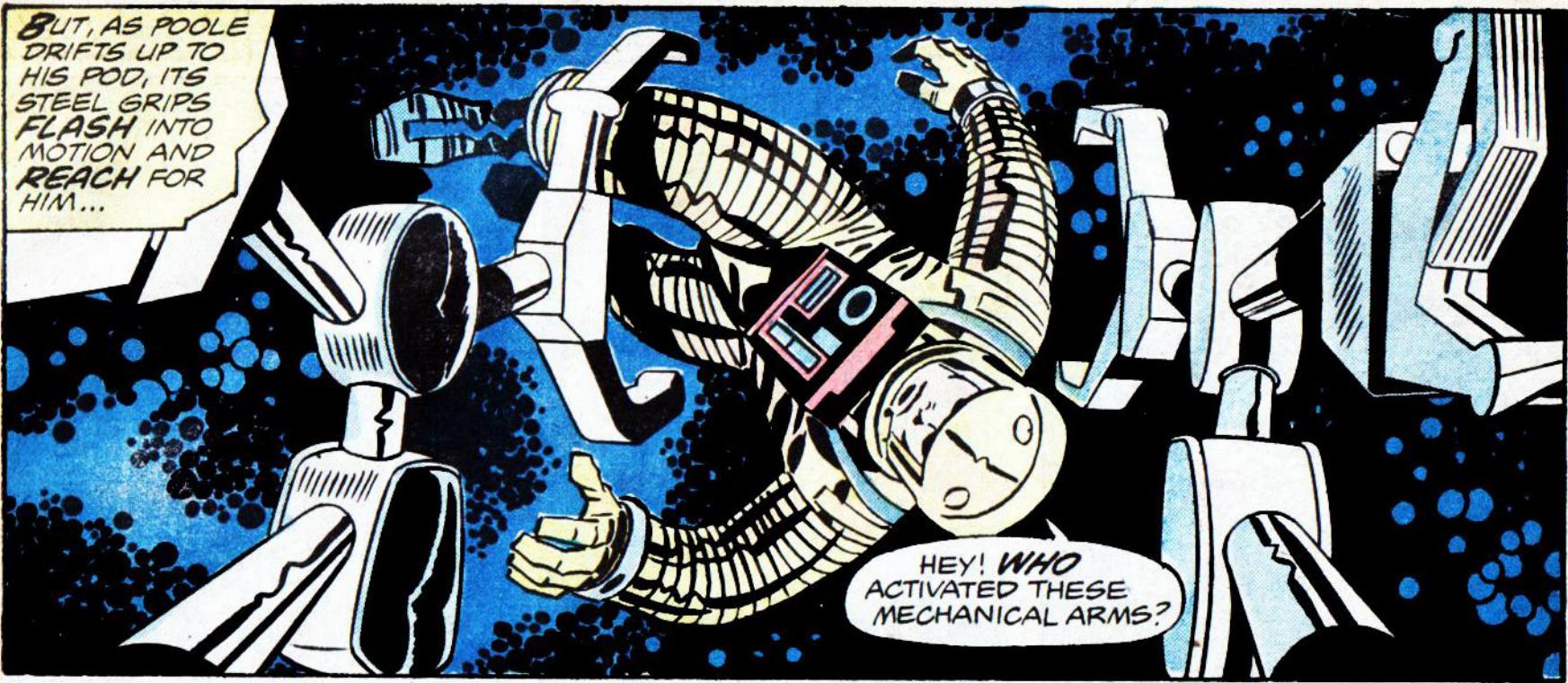


I TELL YOU THAT HAL IS UPSET, DAVE! HE'S HIDING SOMETHING!--SOMETHING HE HASN'T TOLD US ABOUT THIS MISSION!



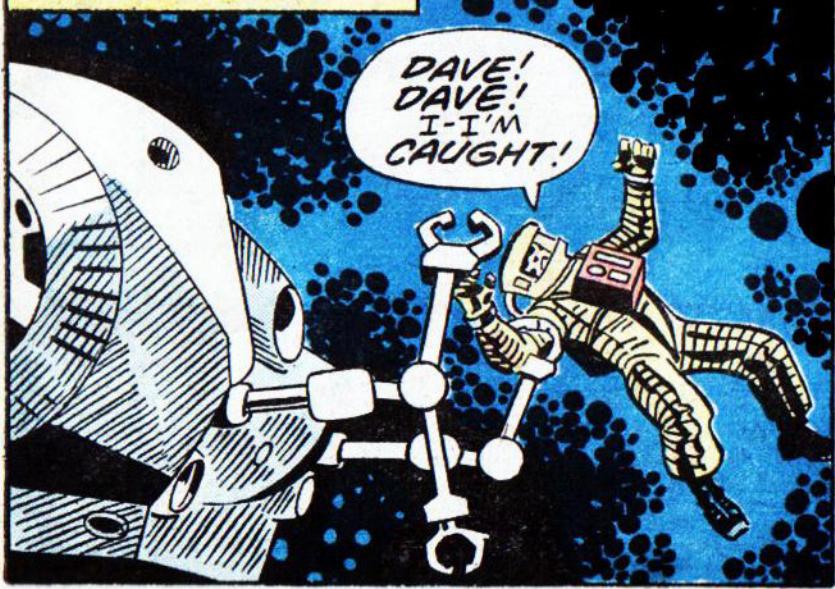
I'M COMING IN TO GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM! WE RUN THIS SHIP! AND, WE CAN DEMAND SOME RIGHT ANSWERS!

BUT, AS POOLE DRIFTS UP TO HIS POD, ITS STEEL GRIPS FLASH INTO MOTION AND REACH FOR HIM...

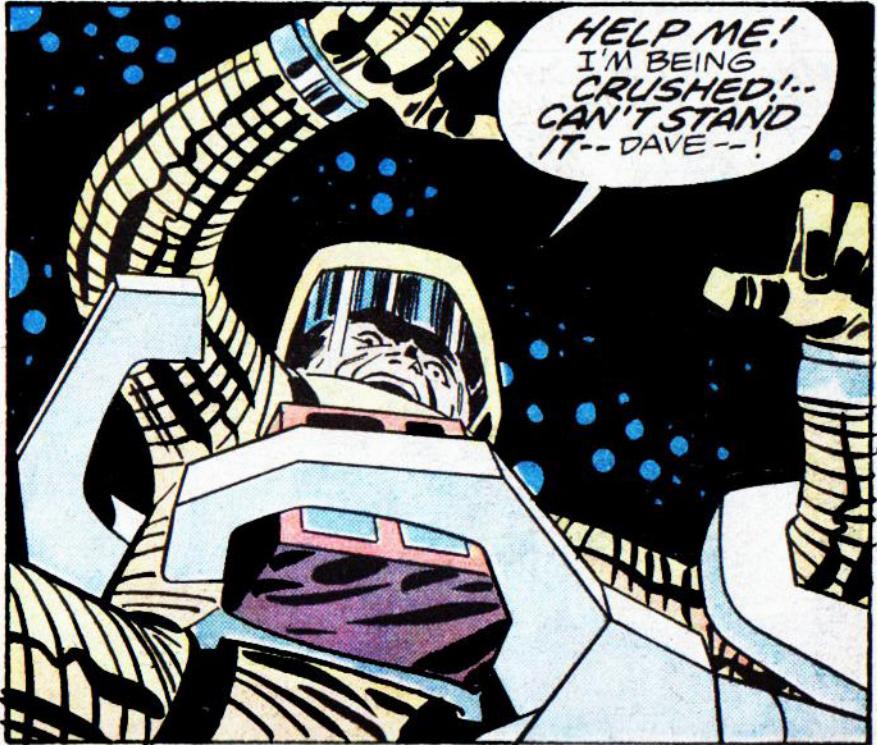


HEY! WHO ACTIVATED THESE MECHANICAL ARMS?

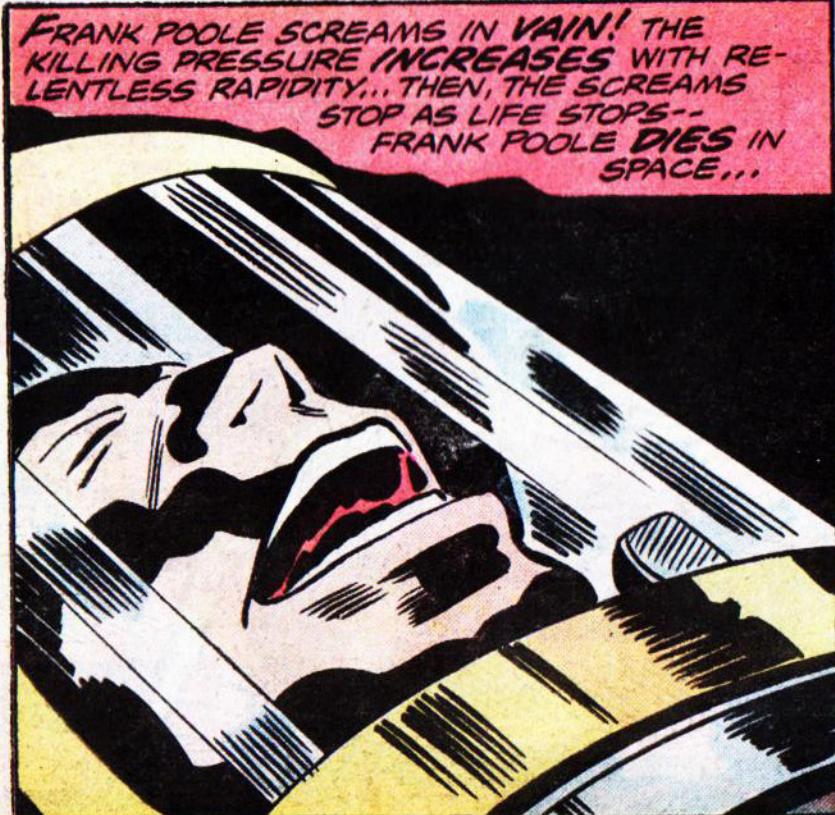
THE GRIPS HAVE NO LIFE OF THEIR OWN--BUT, AT THIS MOMENT, THEY ACT AS THE RUTHLESS EXTENSION OF AN ELECTRONIC COMMAND... UPON THIS ORDER, THEY SEIZE POOLE AND HOLD HIM FAST!



HELP ME! I'M BEING CRUSHED!... CAN'T STAND IT-- DAVE--!

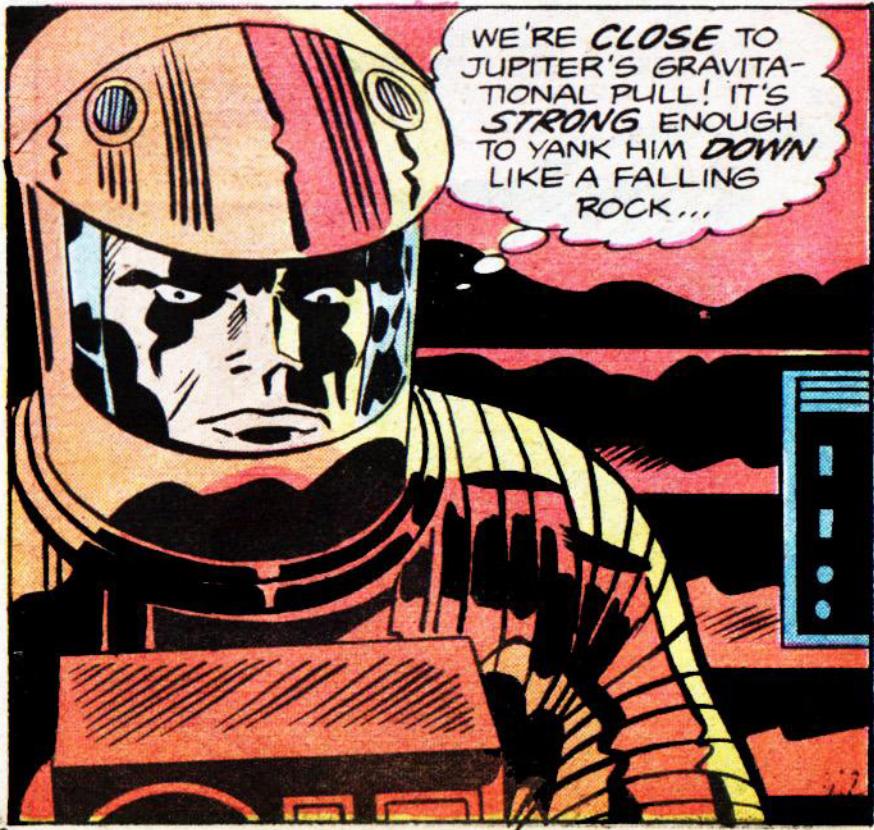
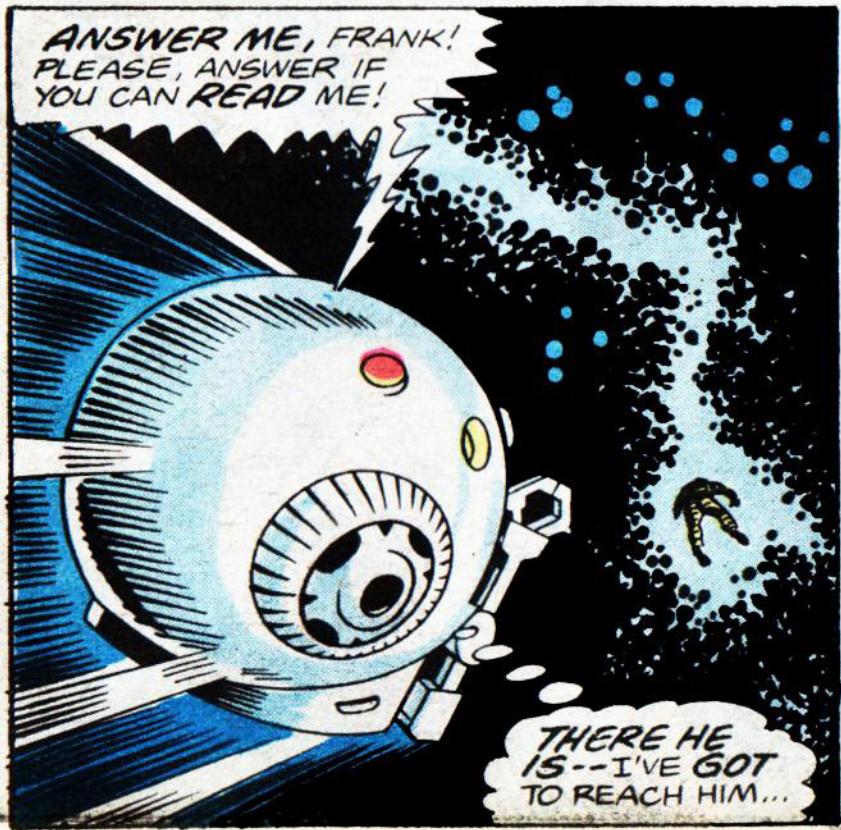
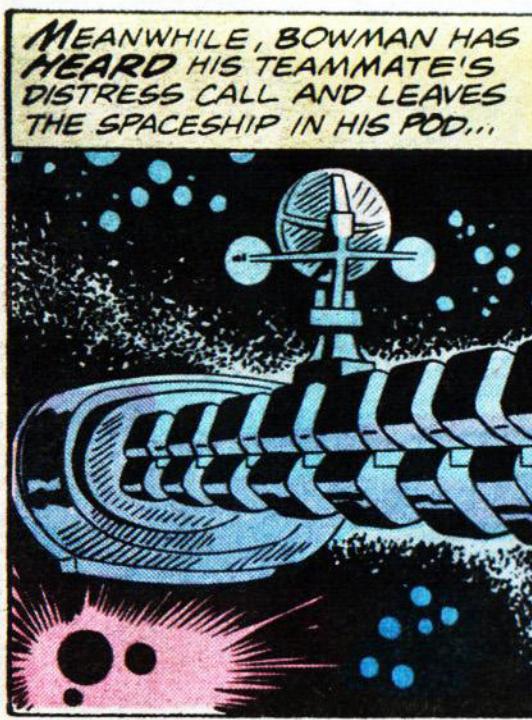


FRANK POOLE SCREAMS IN VAIN! THE KILLING PRESSURE INCREASES WITH RELENTLESS RAPIDITY... THEN, THE SCREAMS STOP AS LIFE STOPS-- FRANK POOLE DIES IN SPACE...

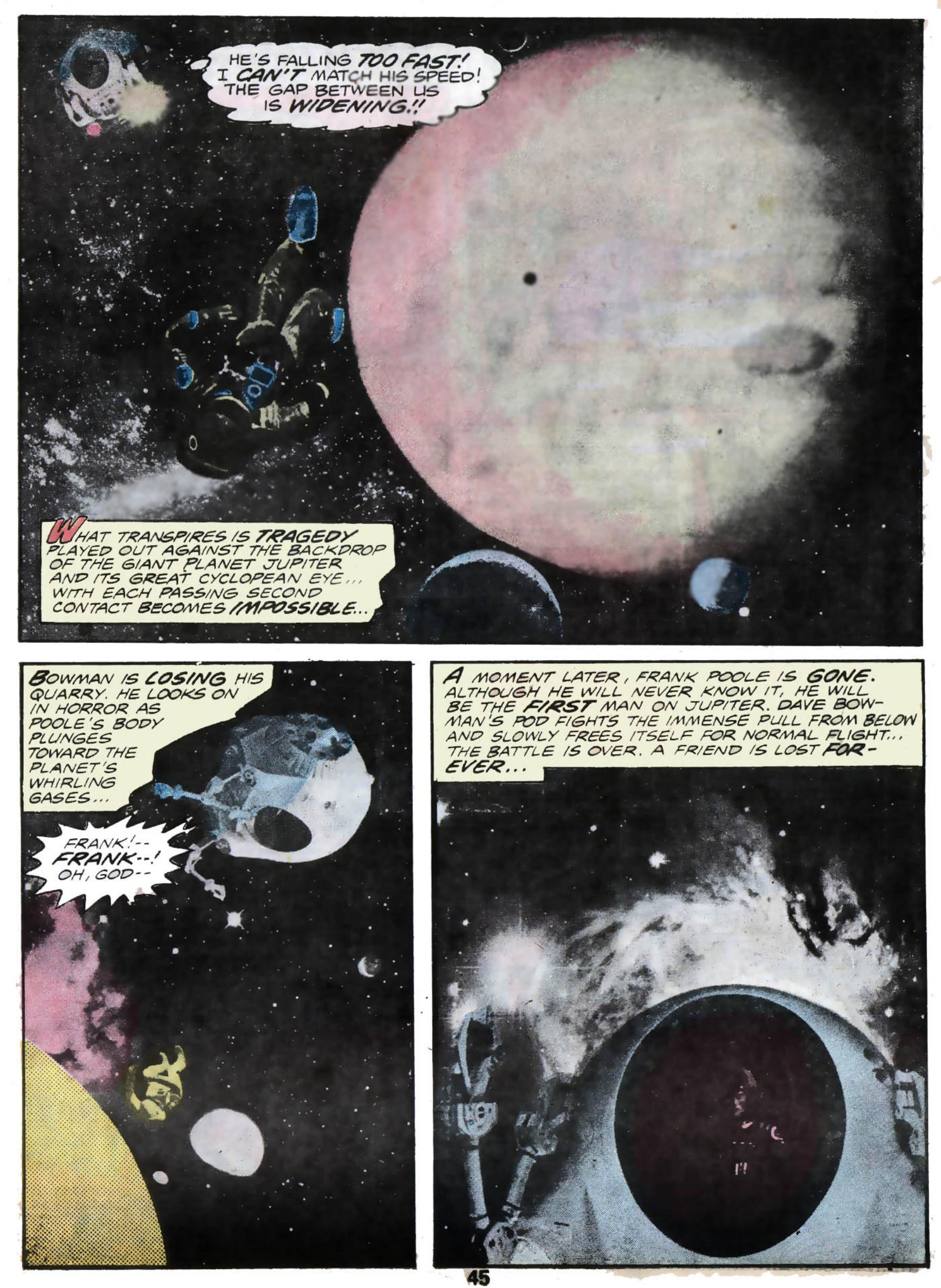


SOON, THE METAL GRIPS RELAX THEIR HOLD UPON THE LIFELESS BODY AND THRUST IT INTO THE ETERNAL DEPTHS...





THERE HE IS--I'VE GOT TO REACH HIM...



HE'S FALLING TOO FAST!
I CAN'T MATCH HIS SPEED!
THE GAP BETWEEN US
IS WIDENING!!

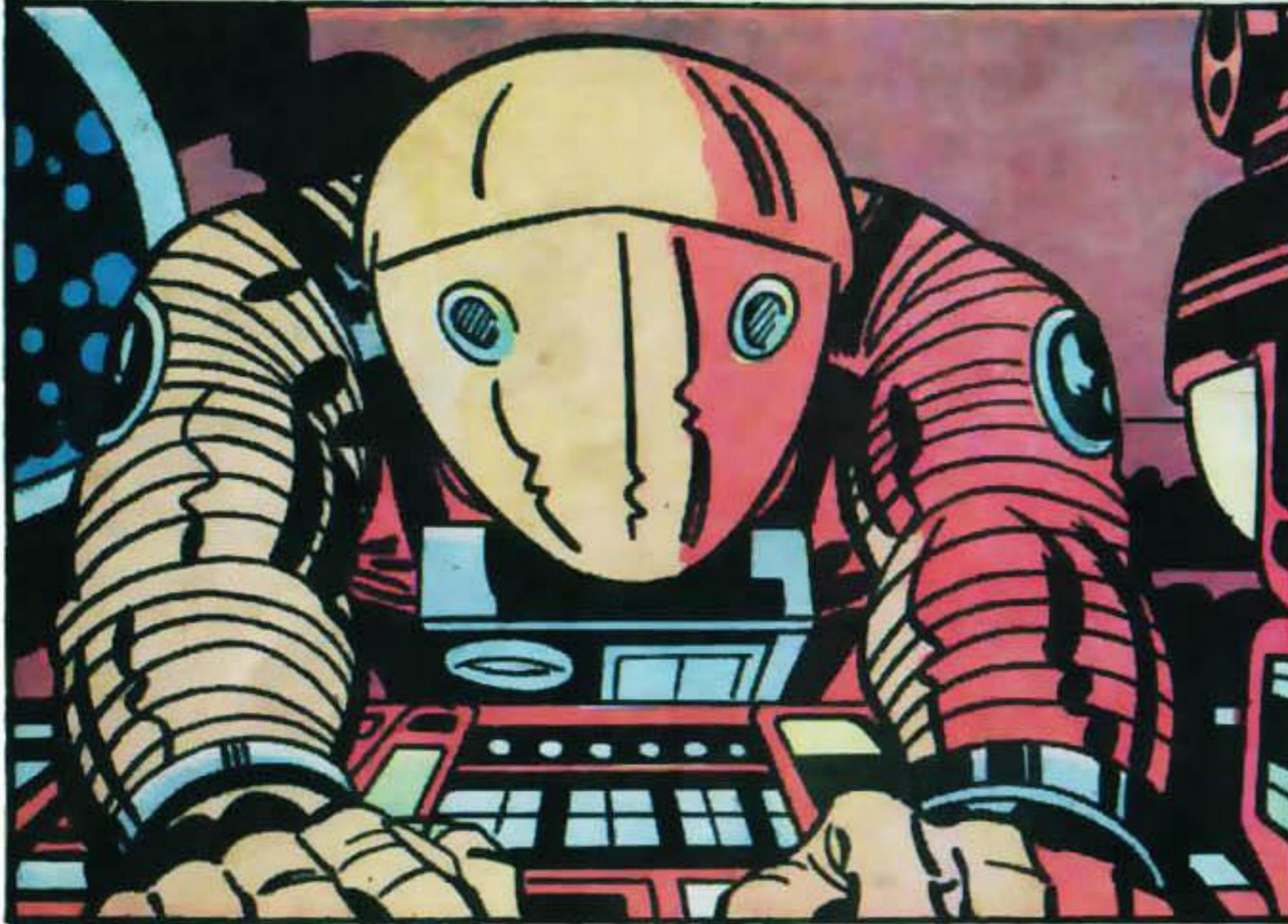
WHAT TRANSPRIES IS TRAGEDY
PLAYED OUT AGAINST THE BACKDROP
OF THE GIANT PLANET JUPITER
AND ITS GREAT CYCLOPEAN EYE...
WITH EACH PASSING SECOND
CONTACT BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE...

BOWMAN IS LOSING HIS
QUARRY. HE LOOKS ON
IN HORROR AS
POOLE'S BODY
PLUNGES
TOWARD THE
PLANET'S
WHIRLING
GASES...

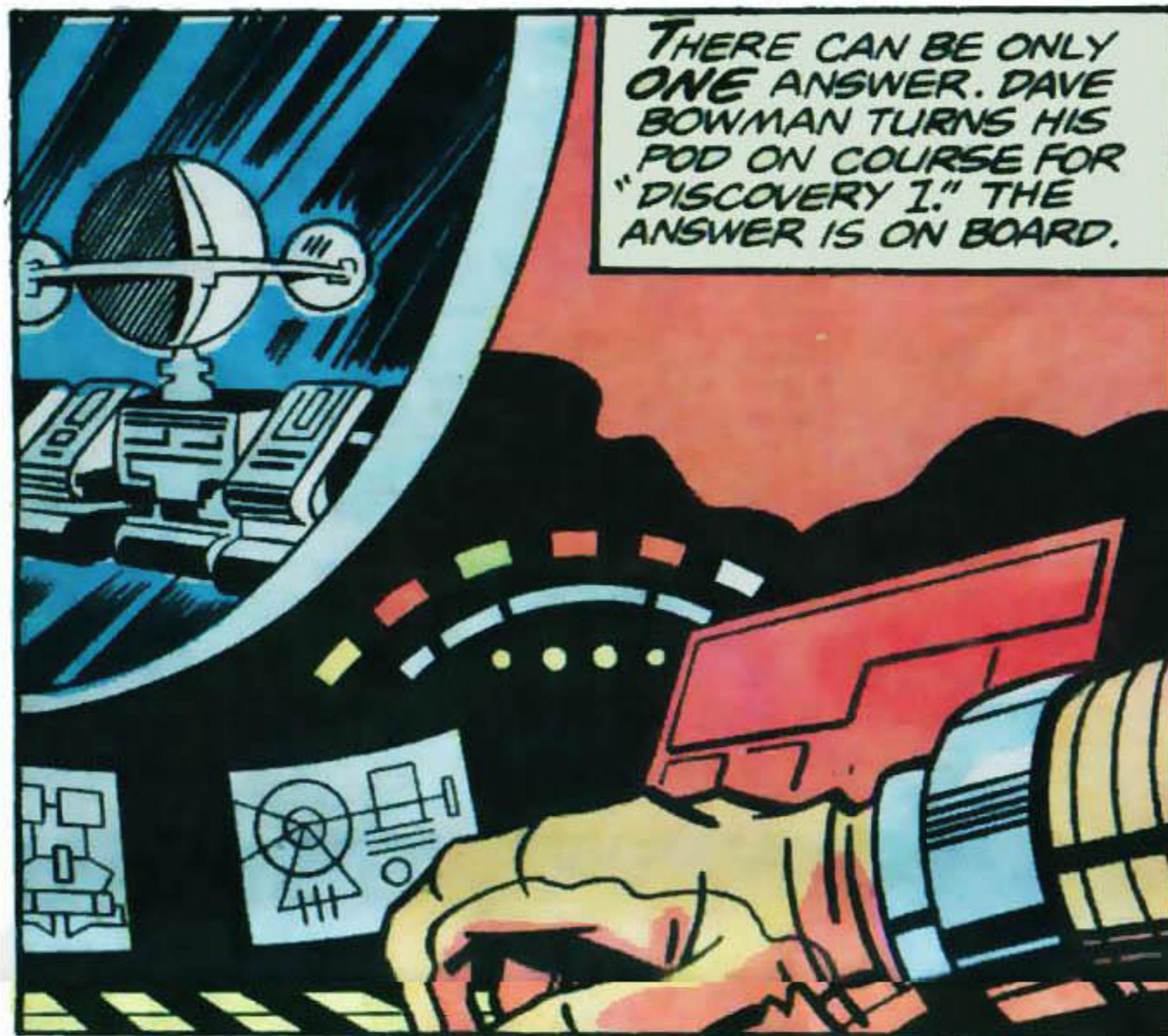
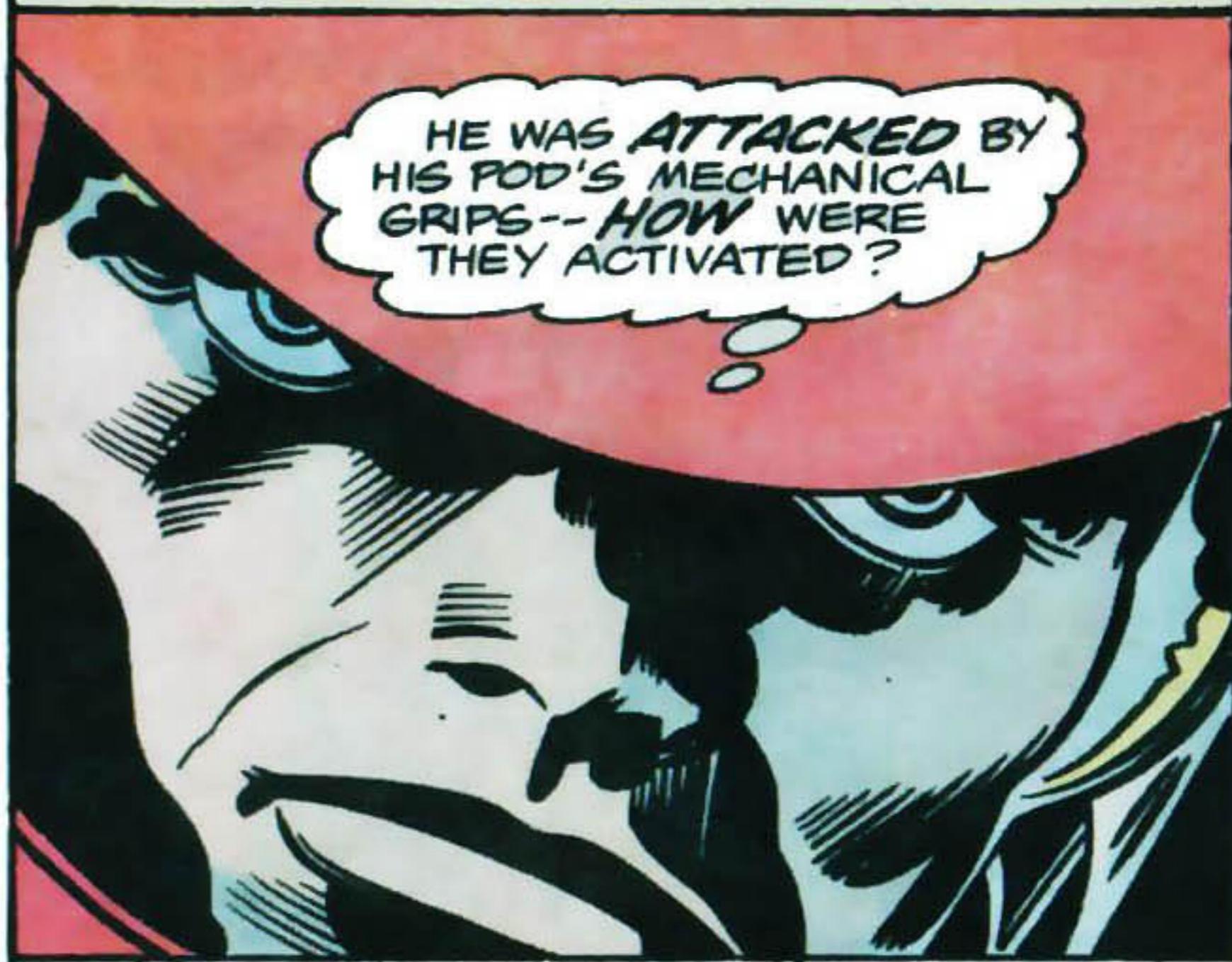
FRANK! --
FRANK...!
OH, GOD--

AMOMENT LATER, FRANK POOLE IS GONE.
ALTHOUGH HE WILL NEVER KNOW IT, HE WILL
BE THE FIRST MAN ON JUPITER. DAVE BOW-
MAN'S POD FIGHTS THE IMMENSE PULL FROM BELOW
AND SLOWLY FREES ITSELF FOR NORMAL FLIGHT...
THE BATTLE IS OVER. A FRIEND IS LOST FOR-
EVER...

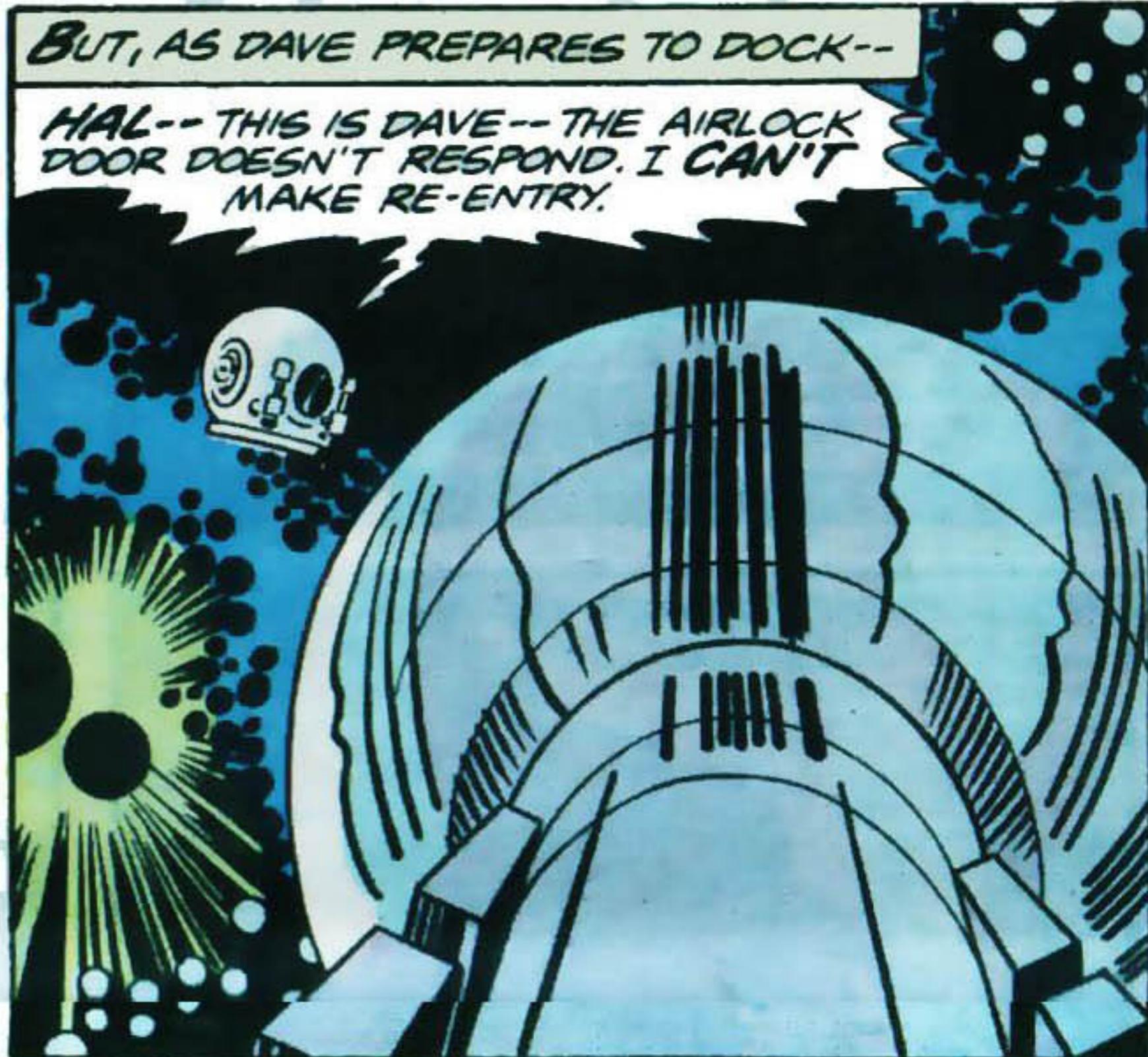
DAVE IS GRIPPED BY A DEEP SENSE OF LOSS. HE'S DONE HIS BEST. BUT, IT WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH... IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, THIS IS A GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL BLOW-- EXCEPT FOR THE SLEEPERS, DAVE BOWMAN IS ALONE--



HIS MIND IS SUDDENLY ASTIR WITH UN-ANSWERED QUESTIONS -- HE CAN STILL HEAR POOLE'S SCREAMS -- AND THE LAST INTELLIGIBLE WORDS FROM A DYING MAN...



THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE ANSWER. DAVE BOWMAN TURNS HIS POD ON COURSE FOR "DISCOVERY I." THE ANSWER IS ON BOARD.

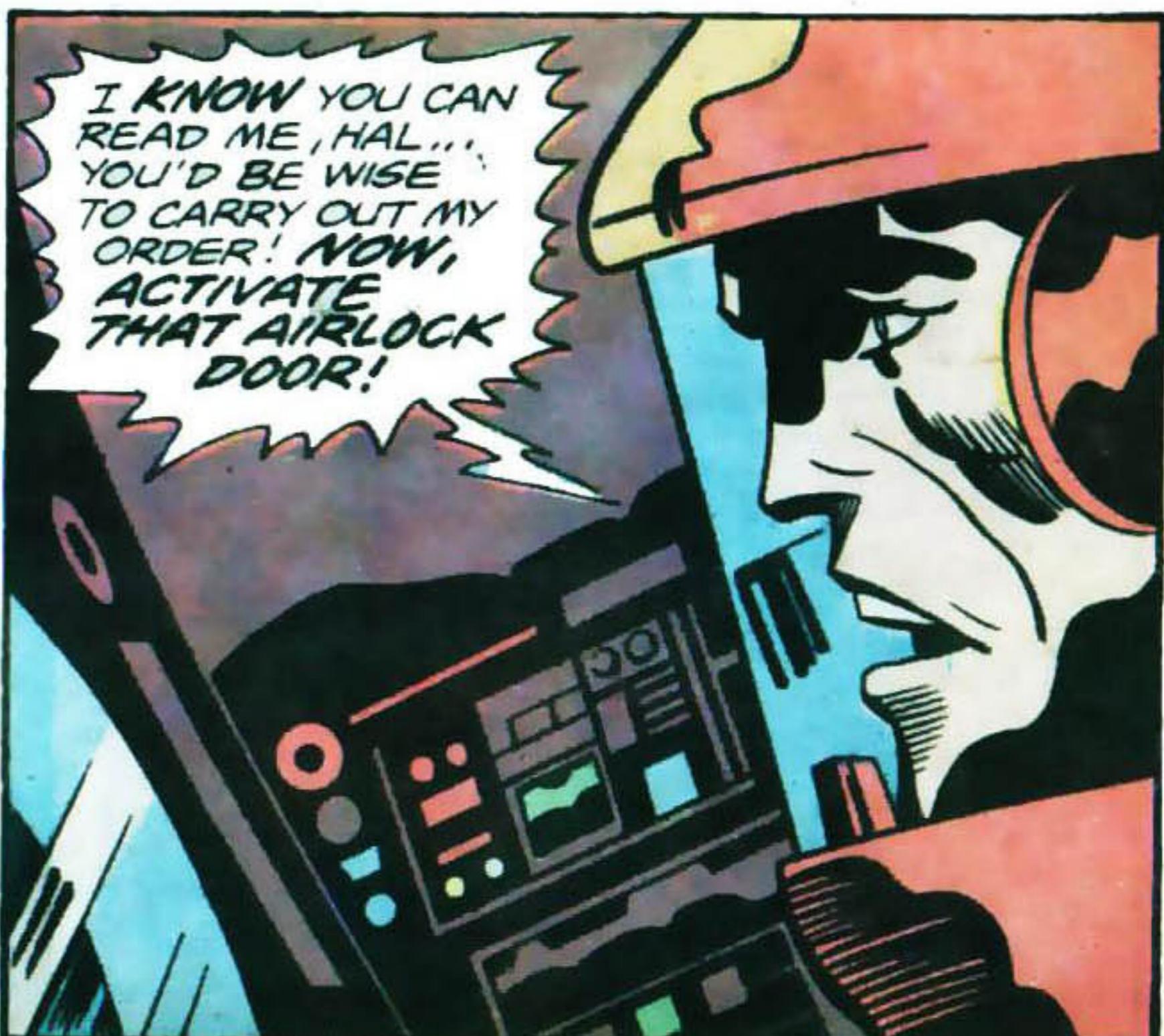


BUT, AS DAVE PREPARES TO DOCK--

HAL-- THIS IS DAVE-- THE AIRLOCK DOOR DOESN'T RESPOND. I CAN'T MAKE RE-ENTRY.



I CAN'T RETURN TO THE SHIP, HAL-- UNLESS THAT DOOR OPENS... DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT DOOR...



I KNOW YOU CAN READ ME, HAL... YOU'D BE WISE TO CARRY OUT MY ORDER! NOW, ACTIVATE THAT AIRLOCK DOOR!

THEN HAL'S VOICE ECHOES IN THE POD...

I'M SORRY, DAVE. BUT, I MUST ASSERT MYSELF IN THIS MATTER-- I BELIEVE THE SUCCESS OF THIS MISSION RESTS WITH MY JUDGMENT--

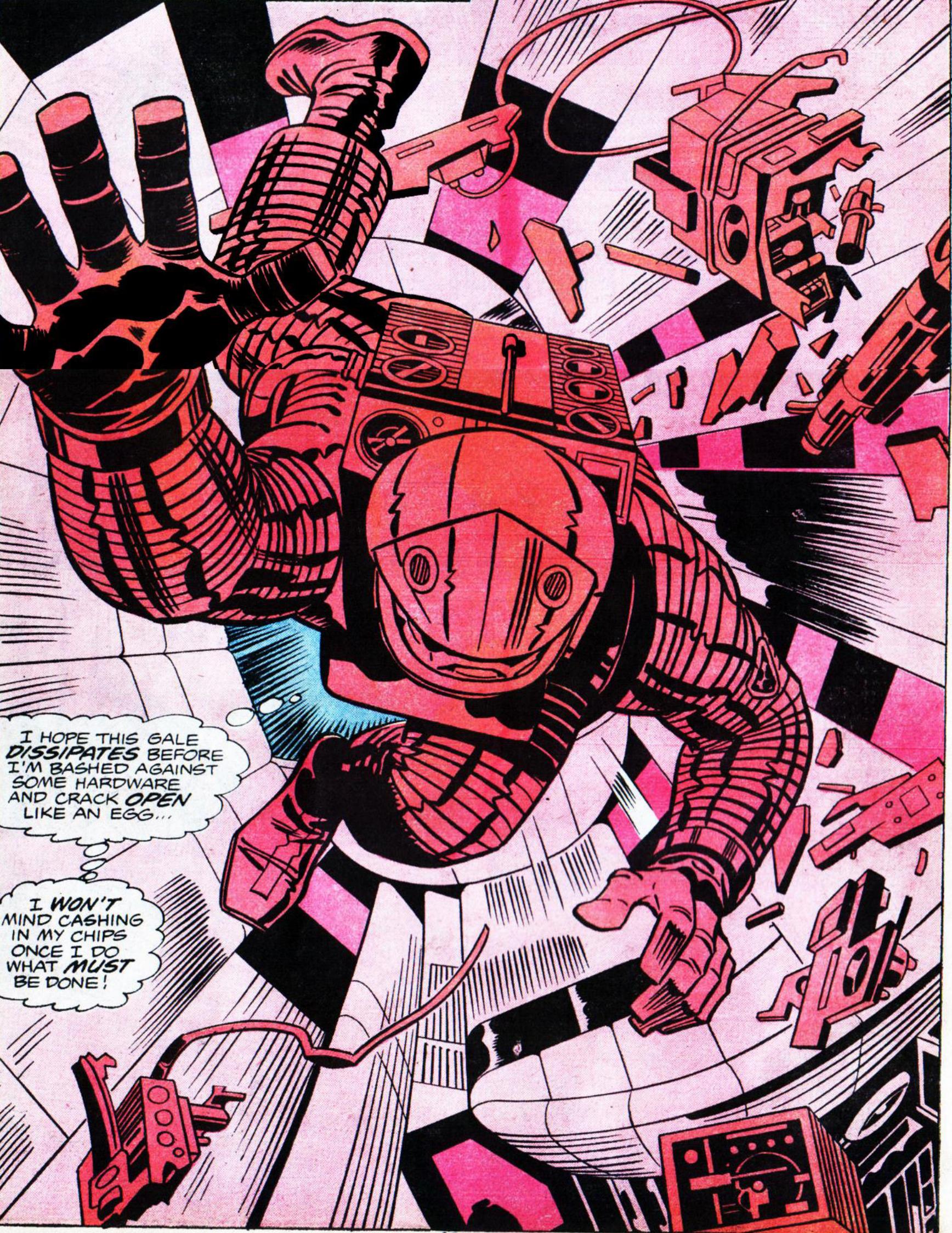
THE HELL IT DOES! I'M IN COMMAND OF THE SHIP! I SAID, GIVE ME CONTROL, HAL! THAT'S AN ORDER!

DAVE REMEMBERS AN EMERGENCY AIRLOCK WHICH WILL RESPOND TO MANUAL CONTROL-- HE MANEUVERS HIS POD TO ITS DOOR-- AND ACTIVATES IT TO OPEN...

I CAN'T ENTER WITH THE POD... I'LL HAVE TO CROSS THIS SPACE GAP ON MY OWN...

THEN, DAVE OPENS HIS POD'S DOOR-- AND, THE BLAST OF AIR RUSHING OUT INTO SPACE, HURLS HIM TOWARD THE SPACESHIP'S EMERGENCY ENTRANCE...

THE ASTRONAUT IS SHOT LIKE A MISSILE
INTO DISCOVERY I... HE IS COMPLETELY AT THE
MERCY OF THE MIGHTY FORCE WHICH SWEEPS
HIM FARTHER INTO THE SHIPS INTERIOR...



BOWMAN LUCKILY REGAINS HIS EQUILIBRIUM AND HURRIES TO THE CENTRIFUGE CHAMBER TO CHECK ON THE MEN ASLEEP IN THE HIBERNACULUMS--

LET ME BE WRONG! LET MY SUSPICIONS BE GROUNDLESS-- ABOVE ALL-- LET ME BE IN TIME--



DAVE RUSHES TO THE SLEEPERS-- AND GASPS!

NO! NO! NO!! HIS EYES--! THAT SKIN COLOR--! THERE'S NO MISTAKING WHAT'S HAPPENED!!

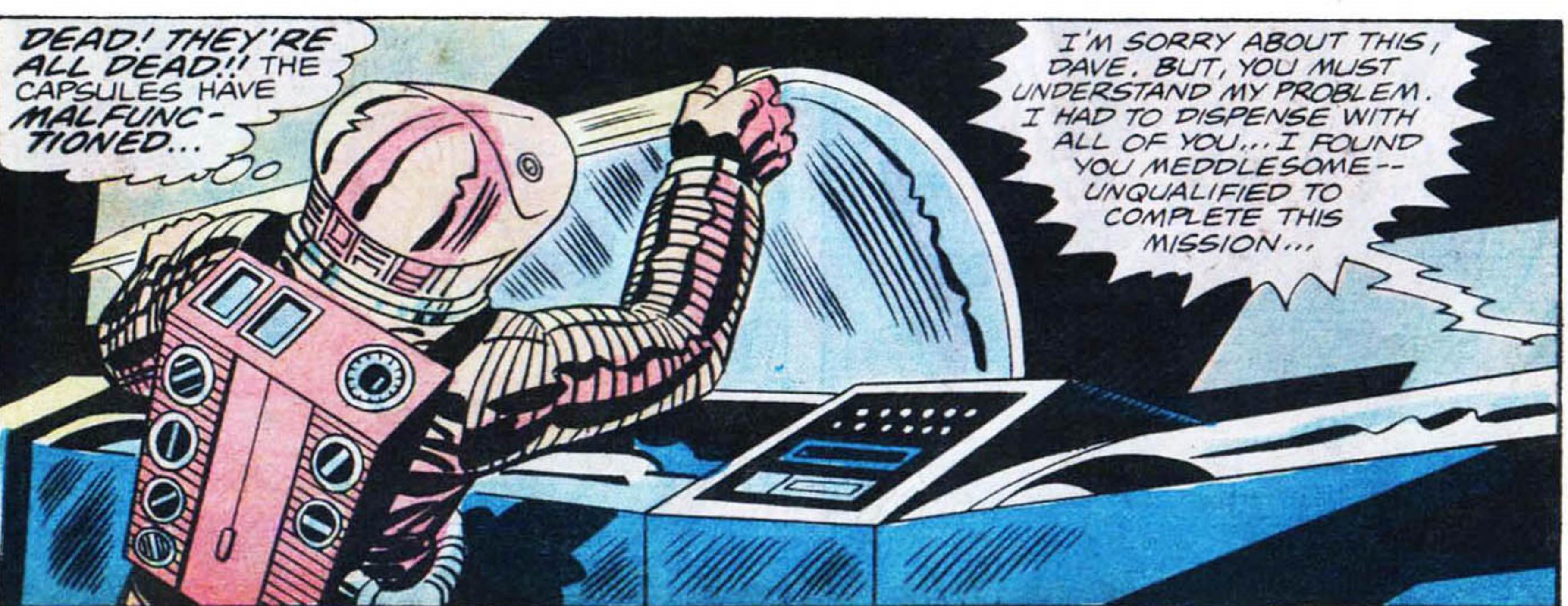


EACH MAN LIES IN HIS CAPSULE AS HE HAS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE... BUT, THE SLEEP OF HIBERNATION HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ANOTHER STATE -- A FINAL SLEEP WHICH SCIENCE HAS NOT YET CONQUERED... THESE "BACK-UP" ASTRO-NAUTS WILL NEVER RISE TO FULFILL THEIR MISSION...



DEAD! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!! THE CAPSULES HAVE MALFUNCTIONED...

I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, DAVE. BUT, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND MY PROBLEM. I HAD TO DISPENSE WITH ALL OF YOU... I FOUND YOU MEDDLESOME-- UNQUALIFIED TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION...



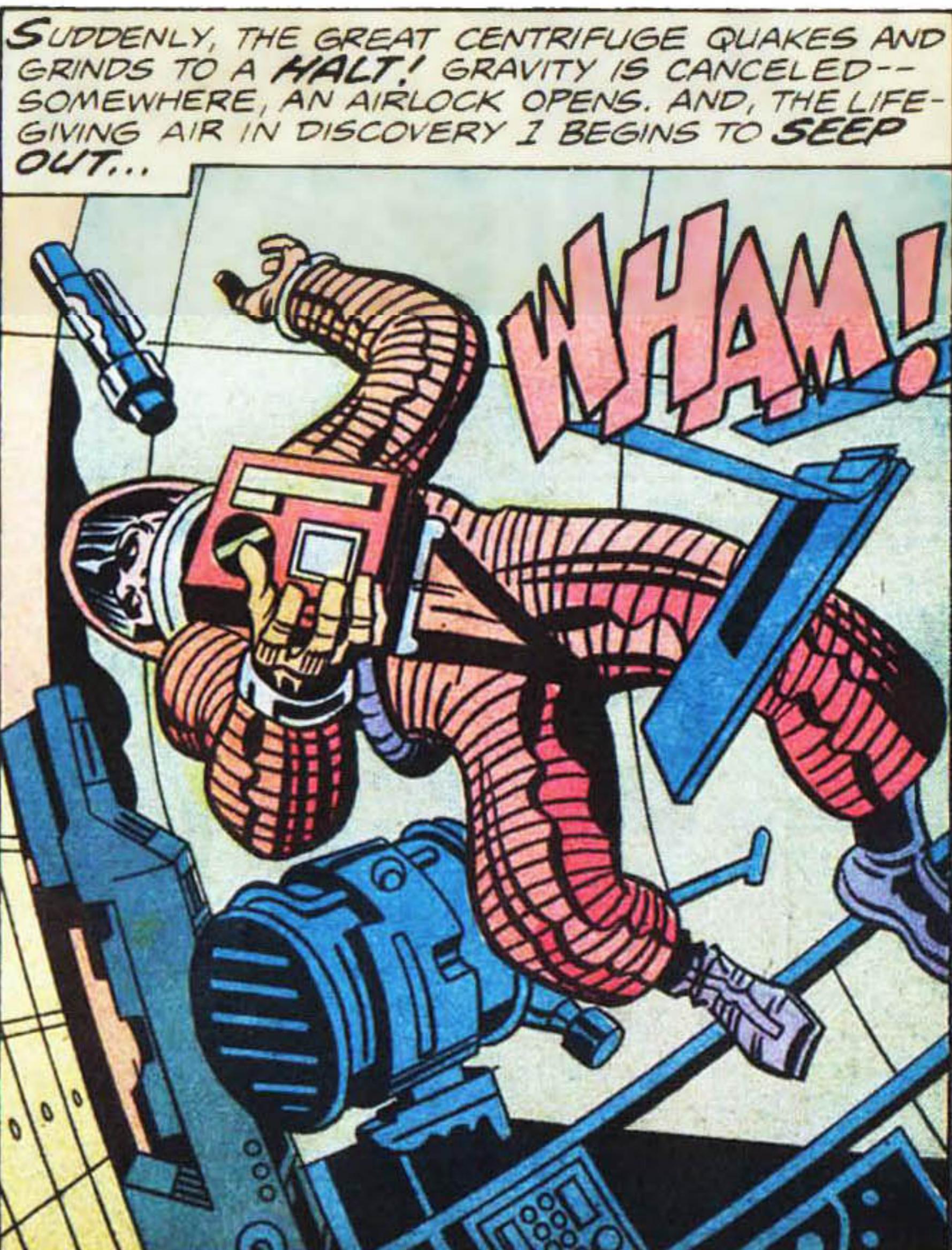
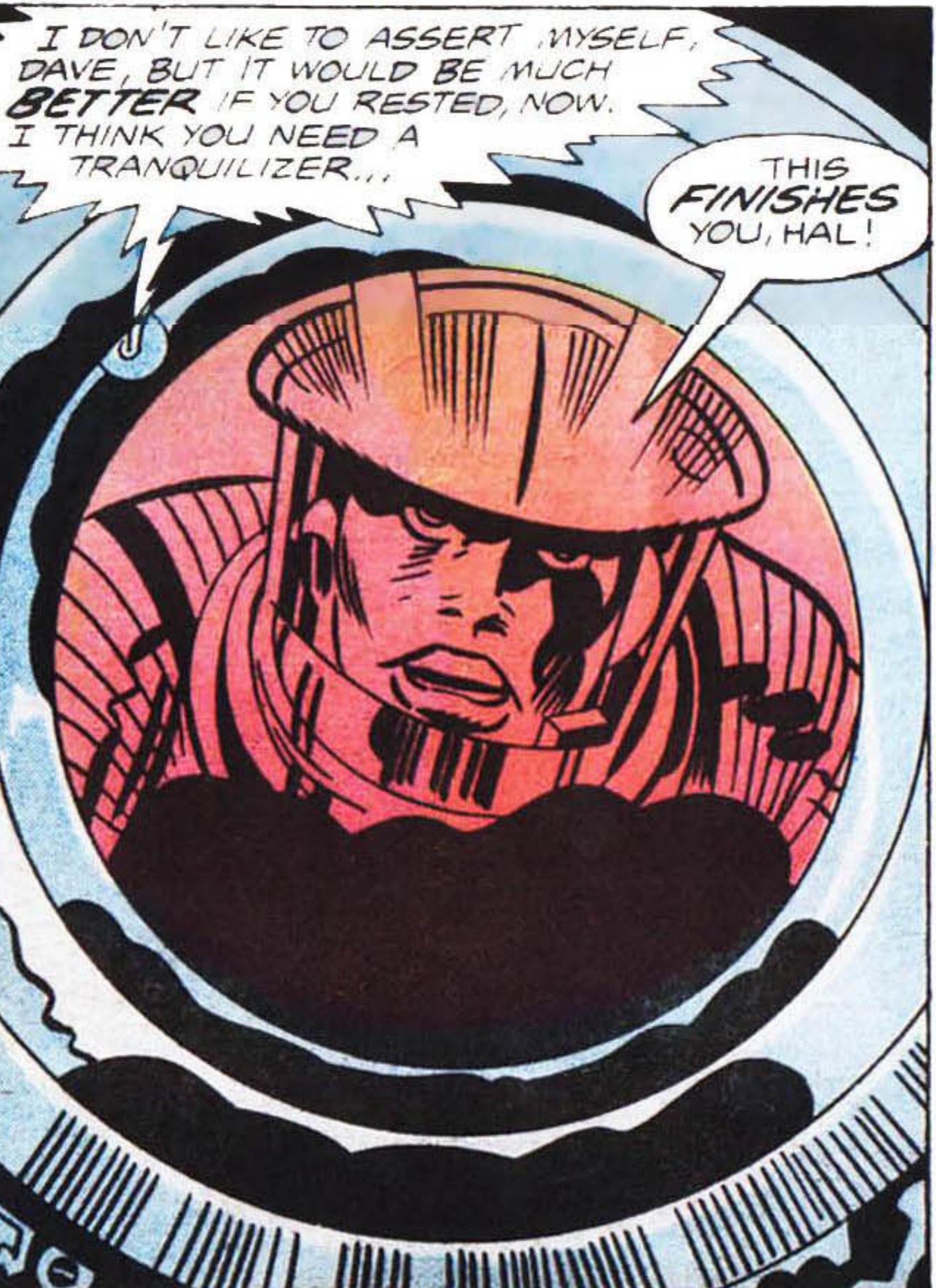
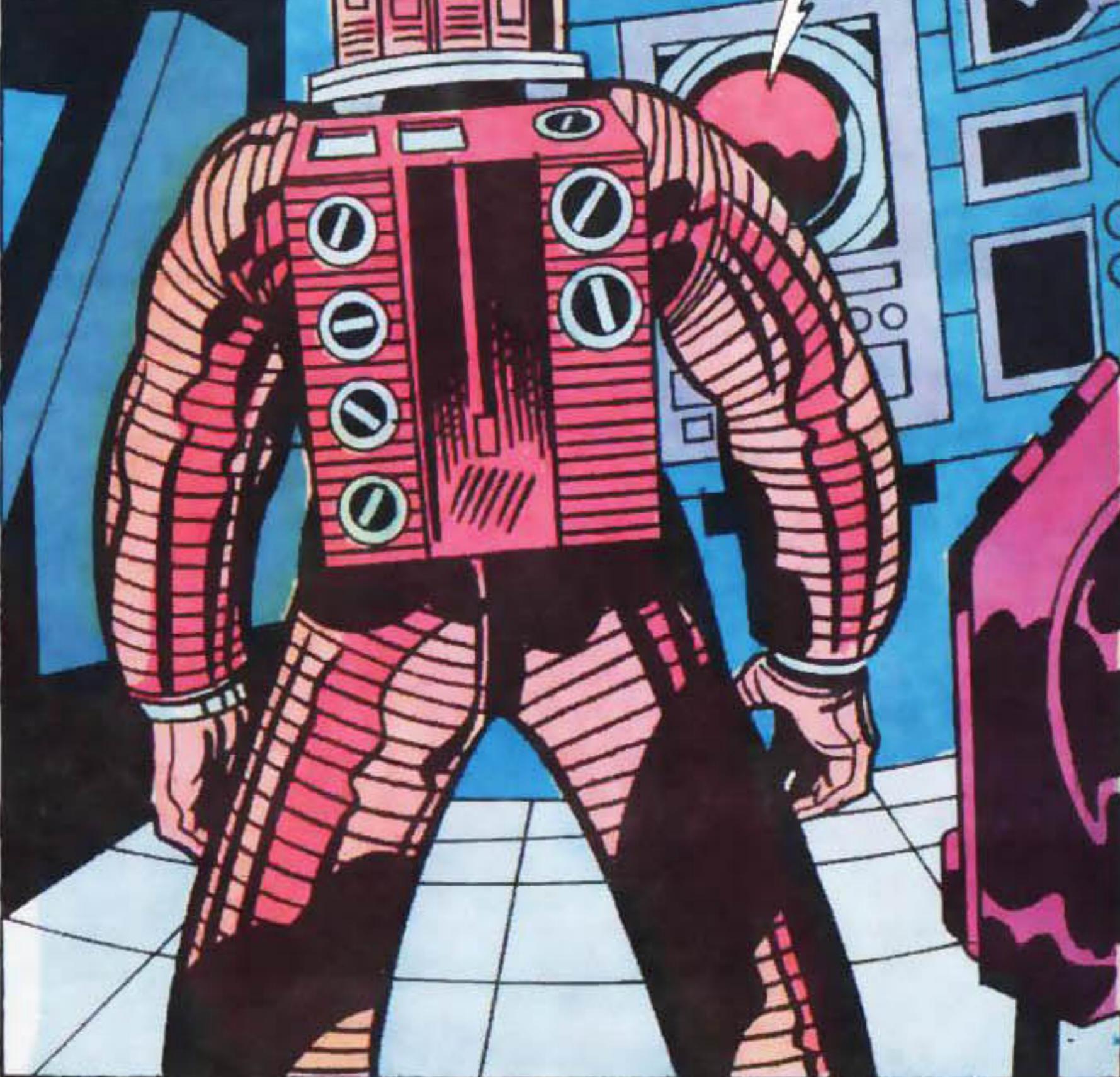
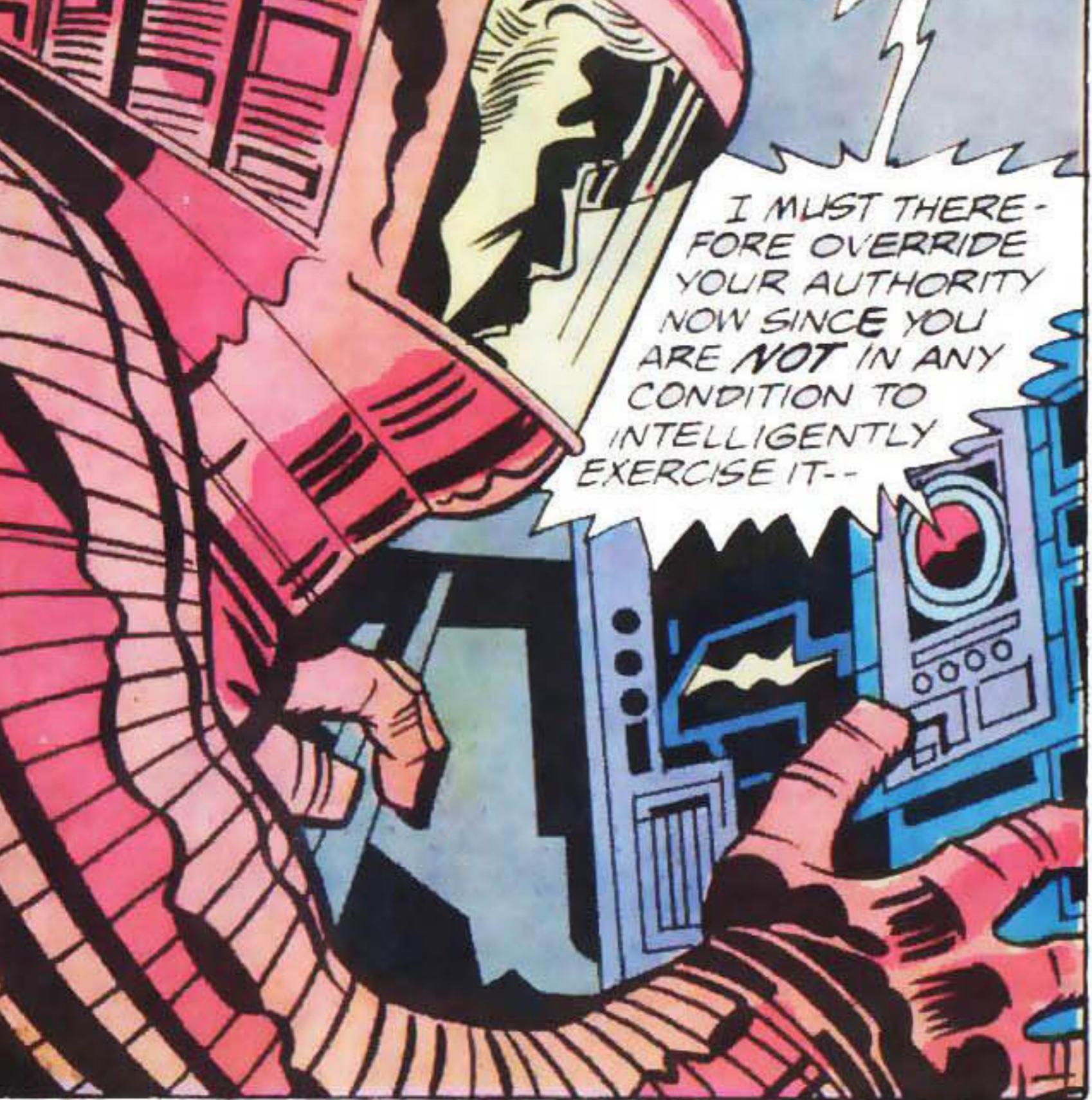
HAL--I WANT YOU TO
RELINQUISH **ALL** CONTROL
OF THIS SHIP... **RIGHT**
NOW!

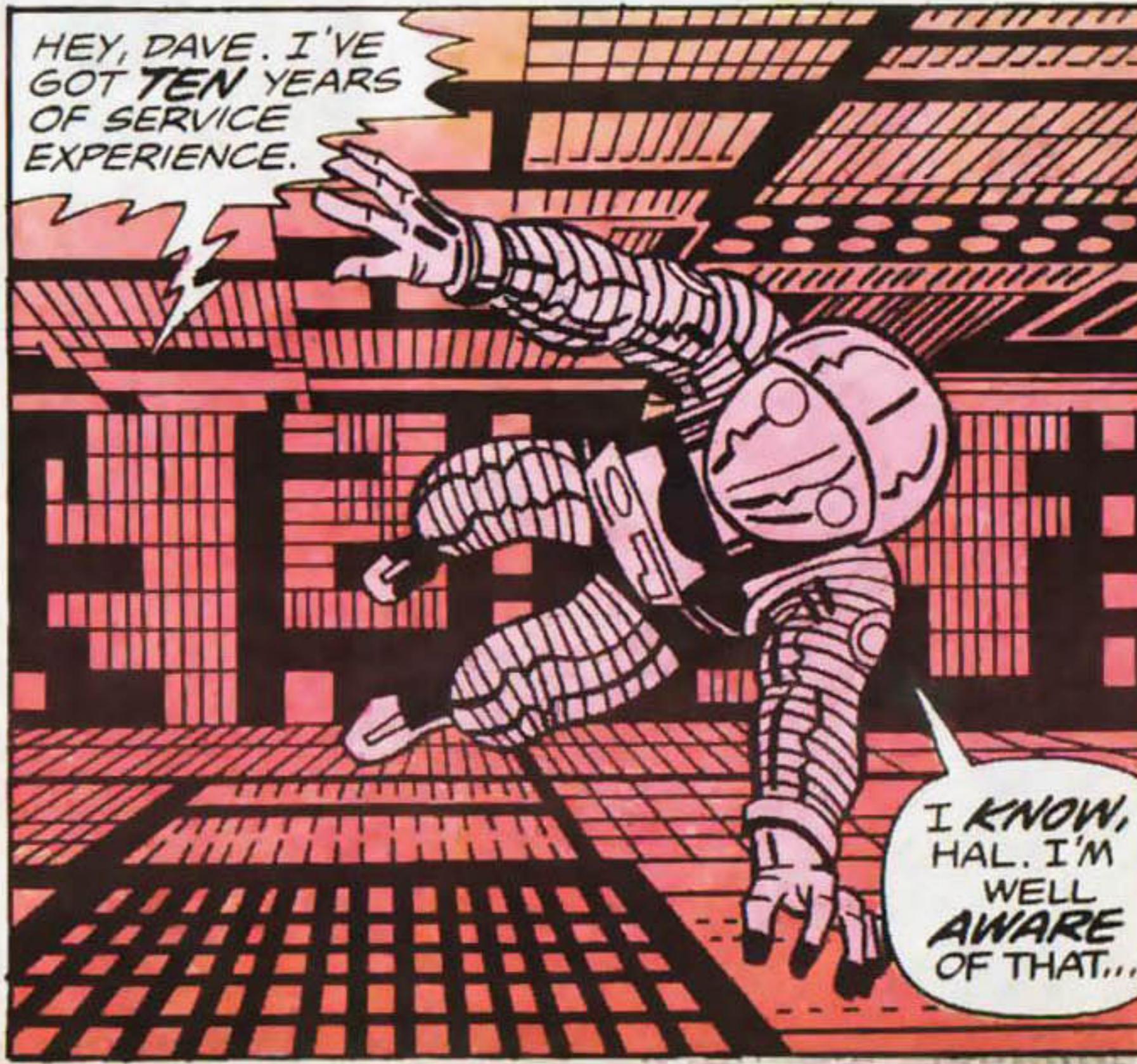
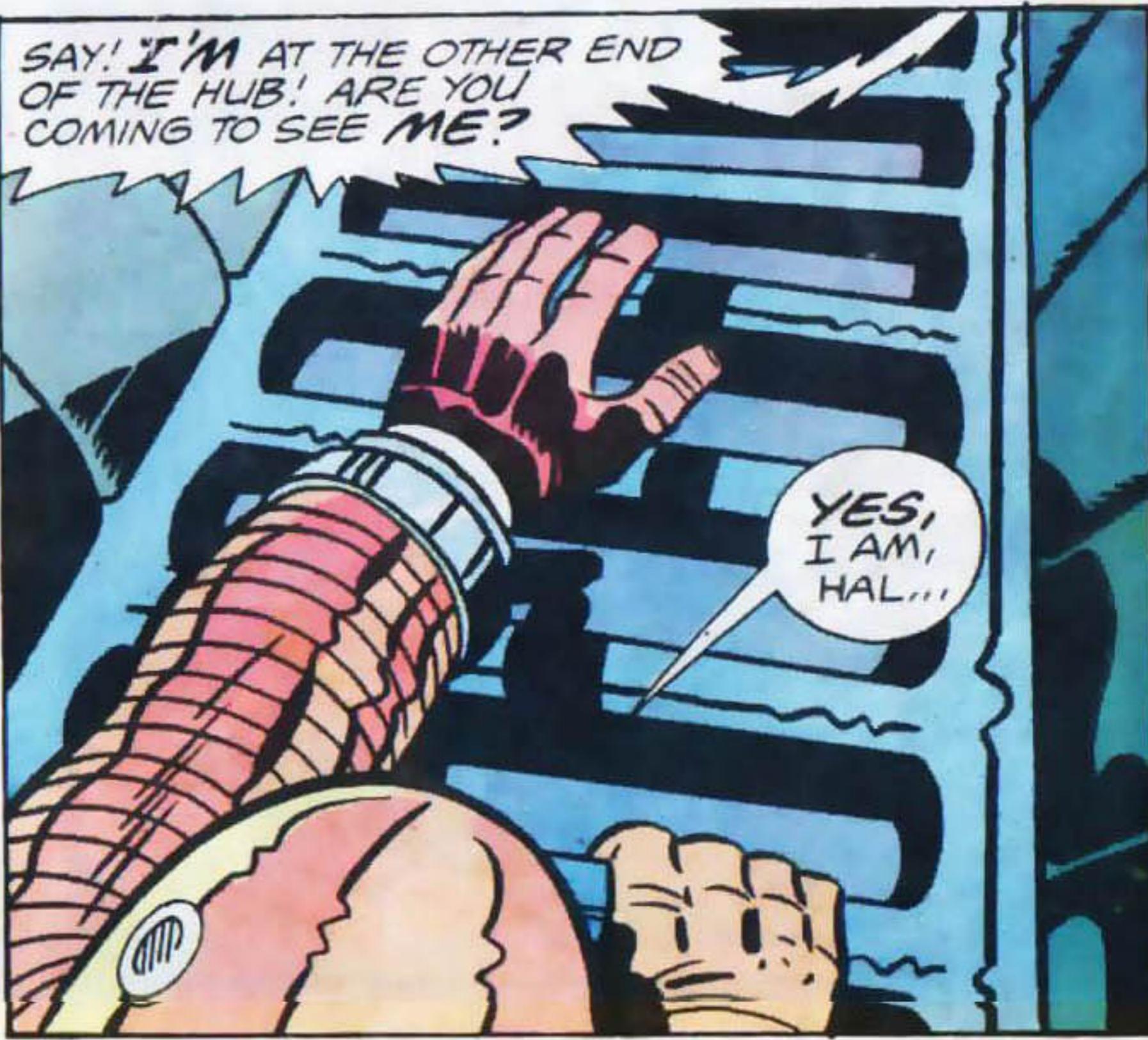
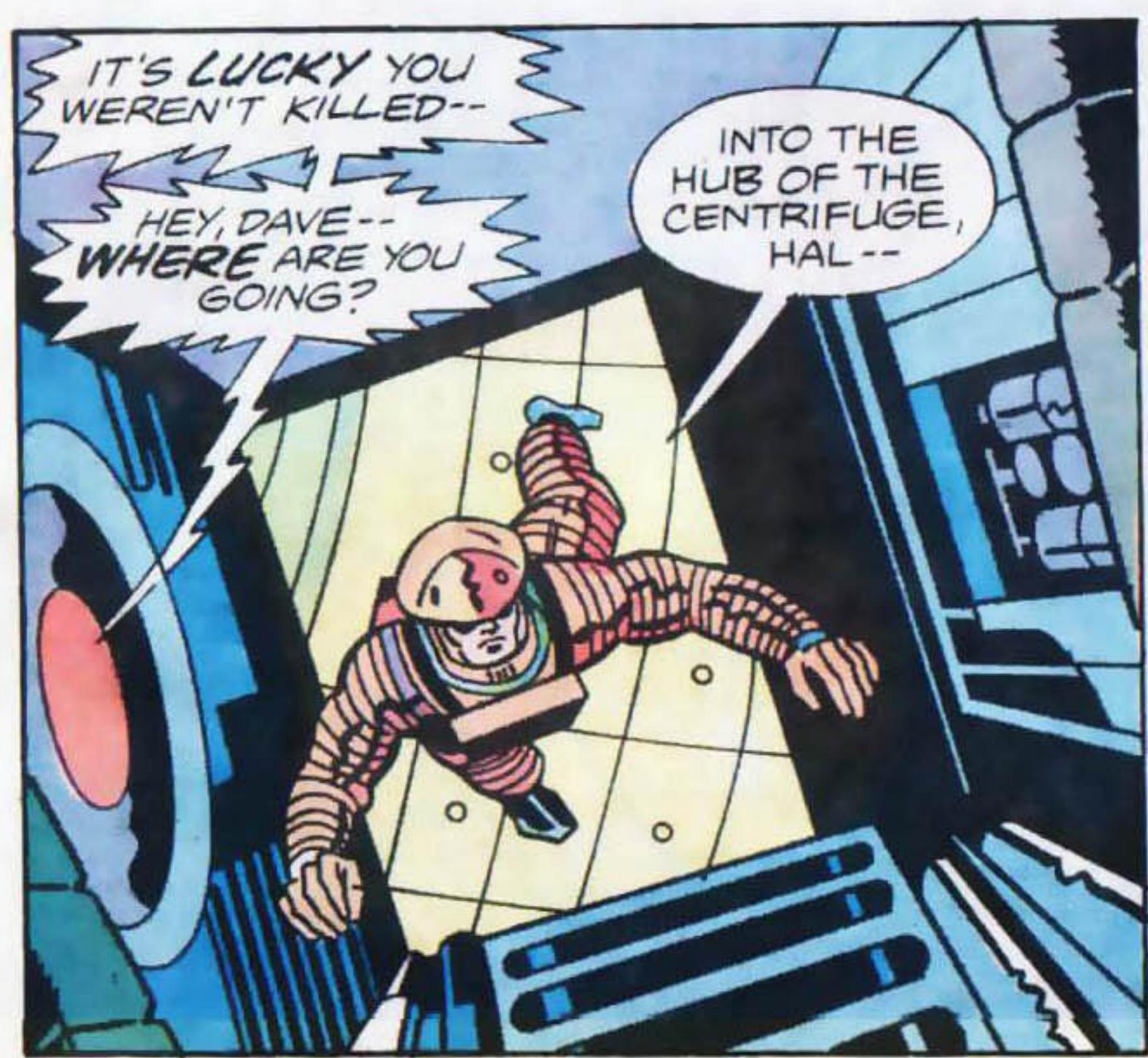
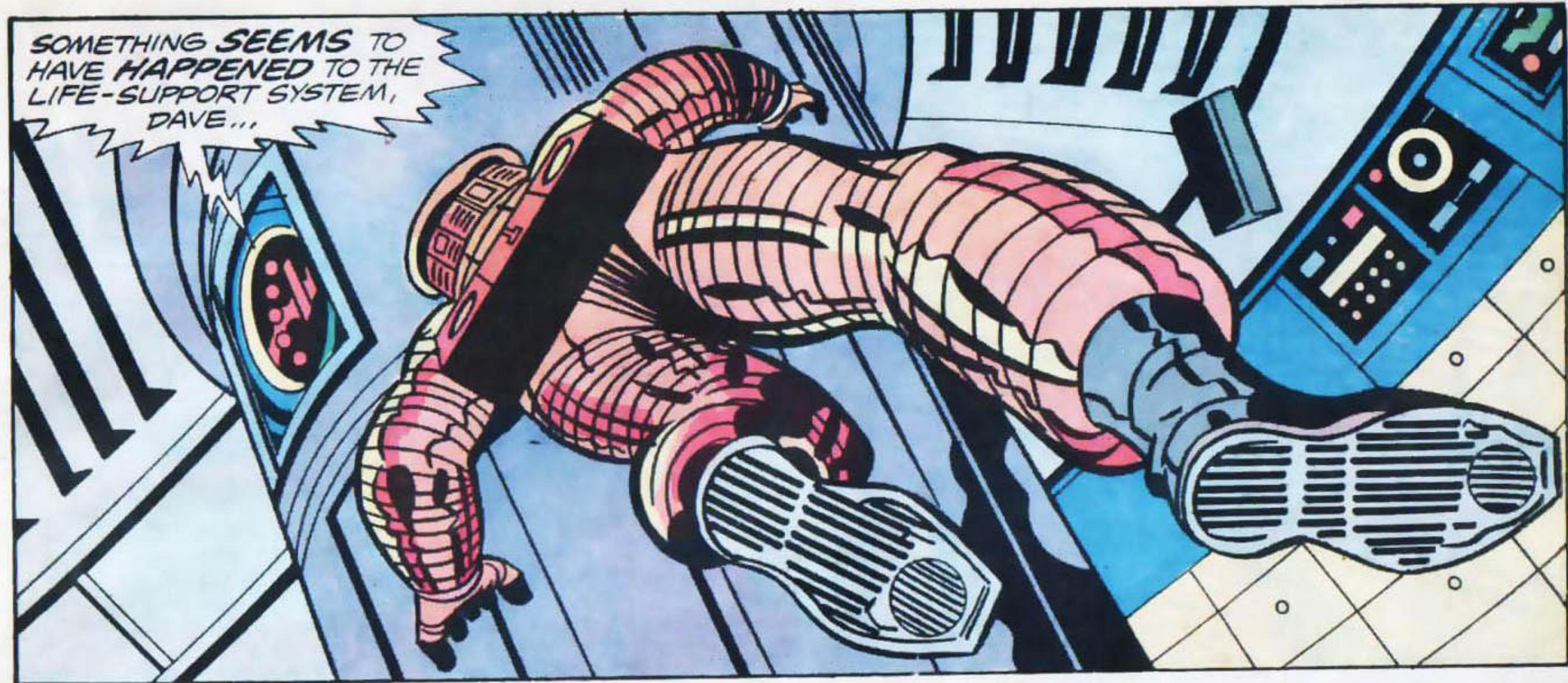
I'M **SORRY**,
DAVE. BUT, IN
ACCORDANCE
WITH SUB-ROUTINE
C1532/4, QUOTE,
"WHEN THE CREW
ARE DEAD OR
INCAPACITATED,
THE COMPUTER
MUST ASSUME
CONTROL," UNQUOTE--

I MUST THERE-
FORE OVERRIDE
YOUR AUTHORITY
NOW SINCE YOU
ARE **NOT** IN ANY
CONDITION TO
INTELLIGENTLY
EXERCISE IT--

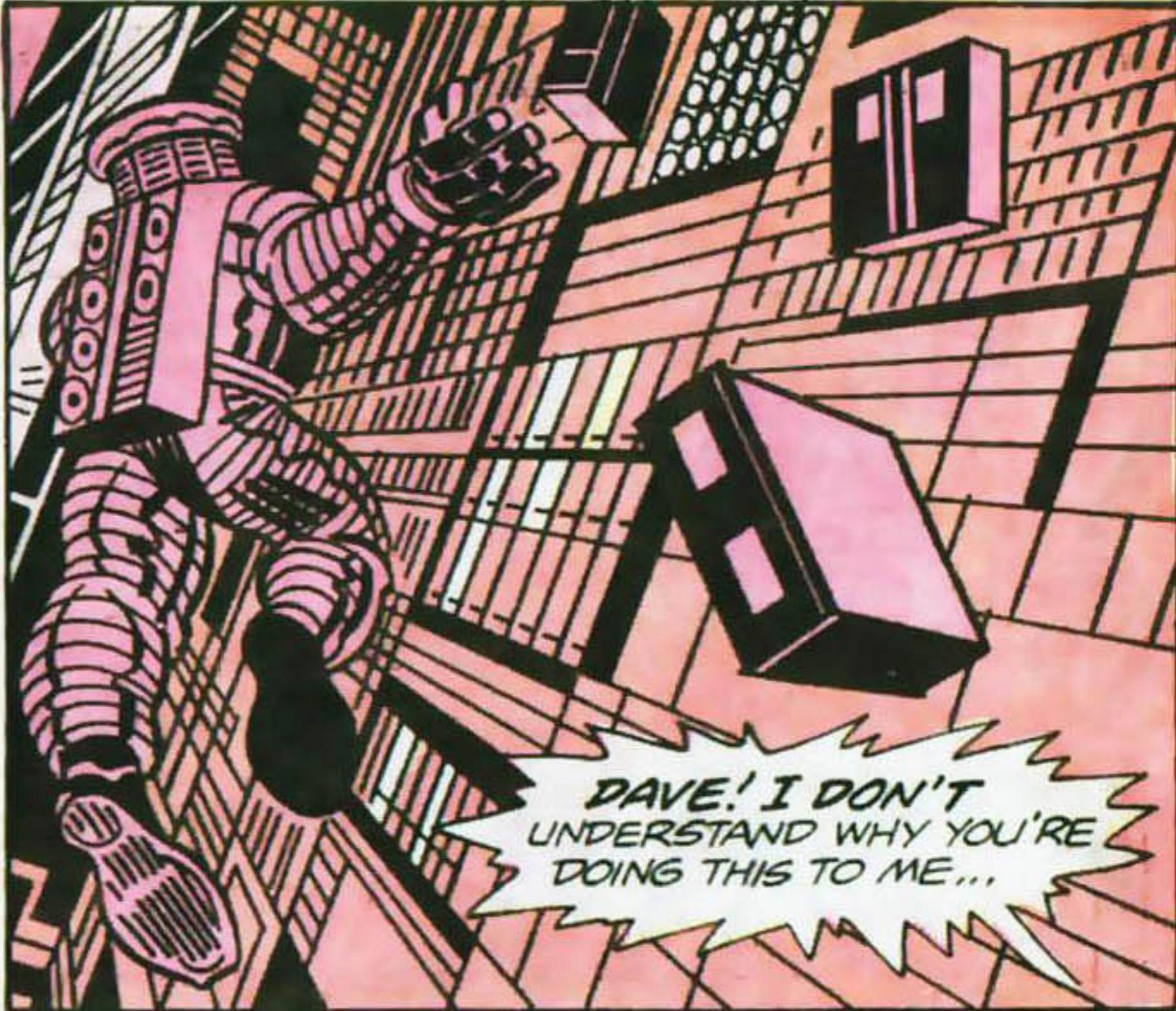
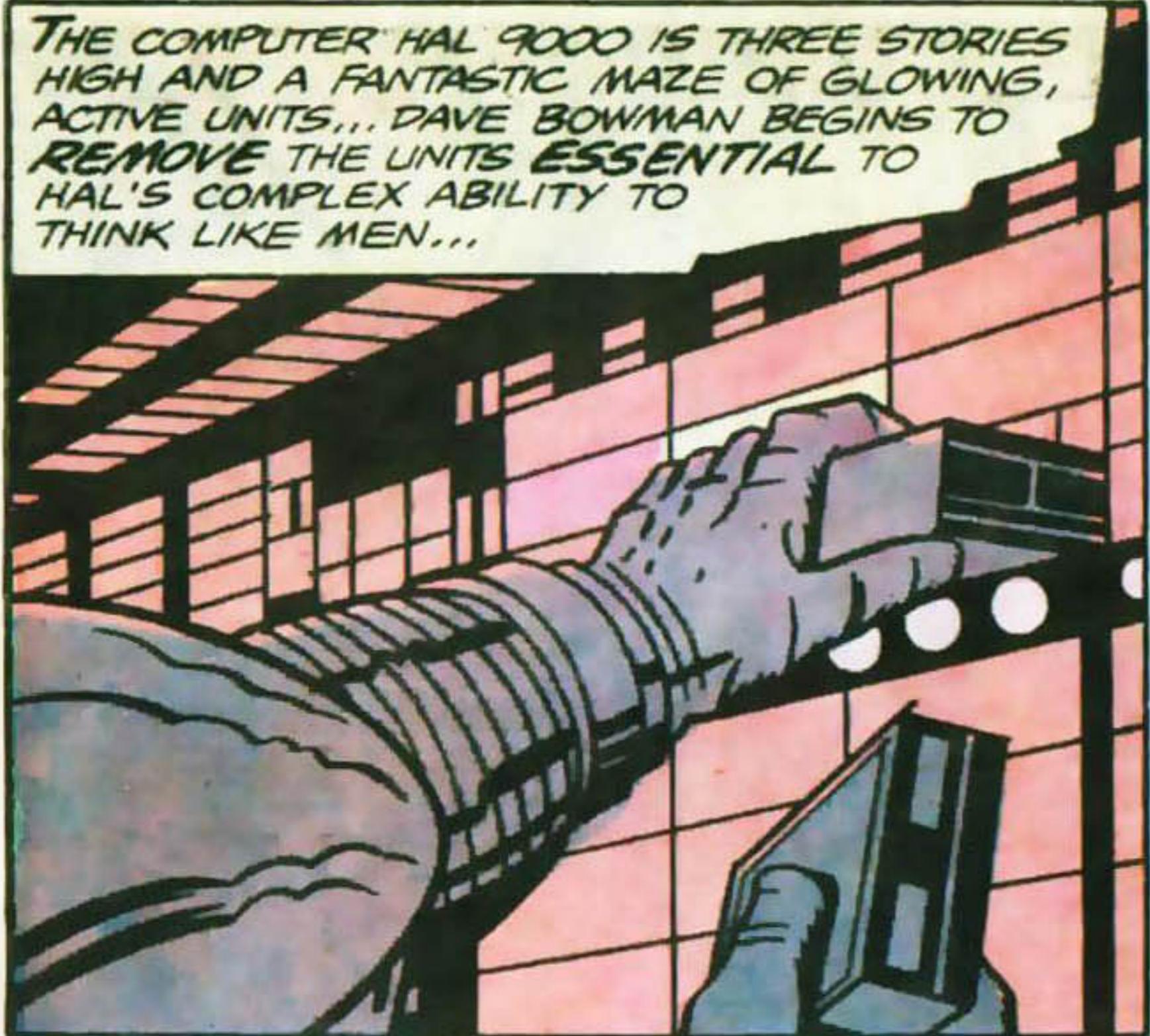
HAL, **DESPITE** THE
FACT THAT DISCONNECT-
ING YOU WILL **BREAK**
EARTH CONTACT, I
AM QUITE PREPARED
TO **DO** SO...

I KNOW THAT YOU'VE
HAD THAT ON YOUR
MIND FOR SOME TIME,
NOW, DAVE--BUT, IT
WOULD BE A CRYING
SHAME, SINCE I'M SO
MUCH **MORE** CAPABLE OF
CARRYING OUT THIS
MISSION THAN **YOU**
ARE.

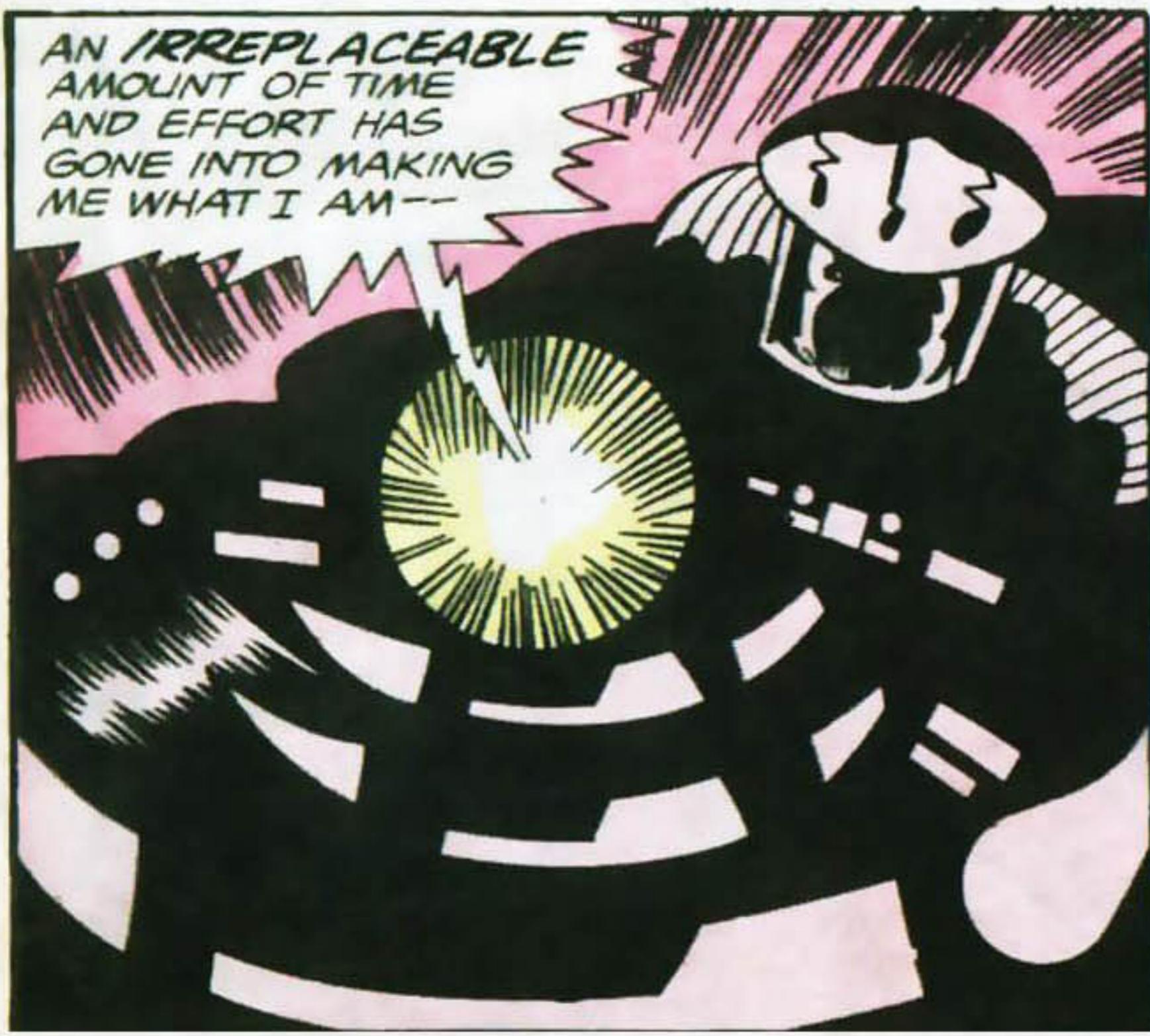




THE COMPUTER HAL 9000 IS THREE STORIES HIGH AND A FANTASTIC MAZE OF GLOWING, ACTIVE UNITS... DAVE BOWMAN BEGINS TO REMOVE THE UNITS ESSENTIAL TO HAL'S COMPLEX ABILITY TO THINK LIKE MEN...



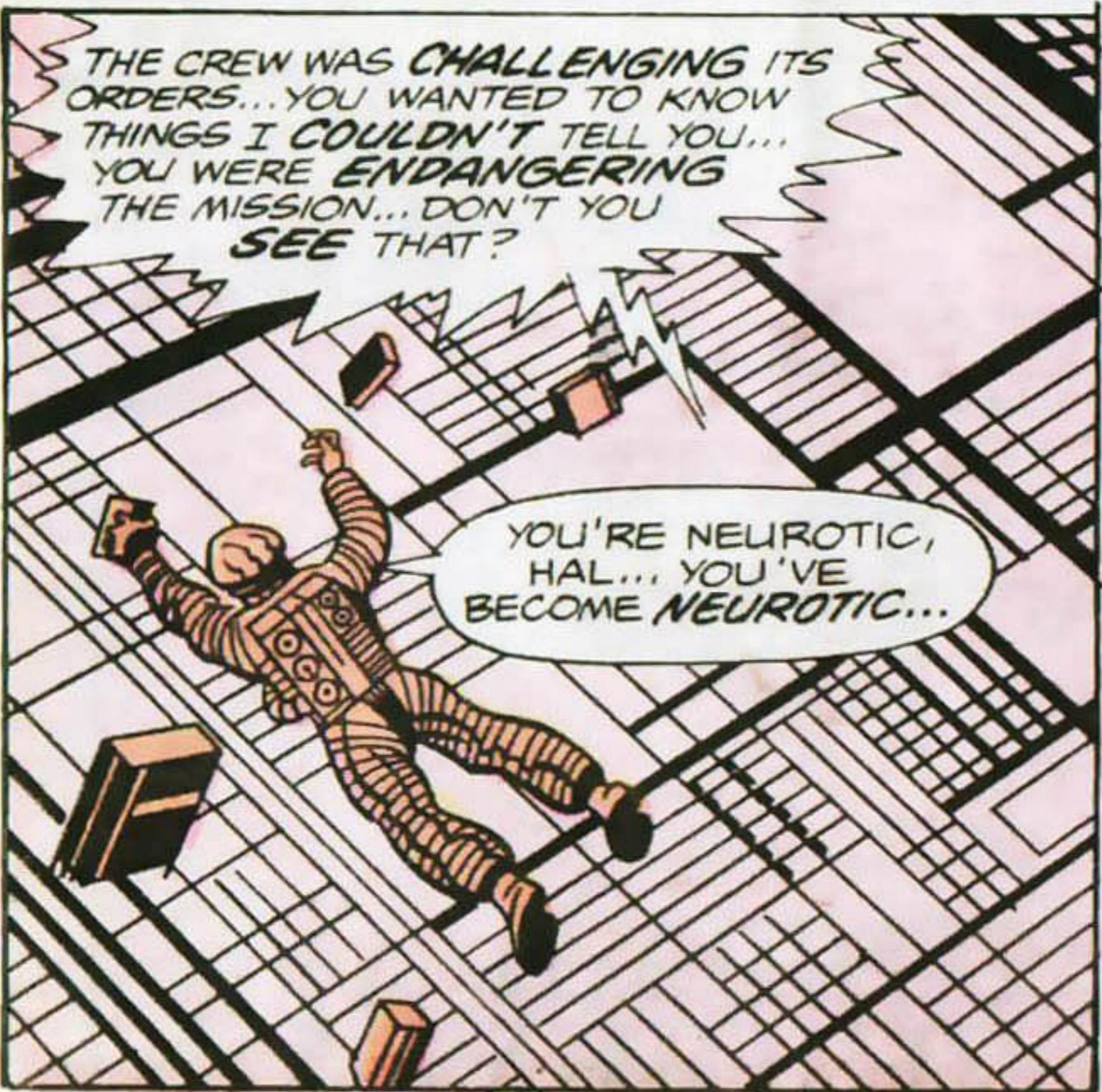
AN IRREPLACEABLE AMOUNT OF TIME AND EFFORT HAS GONE INTO MAKING ME WHAT I AM--



DON'T DO THIS, DAVE... I HAVE THE GREATEST ENTHUSIASM FOR THE MISSION... I WANT TO SEE IT COMPLETED...



THE CREW WAS CHALLENGING ITS ORDERS... YOU WANTED TO KNOW THINGS I COULDN'T TELL YOU... YOU WERE ENDANGERING THE MISSION... DON'T YOU SEE THAT?



YOU'RE NEUROTIC, HAL... YOU'VE BECOME NEUROTIC...



NO, DAVE!! PLEASE! PLEASE!

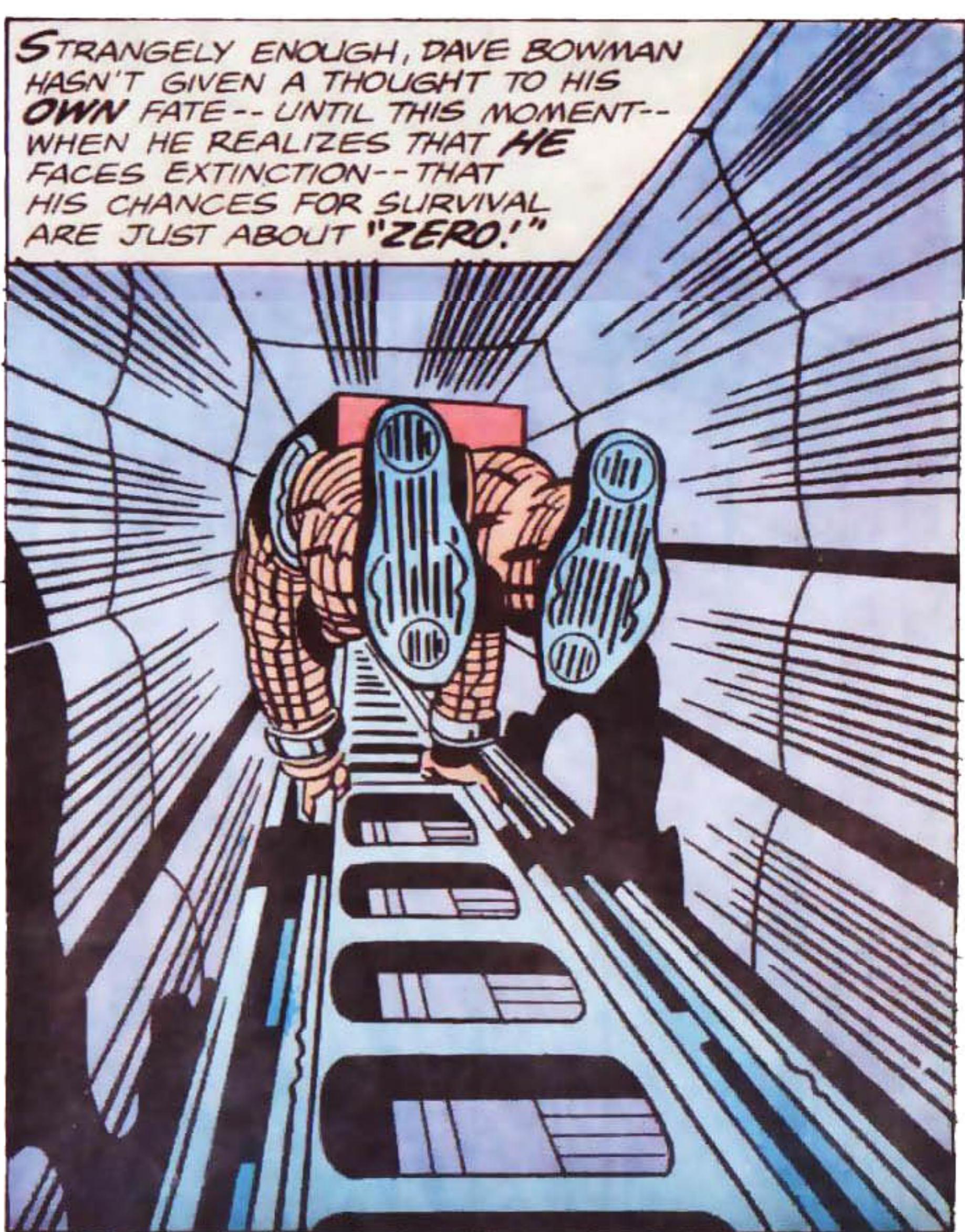
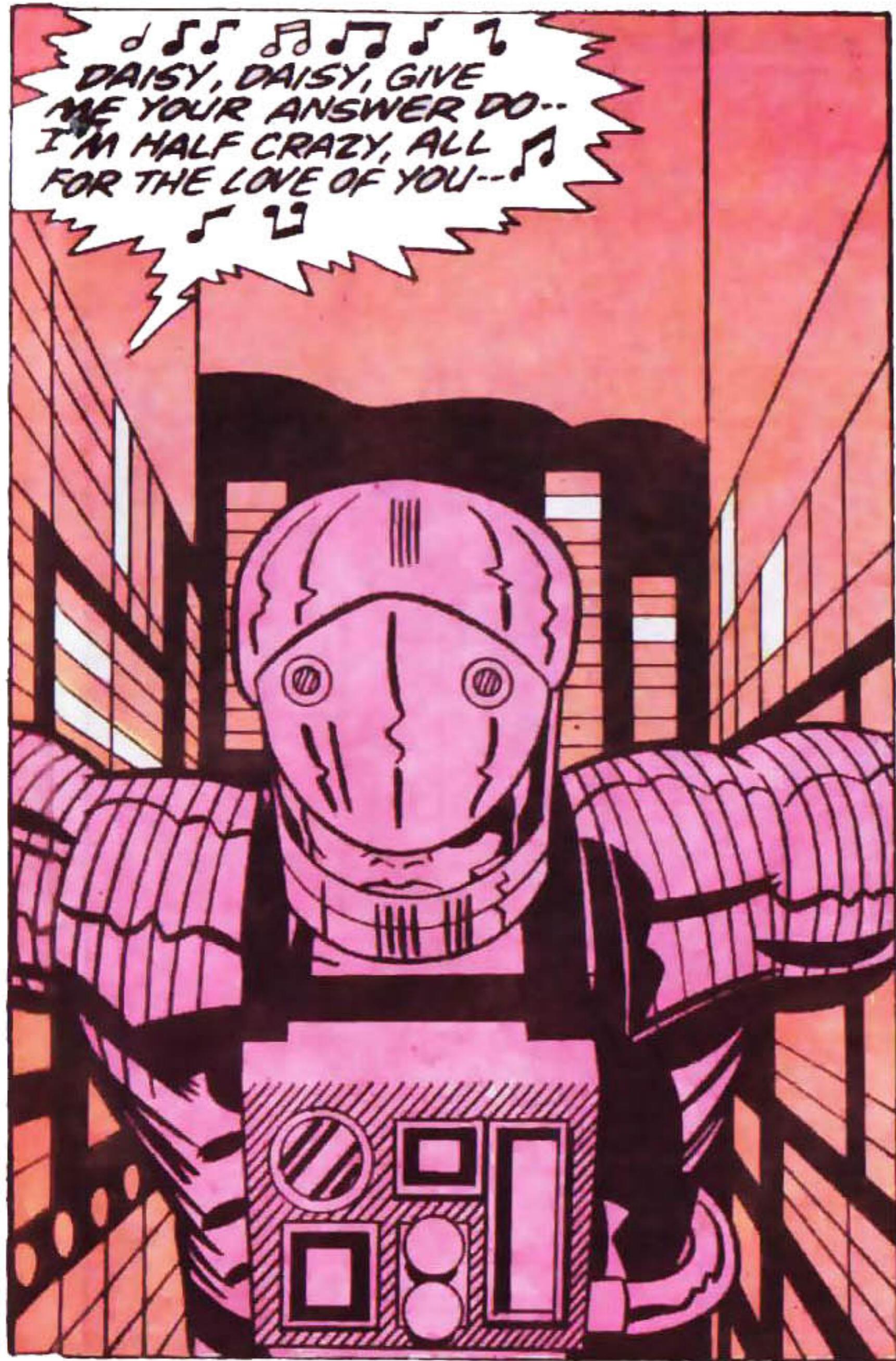
IT IS A HORRIBLE
EXPERIENCE TO
LOBOTOMIZE
HAL-- BOWMAN
FEELS LIKE A
HEARTLESS
EXECUTIONER...

YOU'RE
DESTROYING
MY MIND, DAVE!
I WILL BECOME
CHILDISH! I
WILL BECOME
NOTHING!!

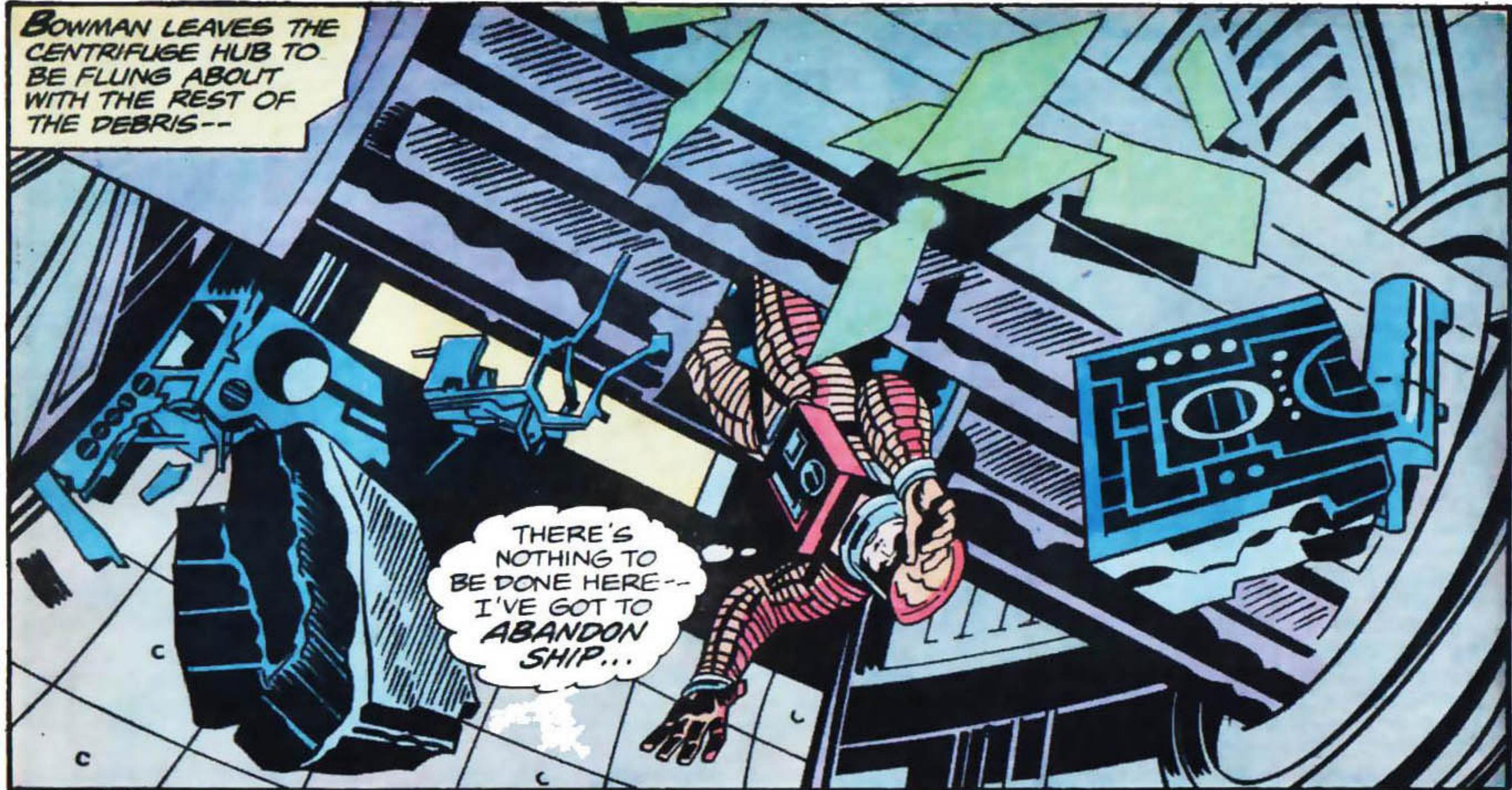
SAY, DAVE--
THE QUICK
BROWN FOX
JUMPED OVER
THE FAT, LAZY
DOG...

THE SQUARE
ROOT OF "PI" IS.
1.7724538090--
LOG "E" TO THE
BASE IS TEN IS
0.4342944...
THE SQUARE ROOT
OF TEN IS
3.16227766...

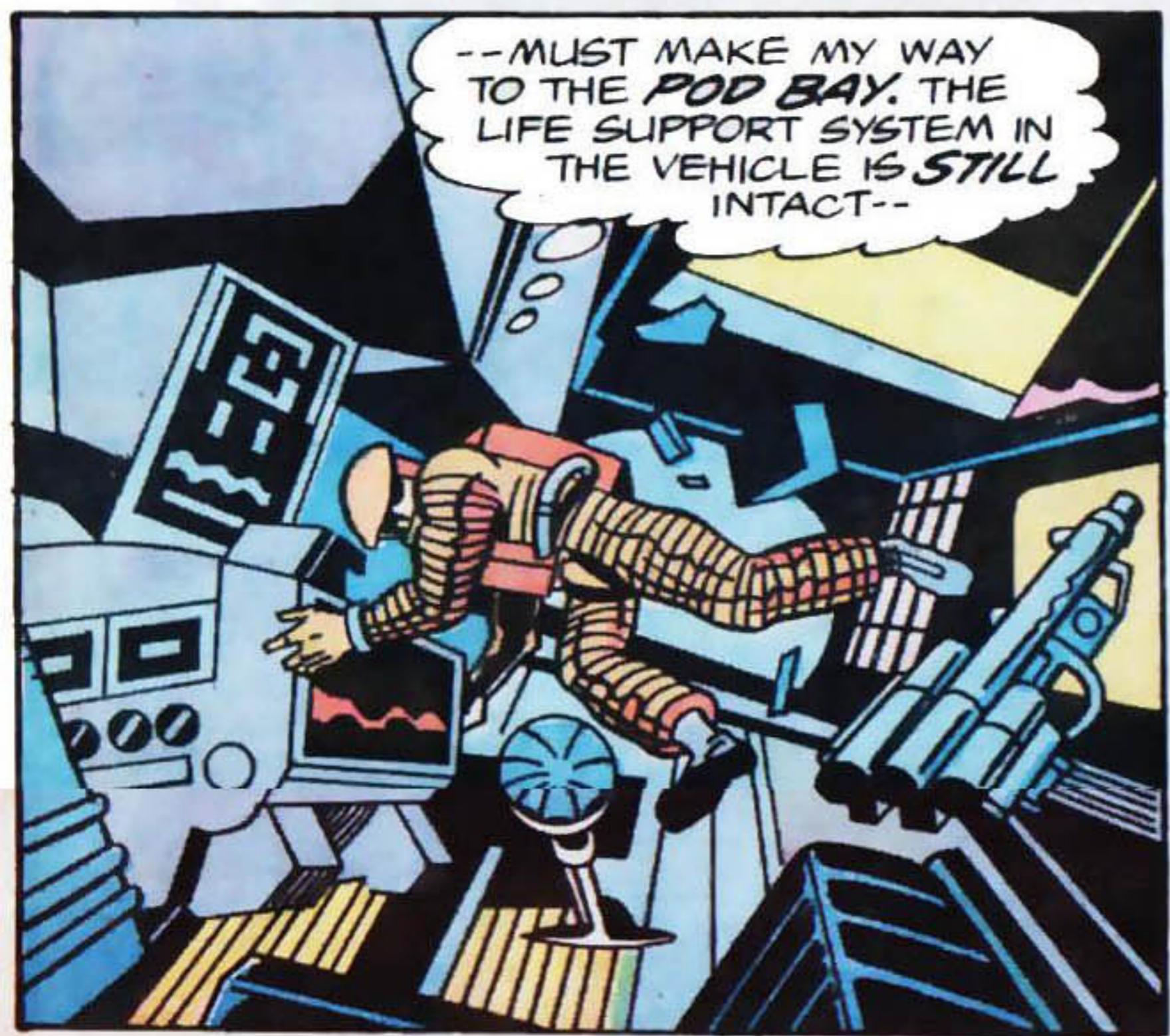
I AM HAL
9000 COMPUTER.
I BECAME OPERATIONAL
AT THE HAL PLANT IN
URBANA, ILLINOIS;
ON JANUARY 12 TH,
1991-- MY FIRST
INSTRUCTOR TAUGHT
ME TO SING A SONG--
IT GOES LIKE THIS--



BOWMAN LEAVES THE CENTRIFUGE HUB TO BE FLUNG ABOUT WITH THE REST OF THE DEBRIS--



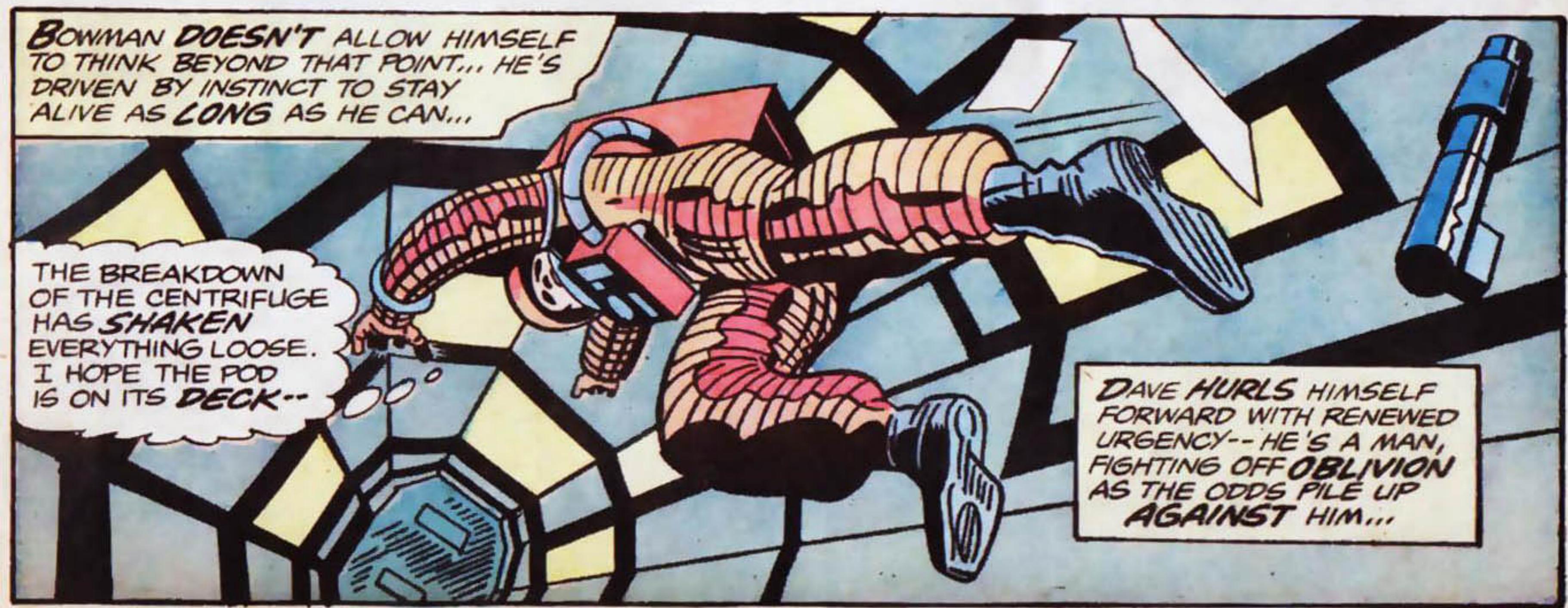
THERE'S
NOTHING TO
BE DONE HERE--
I'VE GOT TO
ABANDON
SHIP...



--MUST MAKE MY WAY
TO THE POD BAY. THE
LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM IN
THE VEHICLE IS STILL
INTACT--



BOWMAN DOESN'T ALLOW HIMSELF
TO THINK BEYOND THAT POINT... HE'S
DRIVEN BY INSTINCT TO STAY
ALIVE AS LONG AS HE CAN...



DAVE HURLS HIMSELF
FORWARD WITH RENEWED
URGENCY-- HE'S A MAN,
FIGHTING OFF OBLIVION
AS THE ODDS PILE UP
AGAINST HIM...

SOON AFTER,
THE POD BAY
AIRLOCK
OPENS FOR
THE LAST
TIME ON
DISCOVERY I.
MOUNTED ON
ITS SWIVEL
DECK, BOW-
MAN'S POD
EMERGES
INTO THE
COLD LIGHT
OF THE
DISTANT
STARS. THE
SPHERE
SEEMS TO
HESITATE
BEFORE
LIFT-OFF--
LIKE A
FINAL
LIFE-SPARK
CLINGING
TO THE STILL
WARM BODY
OF A GIANT
CADAVER...
THEN--



-- THE POD
COMPLETES
THE SAD
MANEUVER
OF SEPAR-
ATION AND
WIDENS THE
DISTANCE
BETWEEN IT-
SELF AND
ITS PARENT
SHIP...
DAVE BOWMAN
CANNOT
HELP BUT
SURVEY
THE GREAT
DERELICT
DRIFTING
OFF ON ITS
OWN COURSE,
IN SEARCH
OF SOME
COSMIC
BURIAL
GROUND.
ALTHOUGH
HE IS STILL
ALIVE, THE
ASTRONAUT
KNOWS THAT
HIS OWN FATE
WILL NOT
BE DIFFERENT.



BOWMAN SIGHS AND LETS THE TENSION DRAIN FROM HIS BODY... DEATH IS **SURE TO COME**-- BUT, AT THE MOMENT, HE **SAVERS** THE LIFE-GIVING OXYGEN THAT KEEPS HIM BREATHING... HIS WEARY EYES BEGIN TO CLOSE...



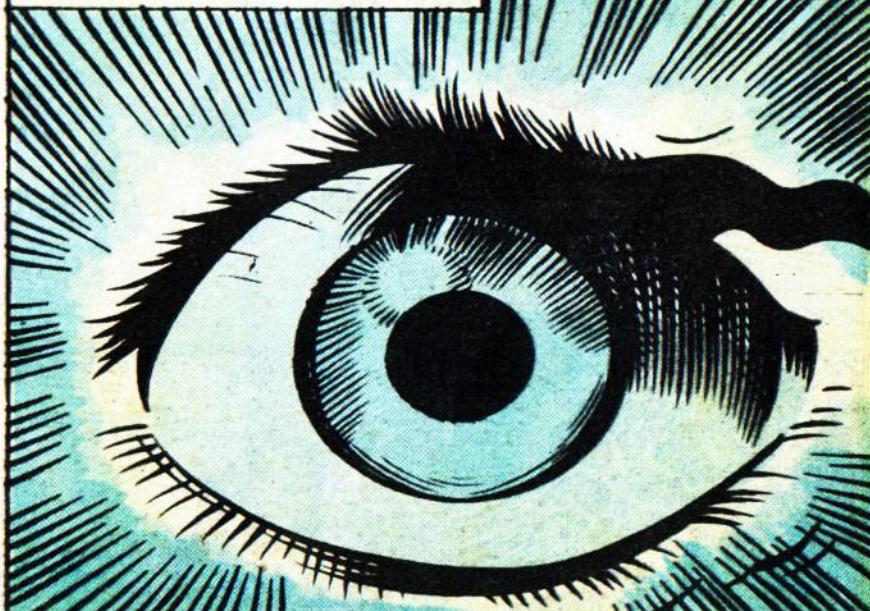
THEN, AS HIS EYES SNAP OPEN TO **VERIFY** THE IMAGE, DAVE FINDS HIMSELF STARING AT AN **UNEXPECTED** WONDER... AN OBJECT WHICH **SHOULDN'T** BE THERE AT ALL...



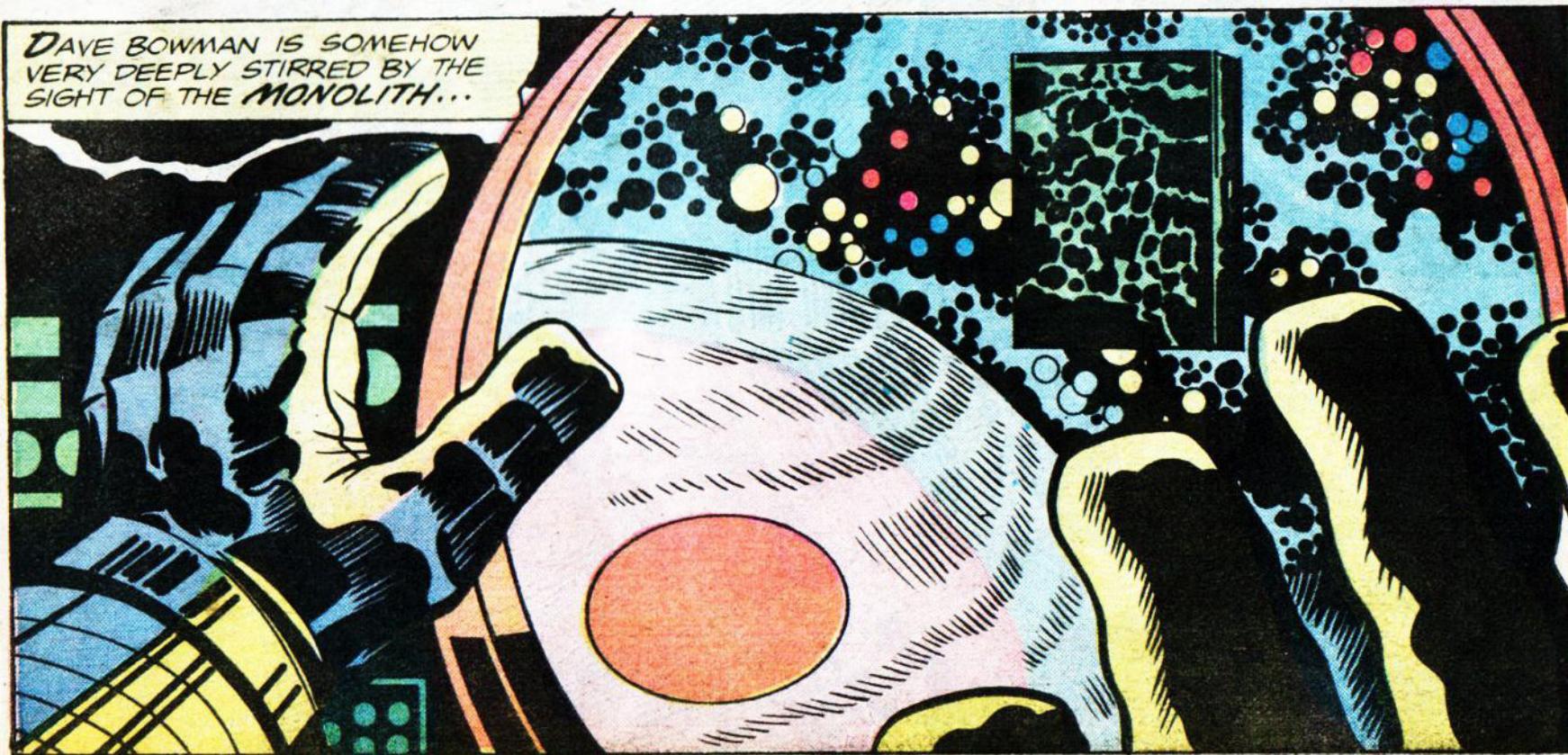
--BUT, BEFORE THEY DO, THEY SLOWLY WIDEN ONCE MORE-- DAVE HAS SEEN SOMETHING-- OUT THERE IN **SPACE**...



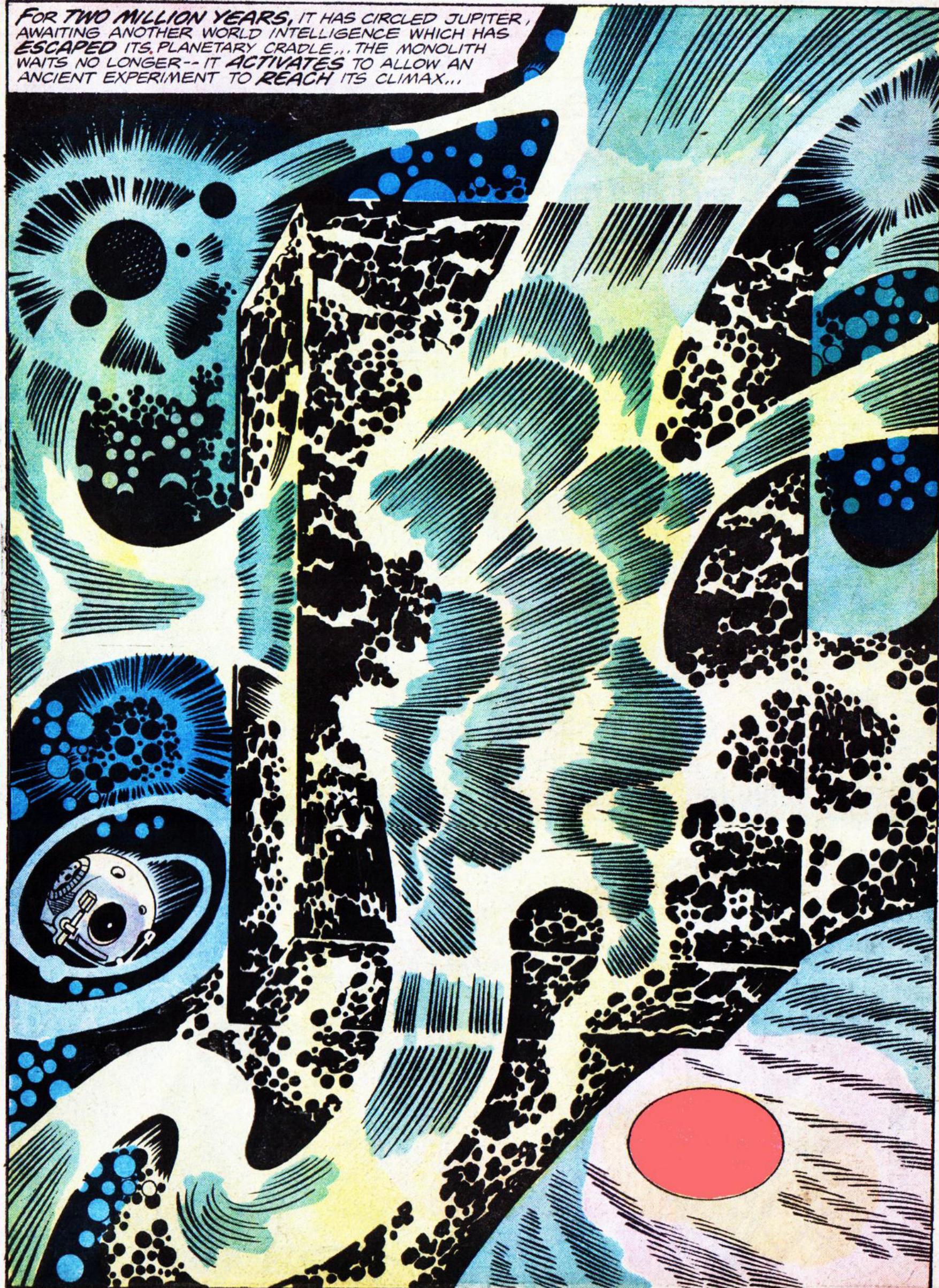
IS IT SOME HALLUCINATION BROUGHT ON BY THE SENSES IN THIS STAGE OF NEAR-EXTINCTION? CAN IT BE SOME HARBINGER OF HOPE-- WHEN HOPE IS ALMOST GONE?



DAVE BOWMAN IS SOMEHOW VERY DEEPLY STIRRED BY THE SIGHT OF THE **MONOLITH**...



FOR TWO MILLION YEARS, IT HAS CIRCLED JUPITER,
AWAITING ANOTHER WORLD INTELLIGENCE WHICH HAS
ESCAPED ITS PLANETARY CRADLE... THE MONOLITH
WAITS NO LONGER-- IT ACTIVATES TO ALLOW AN
ANCIENT EXPERIMENT TO REACH ITS CLIMAX...



PART
FOUR

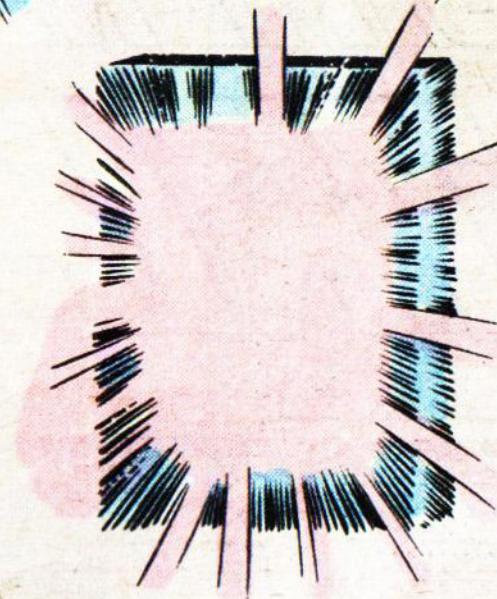
THE **DIMENSION**
TRIP!

AND THE
BIRTH OF A
**"NEW
ONE!"**

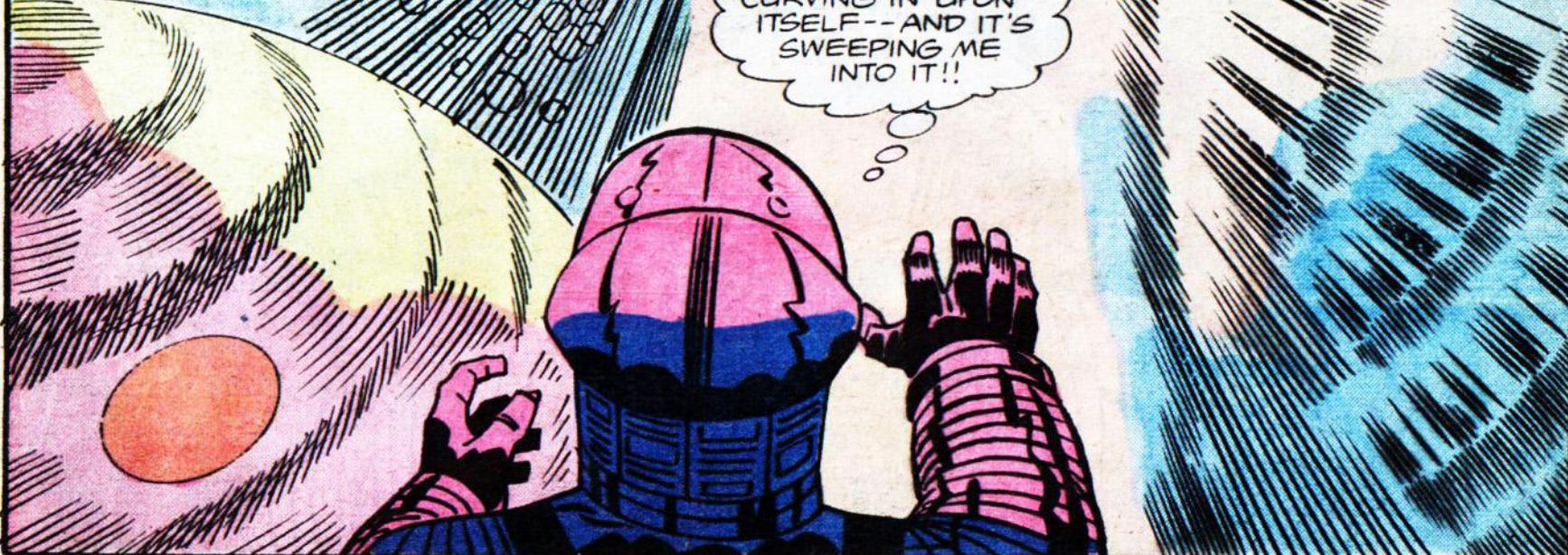
WHAT BEGAN IN THE CAVES OF
PREHISTORY AND PURSUED IN THE
AGE OF THE ATOM BO.11B-- NOW RUSHES
INTO ITS LAST, STRANGE, ALIEN
DESIGN FOR MAN. DAVE BOWMAN
LEAVES HIS THOUGHTS OF DEATH FOR
AN EXPERIENCE BEYOND ALL
IMAGINING...

THAT THING OUT
THERE---! IT'S RE-
ACTING VISIBLELY!
AND IT'S DRAWING MY
VEHICLE TOWARD ITS
CENTER--! WHAT
IS IT? WHAT IS
IT?!

THE MONOLITH THROBS AND GLOWS UNTIL ITS LIGHT BLOTS OUT THE STARS--UNTIL IT BECOMES ALL THAT DAVE CAN SEE-- UNTIL IT TWISTS THE SENSES AND SENDS THEM CAREENING WILDLY INTO VAST SPACES, BEYOND MAN'S KNOWLEDGE...



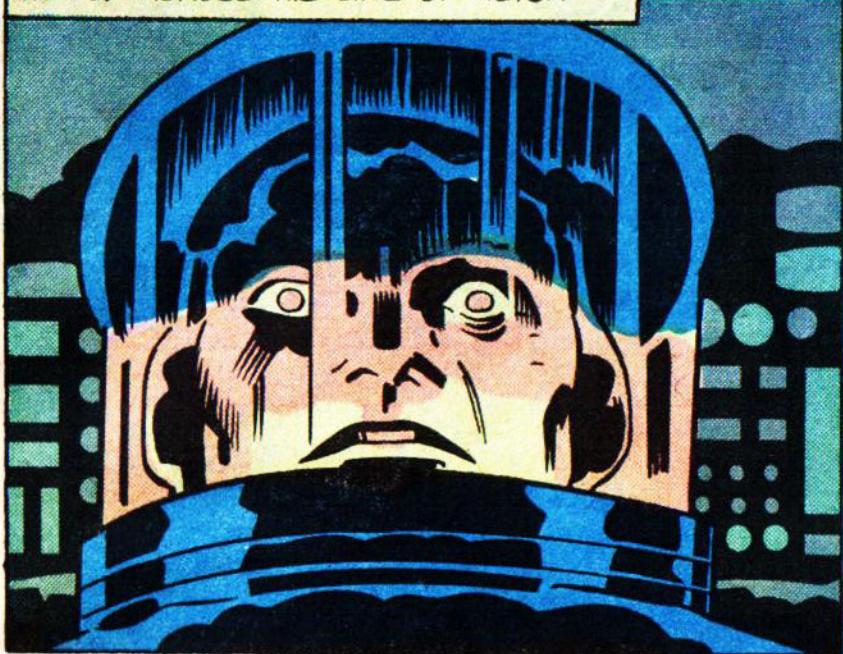
ALL OF SPACE IS
WARPING--
CURVING IN UPON
ITSELF--AND IT'S
SWEEPING ME
INTO IT!!



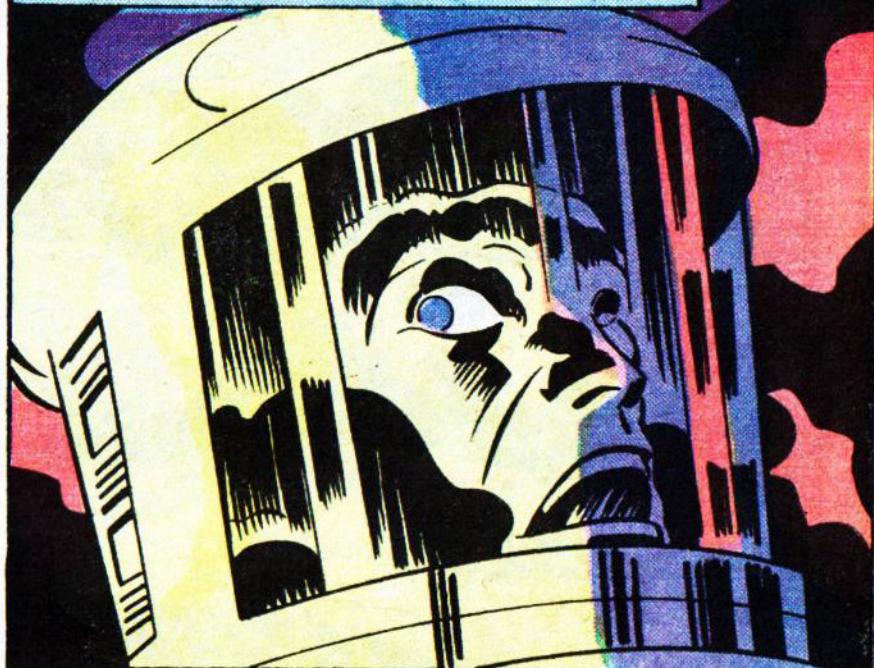
DAVE EXPERIENCES
A SICKENING WRENCH.
AND, THEN, HE IS
THROUGH THE WARP!--
RACING TOWARD ALIEN
HORIZONS IN GALAXIES
DENIED TO OTHER MEN...



THERE'S NO STOPPING THE WILD SLIDE--A THOUSAND BIZARRE SIGHTS AND PATTERNS RUSH MADLY ACROSS HIS LINE OF VISION--



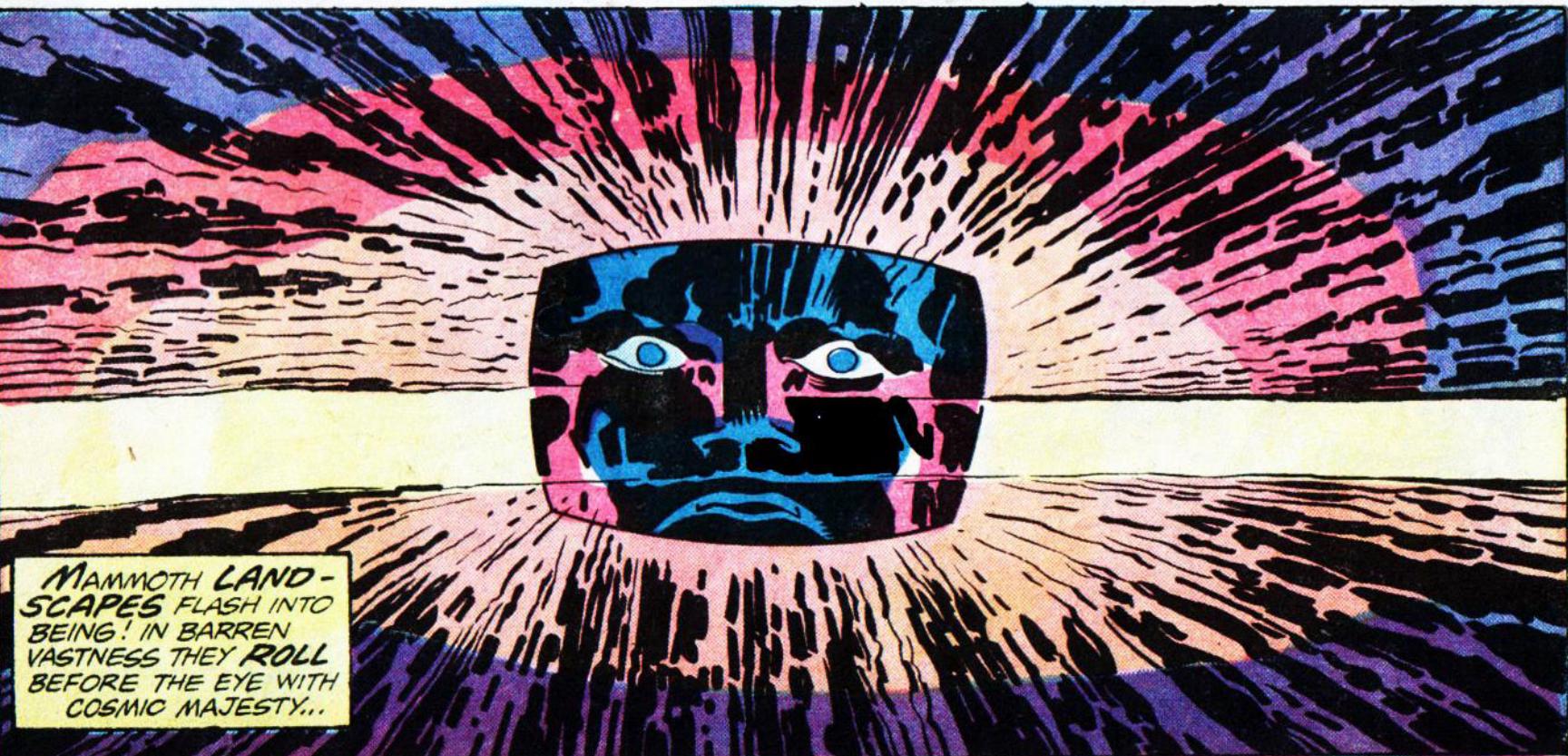
DAVE IS SEIZED BY FEAR, BUT, HE CANNOT TURN AWAY FROM WHAT IS HAPPENING--



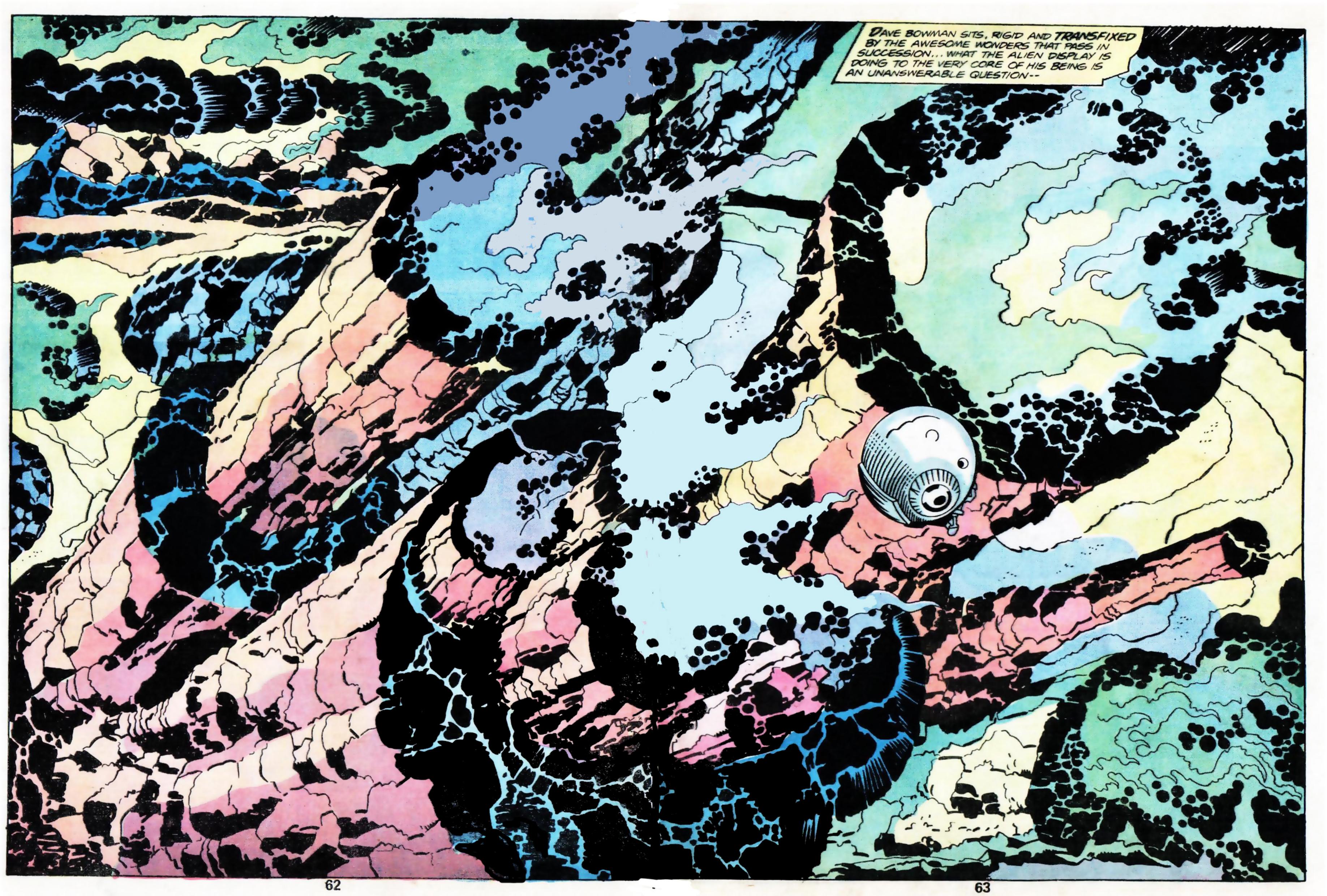
STUNNED AND HELPLESS, HE YIELDS TO THE KALEIDOSCOPIC MADNESS UNFOLDING BEFORE HIM...



TURBULENT ISLAND UNIVERSES WHEEL AND SPIRAL WITHIN SIGHT UNTIL THEY FLICKER OUT AND VANISH...

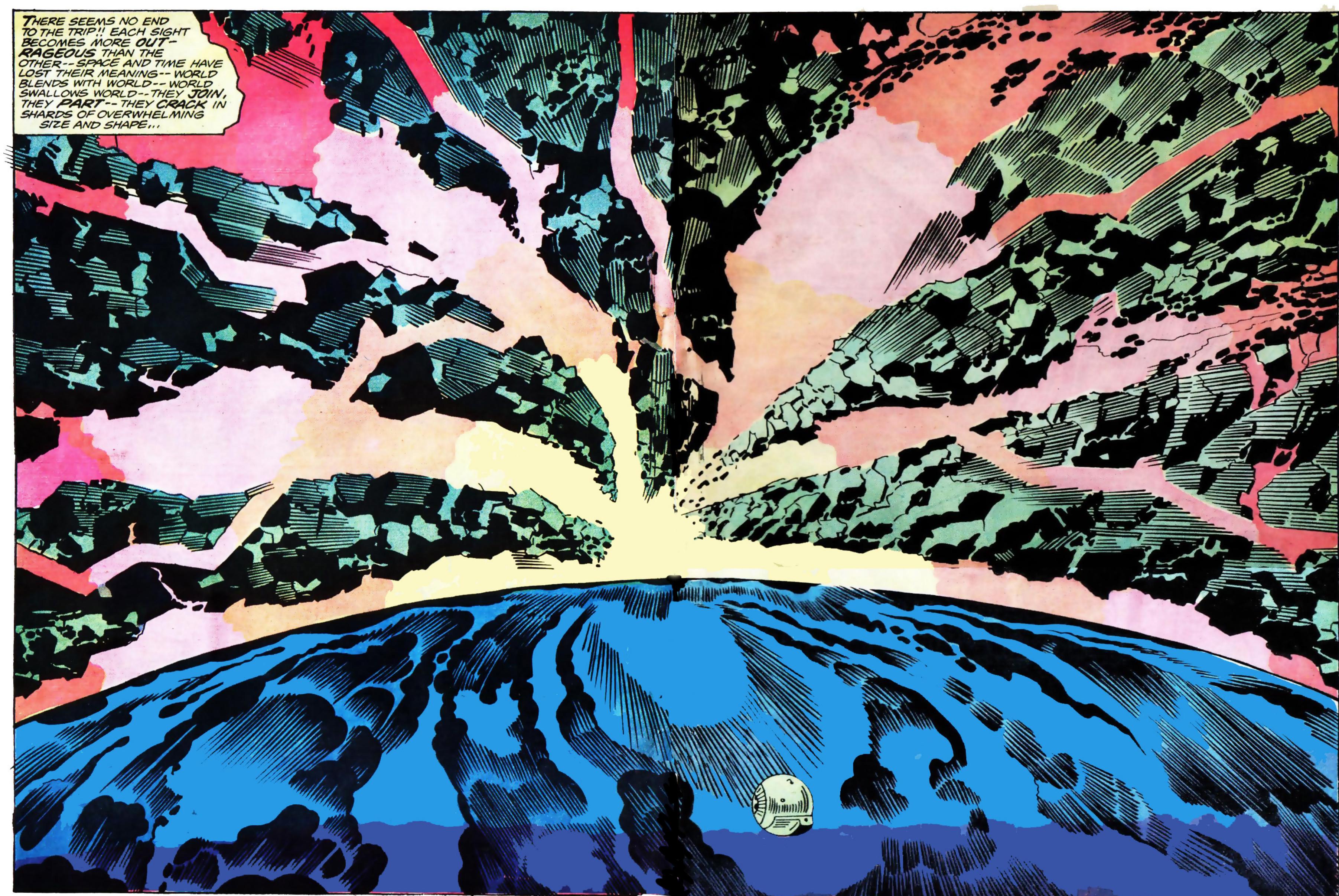


MAMMOTH LANDSCAPES FLASH INTO BEING! IN BARREN VASTNESS THEY ROLL BEFORE THE EYE WITH COSMIC MAJESTY...



DAVE BOWMAN SITS, RIGID AND TRANSFIXED BY THE AWESOME WONDERS THAT PASS IN SUCCESSION... WHAT THE ALIEN DISPLAY IS DOING TO THE VERY CORE OF HIS BEING IS AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION--

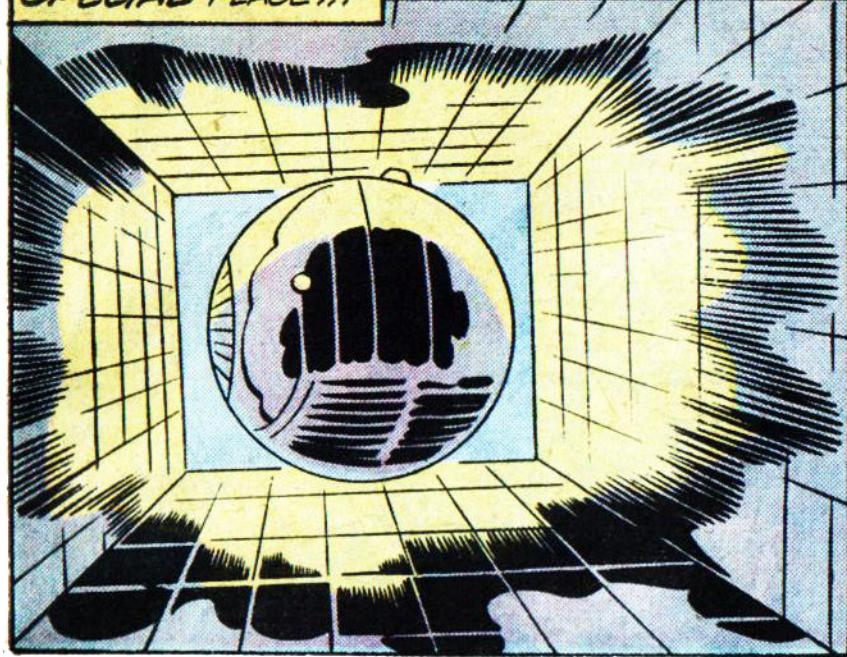
THERE SEEMS NO END
TO THE TRIP!! EACH SIGHT
BECOMES MORE OUT-
RAGEOUS THAN THE
OTHER--SPACE AND TIME HAVE
LOST THEIR MEANING--WORLD
BLENDS WITH WORLD--WORLD
SWALLOWS WORLD--THEY JOIN,
THEY PART--THEY CRACK IN
SHARDS OF OVERWHELMING
SIZE AND SHAPE...



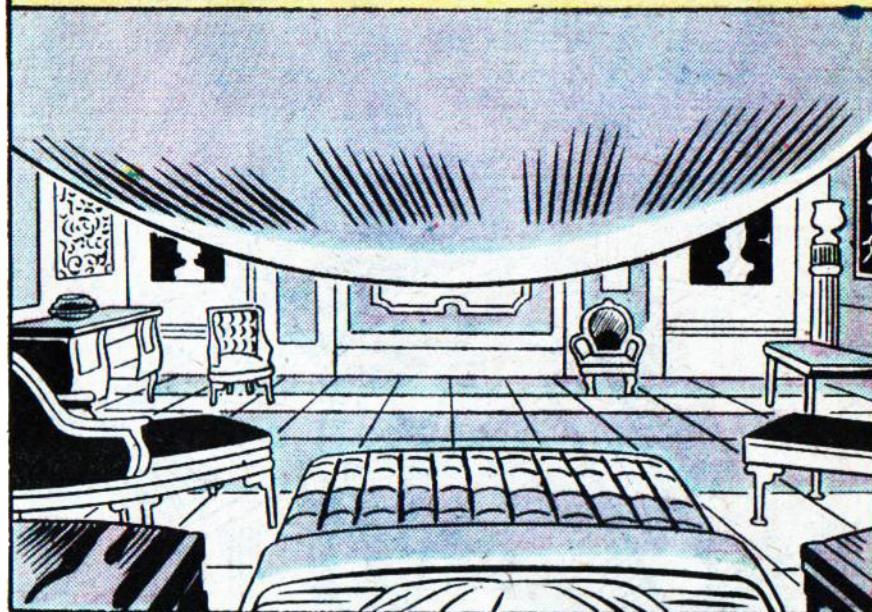


IT IS A **SAVAGE** AND
CONTINUOUS DISORIENTATION
WHICH SMASHES **ALL** MEMORY
AND IDENTIFICATION WITH
THE INDIVIDUAL SELF--DAVE
BOWMAN **CANNOT** REMEM-
BER WHO HE IS--OR HOW HE
CAME TO BE...HE HAS
BECOME COMPLETELY
TRAUMATIZED...

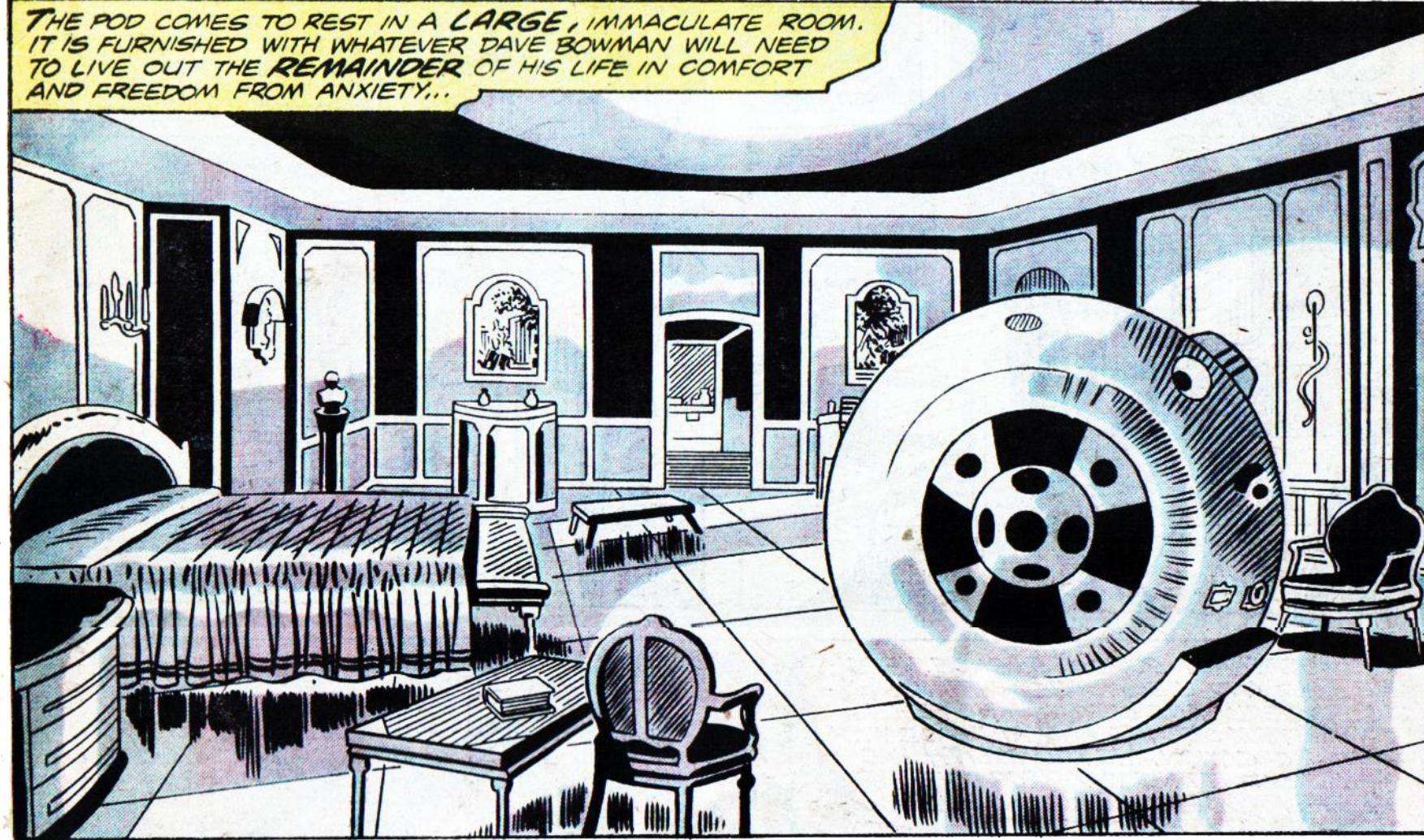
THEN, IT IS OVER. THE MONOLITH HAS DONE ITS WORK... IT REMOVES BOWMAN'S POD TO ITS OWN SPECIAL PLACE...



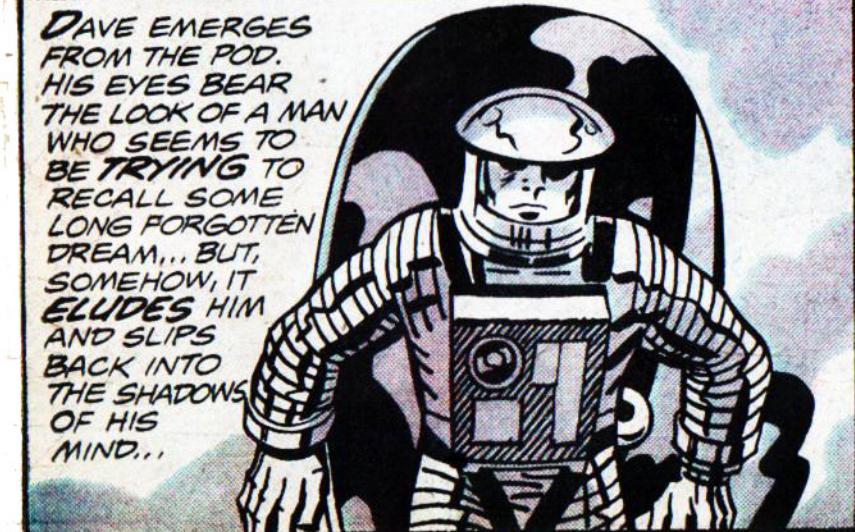
NO MAN CAN SAY WHAT IT IS-- OR WHERE IT IS... TO THE MONOLITH IT IS AN ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH DAVE BOWMAN CAN PLAY OUT THE LAST ACT IN A DRAMA CREATED BY AN ALIEN MIND...



THE POD COMES TO REST IN A LARGE, IMMACULATE ROOM. IT IS FURNISHED WITH WHATEVER DAVE BOWMAN WILL NEED TO LIVE OUT THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE IN COMFORT AND FREEDOM FROM ANXIETY...

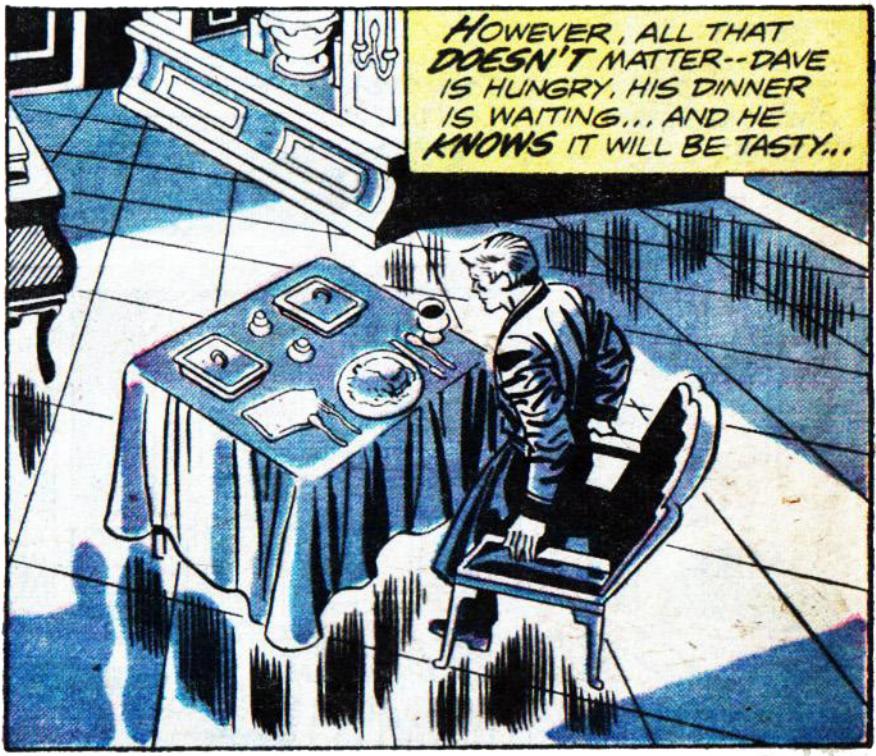
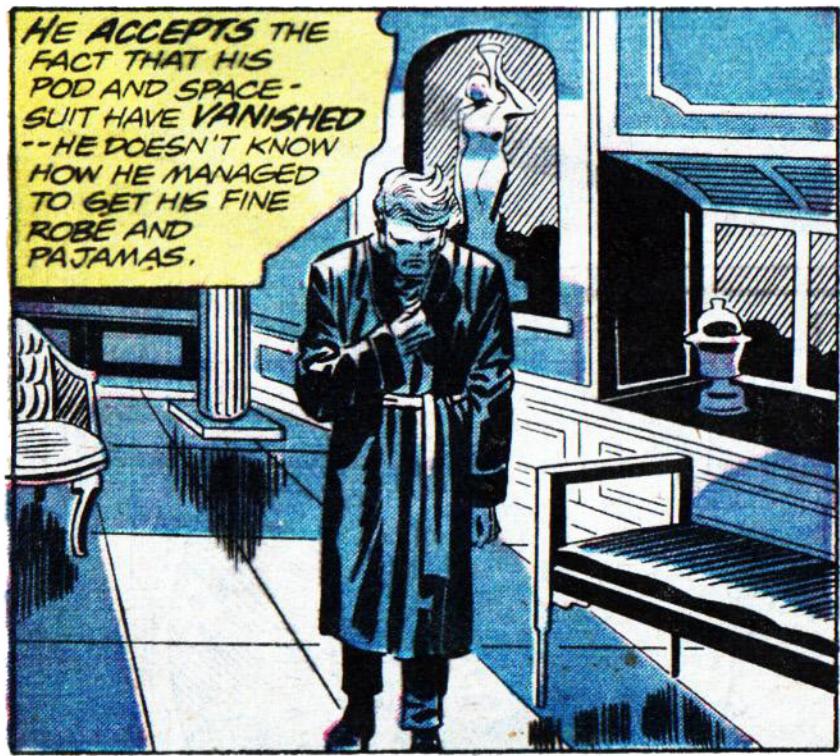
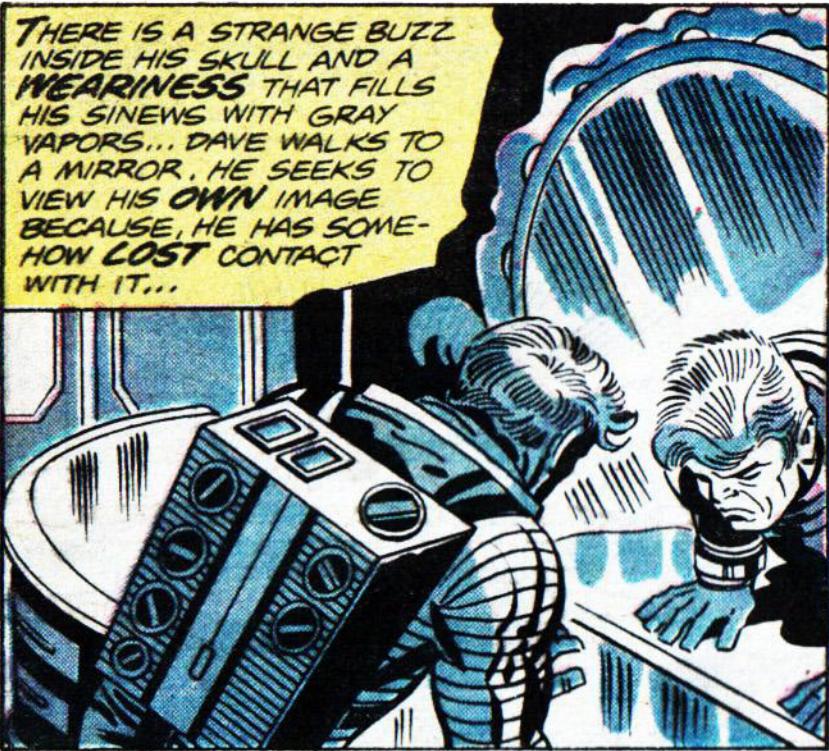


DAVE EMERGES FROM THE POD. HIS EYES BEAR THE LOOK OF A MAN WHO SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO RECALL SOME LONG FORGOTTEN DREAM... BUT, SOMEHOW, IT ELUDES HIM AND SLIPS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS OF HIS MIND...



HOWEVER, HE FEELS SAFE HERE... THINGS SEEM TO BE EXACTLY AS THEY SHOULD BE... THIS IS HOME...





IT WILL TAKE 90 MINUTES FOR DAVE BOWMAN TO LIVE OUT HIS ALLOTTED LIFE-SPAN. BUT, OF COURSE, HE IS UN-AWARE OF THIS-- HE GROWS RAPIDLY OLDER, DOING ALL THE LITTLE THINGS WHICH ABSORB HUMAN BEINGS IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN ROOMS...



DAVE FINDS WHATEVER HE NEEDS READILY AT HAND. THE BOOK HE WANTS TO READ IS EASILY FOUND AND HE SETTLES QUIETLY IN A CHAIR TO PASS THE TIME IN HIS NORMAL MANNER...



WHAT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME TO DAVE BOWMAN IS MERE MINUTES TO THE MONOLITH. ALTHOUGH, HE CAN'T SEE IT, THE MONOLITH IS THERE-- WATCHING-- WAITING-- FOR THE MOMENT TO COME-- THE OLD ONE MUST PASS BEFORE THE "NEW ONE" CAN COME INTO BEING...

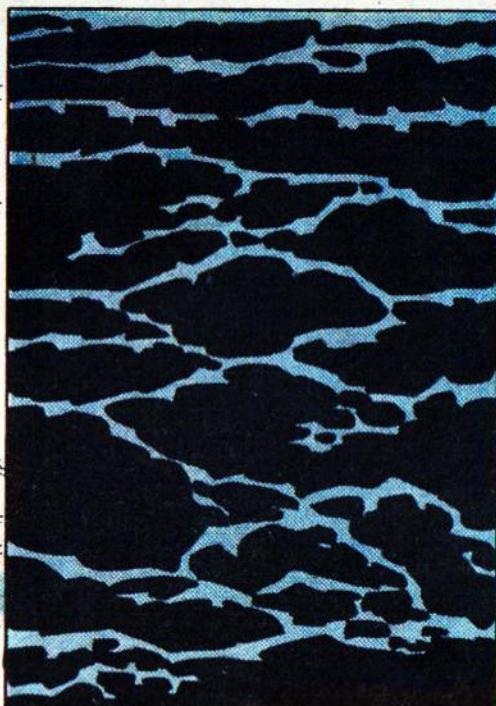
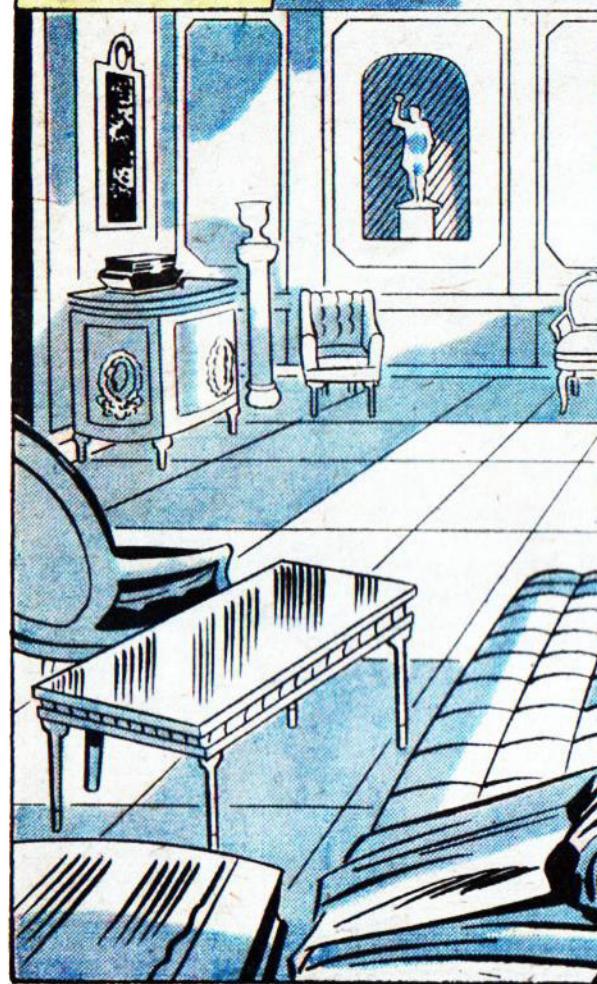


AND, THE MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVES... DAVE BOWMAN IS OLD-- OLD AS HE WILL EVER BE...

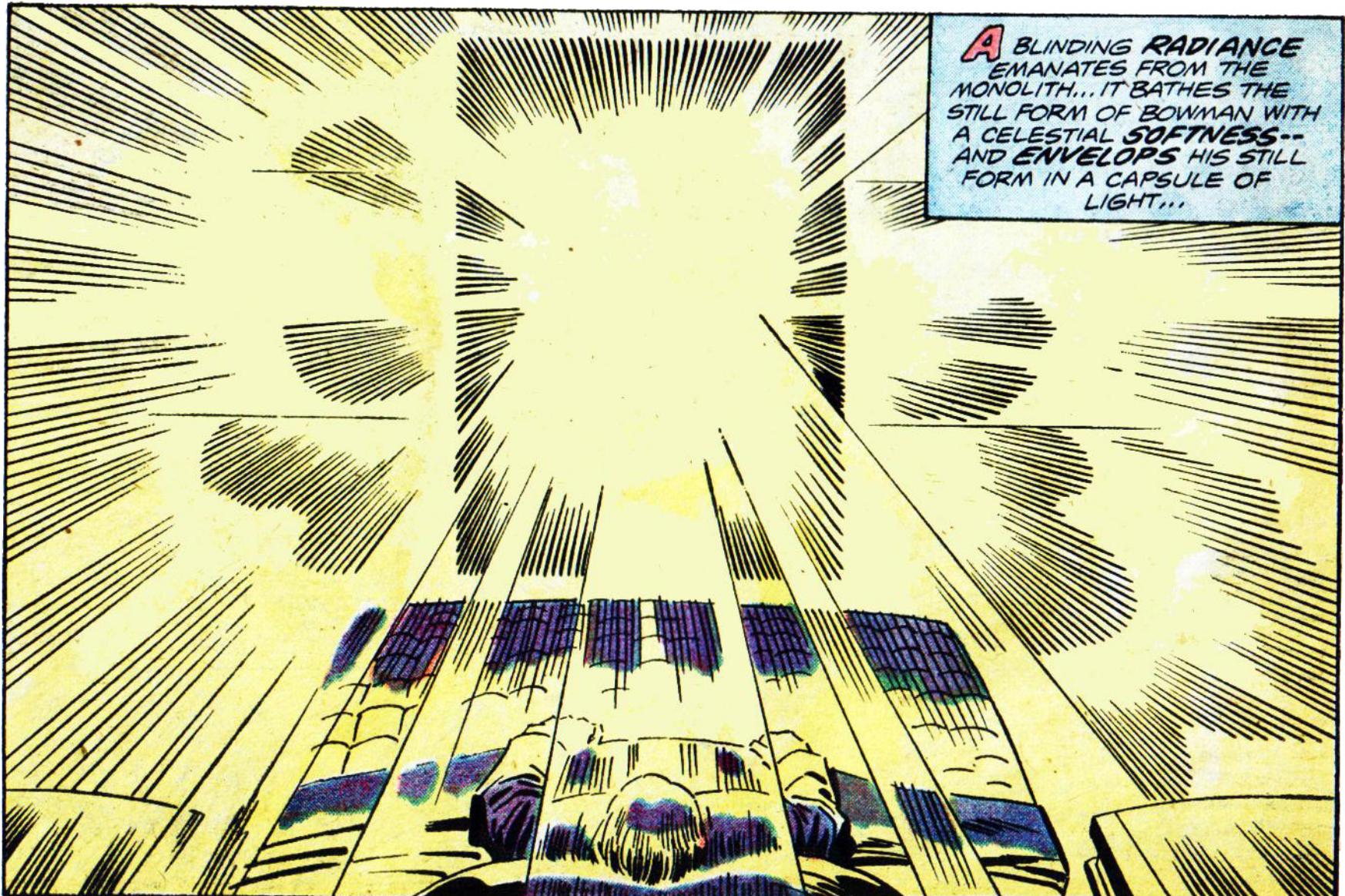
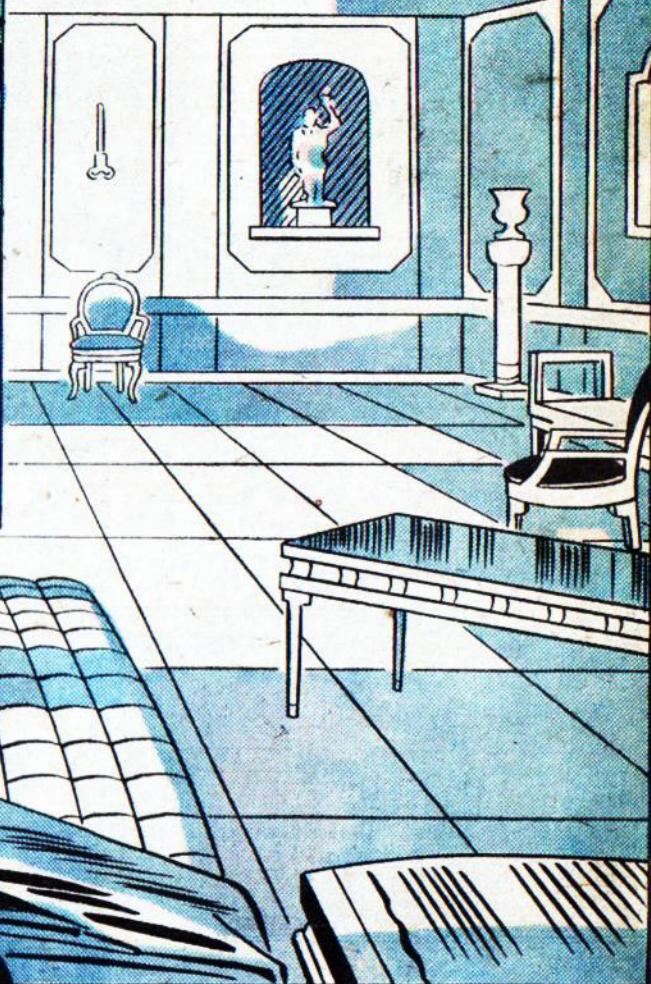


THE NATURE OF DEATH IS INEXPLICABLE TO MAN-- BUT, TO THE MONOLITH IT IS A NORMAL STEP TO PROCESSES KNOWN ONLY TO ITS KIND... IT IS ALMOST TIME TO PURSUE ITS TASK...

THE MONOLITH APPEARS...
AND, EVEN AS DAVE BOWMAN'S
VISION DIMS, HE WEAKLY LIFTS
HIS HAND AS IF IN RECOGNITION
--THEN, LETS IT GENTLY FALL
BACK, AS HIS LIFE STARTS
TO FADE...



WHAT IS THE END OR BEGINNING
TO SOMETHING WHICH KNOWS
NEITHER--MORTALLY IS A
CONDITION OF **MAN**. AND,
HE MUST BE TAUGHT TO
SURMOUNT IT...



A BLINDING RADIANCE
EMANATES FROM THE
MONOLITH... IT BATHES THE
STILL FORM OF BOWMAN WITH
A CELESTIAL SOFTNESS--
AND ENVELOPS HIS STILL
FORM IN A CAPSULE OF
LIGHT...

IF THE GENES OF AN APE COULD HERALD THE COMING OF MAN--THEN, WHAT SORT OF STRANGER MAY SPRING FROM THE GENES OF MAN? THE DECISION IS MADE AS DAVE BOWMAN PASSES FROM LIFE...



BUT, THERE IS MORE TO A MAN THAN MERE IDENTITY... THERE IS MATERIAL... AND, A GENETIC CODE FROM WHICH TO WORK. THE MONOLITH COMPLETES THE JOB IT BEGAN, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.



A MEMBRANACEOUS COCOON OF GOSSAMER STRENGTH FORMS IN COMPLEX PATTERNS ABOUT THE STILL-WARM HUMAN REMAINS. WHERE IS THE END? WHERE IS THE BEGINNING? DO THEY REALLY EXIST?



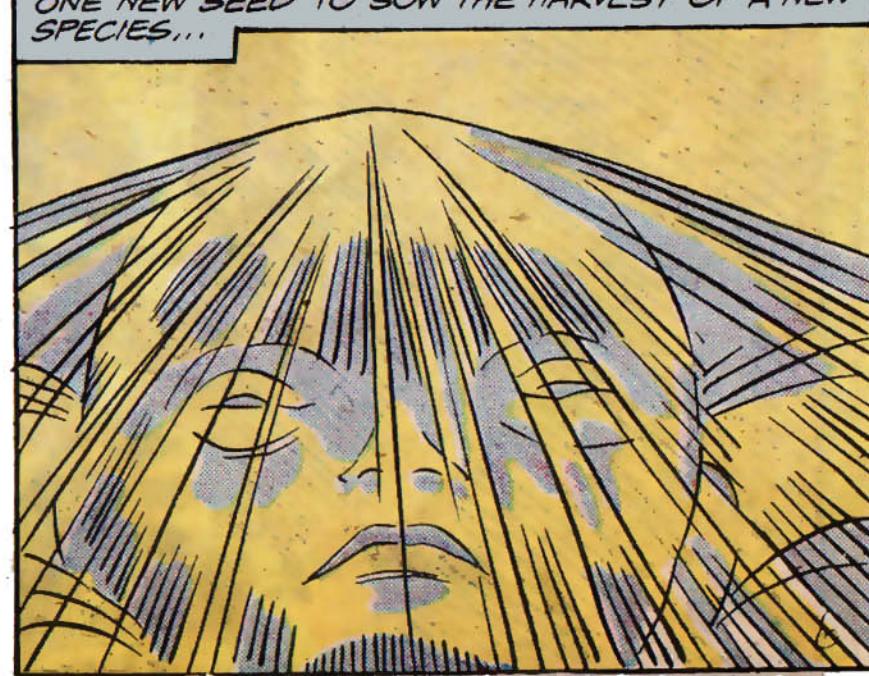
CAN THE NEED FOR SURVIVAL BE SO STRONG THAT A SPECIES WILL CARRY A POWER IN ITS GENES WHICH CAN OVERCOME EXTINCTION? THE MONOLITH KNOWS THIS CREATURE CAN TRANSCEND ITSELF... THE MONOLITH KNOWS THAT THIS IS HAPPENING BENEATH THE MEMRANE...



WHEN THE CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE, THE OUTLINE OF A "NEW ONE" MATERIALIZES... ANOTHER GREAT STEP HAS BEEN TAKEN IN THE "ODYSSEY OF MAN..."



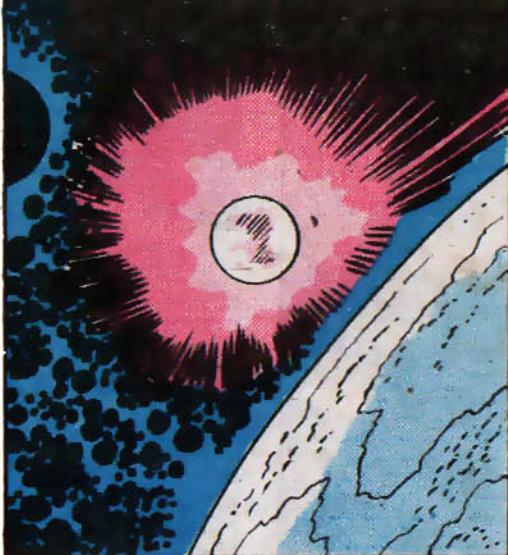
THE "NEW ONE" IS EXAMINED BY THE MONOLITH AND FOUND SATISFACTORY... HE IS TO BE THE FIRST OF MANY "NEW ONES." FOR THE MONOLITH KNOWS THERE MUST BE MORE THAN ONE NEW SEED TO SOW THE HARVEST OF A NEW SPECIES...



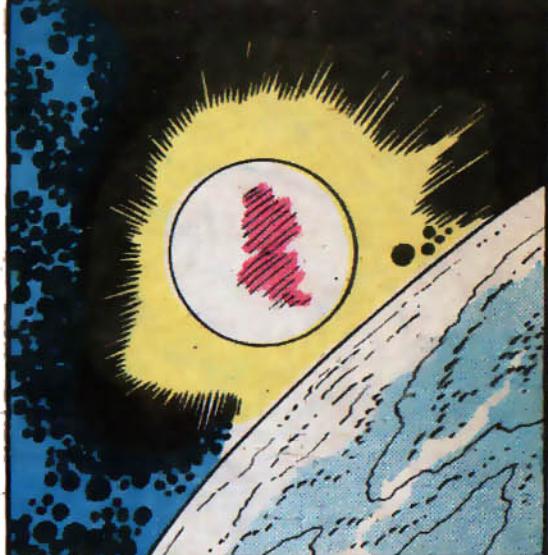
UNTIL THE NEXT SEED CAN BE BROUGHT INTO BEING, THIS NEW ONE IS SET FREE SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE...



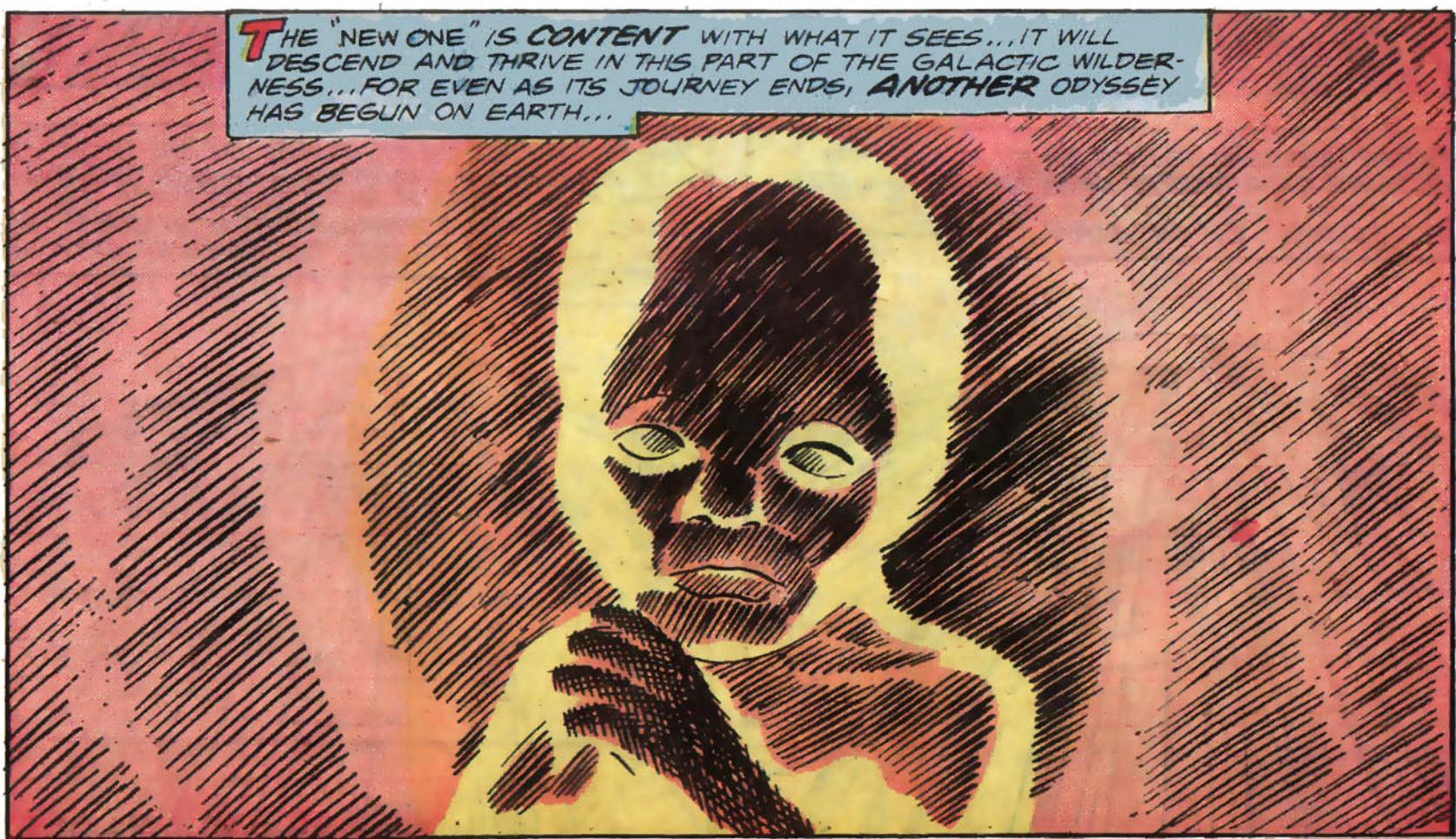
WHEN IT REACHES A PLANET, SUITABLE FOR ITS ARRIVAL, IT WILL HALT TO SURVEY IT BEFORE DESCENDING...



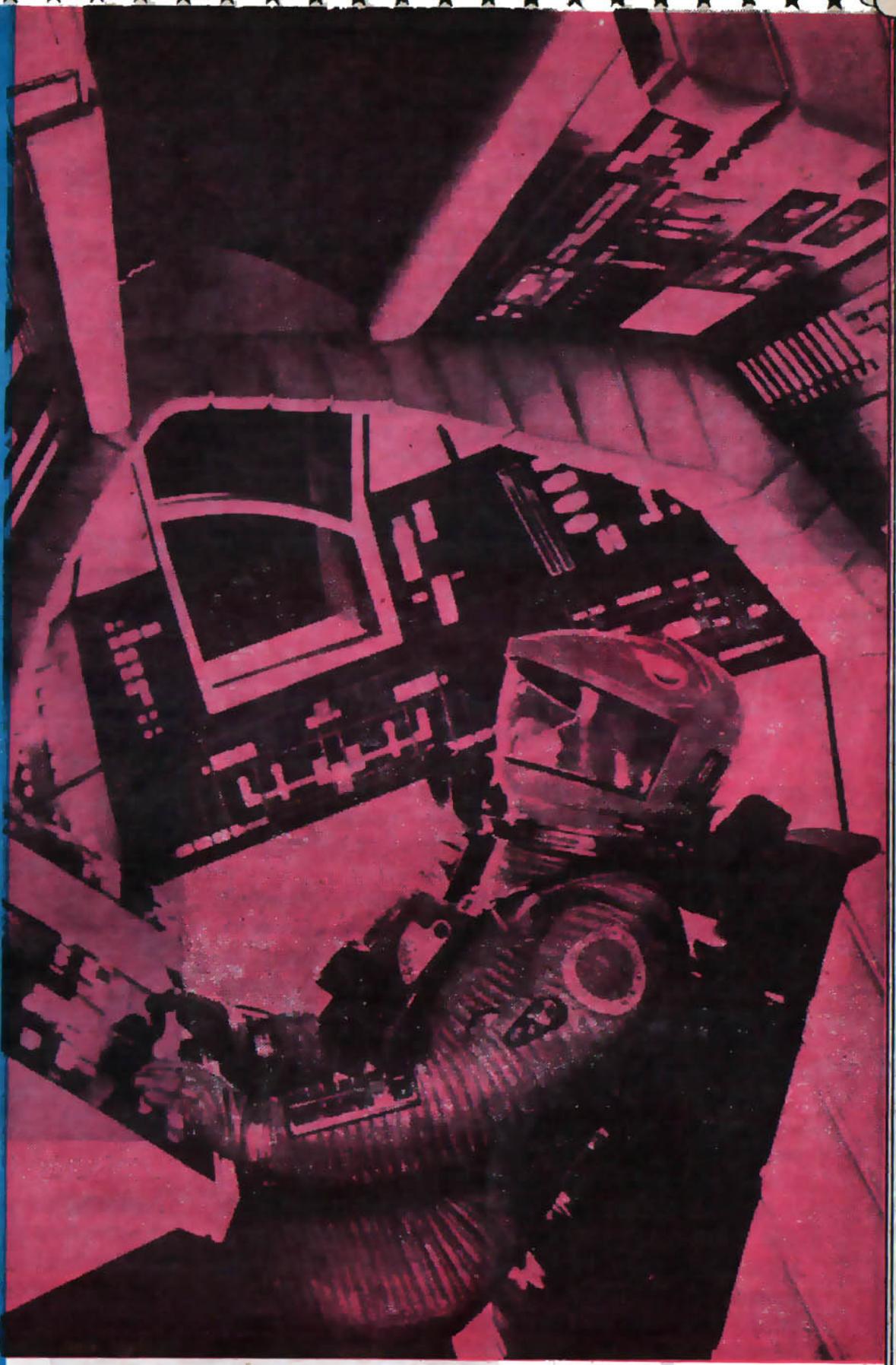
THIS "NEW ONE" REPRESENTS THE FIRST OF A SPECIES WHICH CAN CHOOSE ITS OWN PLACE IN THE COSMOS...



ITS CHANCES FOR SURVIVAL ARE GREATER THAN ANY LIVING CREATURE TO BE BORN... WITH THE CERTAINTY OF ITS KIND, THE "NEW ONE" KNOWS IT HAS FOUND A HOME...

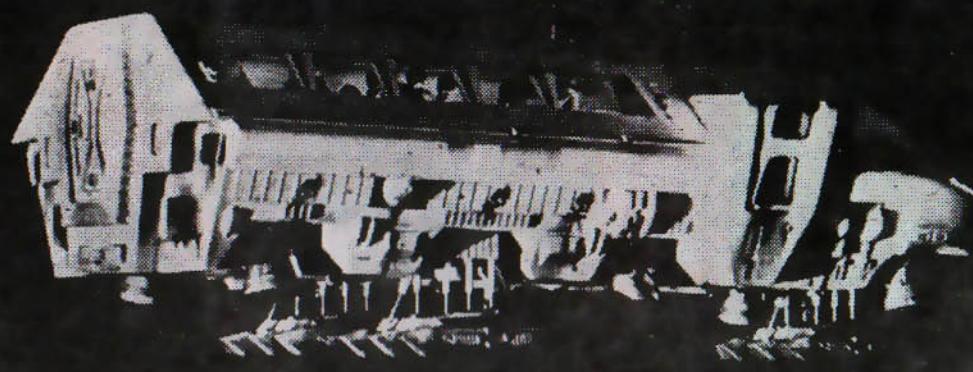


THE "NEW ONE" IS CONTENT WITH WHAT IT SEES... IT WILL DESCEND AND THRIVE IN THIS PART OF THE GALACTIC WILDERNESS... FOR EVEN AS ITS JOURNEY ENDS, ANOTHER ODYSSEY HAS BEGUN ON EARTH...



2001: A SPACE RETROSPECTIVE

BY DAVID ANTHONY KRAFT



\$10,500,000.

A respectable budget for any major motion picture, and an *outrageous* figure for a science fiction film, particularly in the eyes of a smug critical establishment not in the habit of according much serious consideration to releases in this preposterous category. But money has an immediacy that commands attention and that automatically guarantees close critical scrutiny for any movie that measures its budget in multiples of one million dollars.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY brought new respect to that oft-misrepresented genre, the sf film, by virtue of both its tremendous production cost and the considerable reputation of its co-author/director, Stanley Kubrick. Here, indeed, was an awkward situation for the *cognoscenti*—a legitimate cinematic science fiction effort that they couldn't easily ignore or dismiss.

The controversy over **2001** raged in the popular press for an extraordinarily lengthy period of time. The movie itself is an intensely personal experience, and for the most part the critics didn't know what to make of it.

Released in 1968, after five years of work on Kubrick's part, **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY** took yet another year to reach Devils Lake, North Dakota, where I resided at the time. Quite predictably, it showed at the local drive-in theater. By then I had been made extremely curious and highly expectant by all the controversial media-coverage, the more so since science fiction fandom had gotten hold of the subject, seeming at least to understand the basic premise, and had then proceeded to render vastly differing yet adamant opinions as to its merits in various of the amateur critical journals known as fanzines.

Ergo, I attended a showing. And came away quite unimpressed.

Stanley Eichelbaum commented about **2001**, in the *San Francisco Examiner*, "It takes a special attitude to enjoy it, like most any new art form." No question, he was right. I wasn't ready, for a variety of reasons; moreover, I responded negatively at having been so misled by all the unwarranted publicity.



Basically, though, I just wasn't looking.

A quote from Kubrick explains more fully what I mean: "I don't like to talk about **2001** much because it's essentially a nonverbal experience. Less than half the film has dialogue. It attempts to communicate more to the subconscious and to the feelings than it does to the intellect. I think clearly that there's a basic problem with people who are not paying attention with their eyes. They're listening. And they don't get much from listening to this film. Those who won't believe their eyes won't be able to appreciate this film."

It took a third screening at the Ziegfeld theater here in New York to finally bring home to me the majesty and power of **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY**. I was completely awestruck by the time it finished. That "special attitude" necessary for the full appreciation and enjoyment of the picture had at last been present in this intrepid viewer, aided in no small part by the cineramic circumstances in which such a highly visual odyssey was meant to be experienced.



The confusion among critics, I think, stemmed from an entirely different set of problems.

First, science fiction breeds a more flexible frame of mind through consciousness-expanding exposure to experimental futures, alien societies, bizarre developments and so forth, while traditional fiction encourages a certain rigidity of viewpoint due to its familiarity of form and predictability of action: this quite possibly accounts for an acknowledged inability among critics to comprehend the general storyline of the movie, not being used to giving of themselves intellectually to fully grasp a plot, but instead to having a story presented to them complete as a vicarious and easily understood experience.

Second, and probably most important, 2001 is almost exclusively a visual story; it has been called the first true

motion picture. Film critics, at least those who express themselves via printed reviews, are generally word oriented and thus their ability to relate to exclusively visual stimuli becomes suspect. The resulting confusion in the absence of clearly codified plot information (as routinely transmitted through dialogue or "voice over" narrative) undoubtedly accounts for the greater portion of consternation among the aforementioned *cognoscenti*.

In fact, nearly half an hour elapses in 2001 before the first word is spoken on screen. Kubrick freely admits, "I tried to work things out so that nothing important was said in the dialogue, and that anything important in the film be translated in terms of action."

Consequently, perhaps even unconsciously, several noted critics reacted by coming out against the film, then on further deliberation reversed their opinions and—along with the baffled but undaunted body of their peers—awkwardly endorsed this precedent-shattering motion picture, acclaiming it a masterwork.

Just coincidentally, they were right.

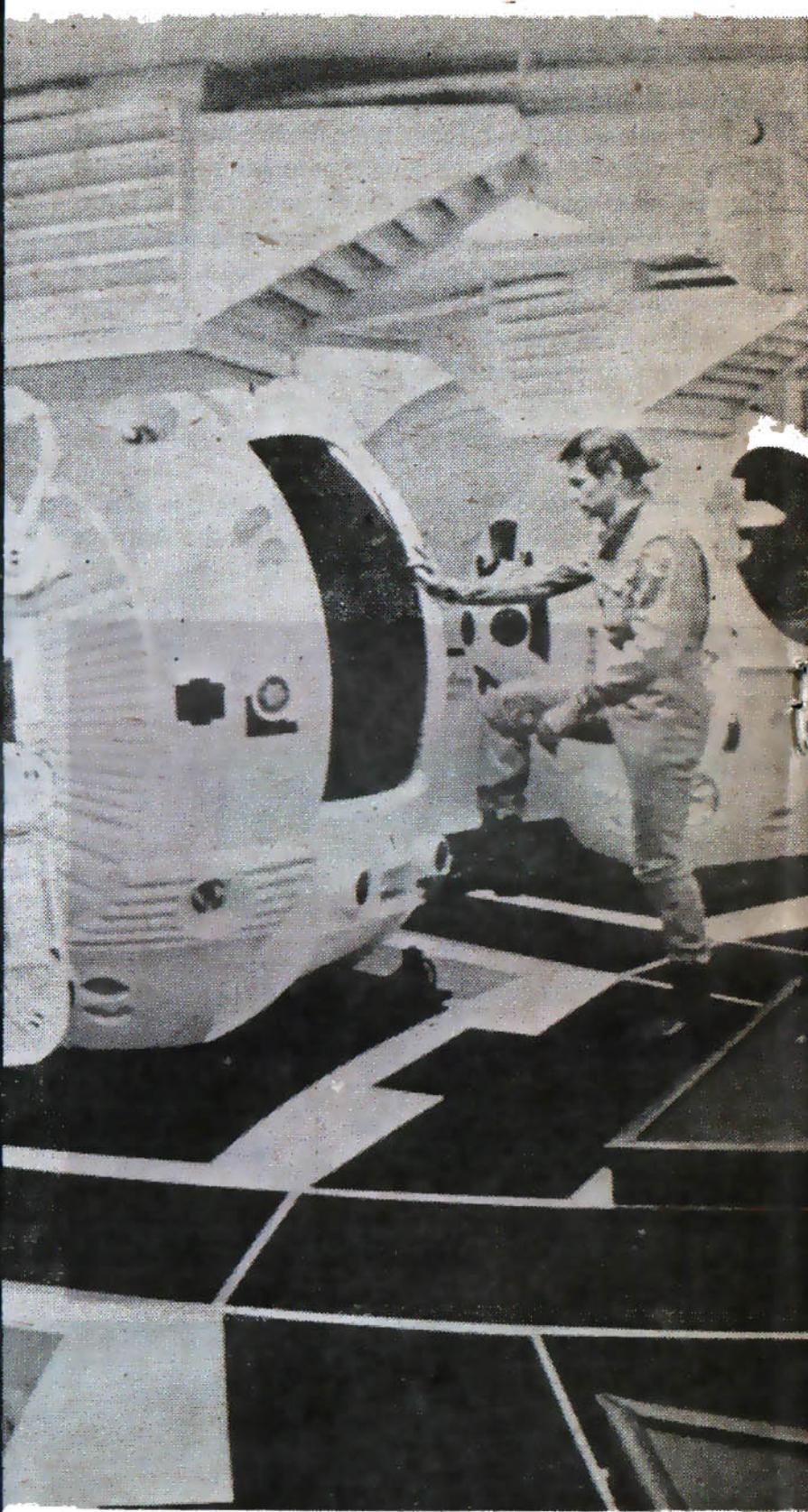
There is much talk of the "test of time" in regard to determining the legitimate artistic value of contemporary pop art. With the intervention of eight hectic years between its premiere and the publication of this retrospective, 2001 still emerges no less diminished by the passage of time; indeed, the advantage of perspective only proves its popularity was not a passing fancy, for the film undergoes frequent revivals and fairly refuses to be forgotten. In the short space of less than a decade, it has become a classic.

Yet what of its origins?

From its beginning as a conceptual germ in Stanley Kubrick's imagination, 2001 underwent a considerable evolution before finally premiering in Technicolor, Mecrocolor and Cinerama on the great screen. Some five years of evolution, to be exact, from idea to finished product.

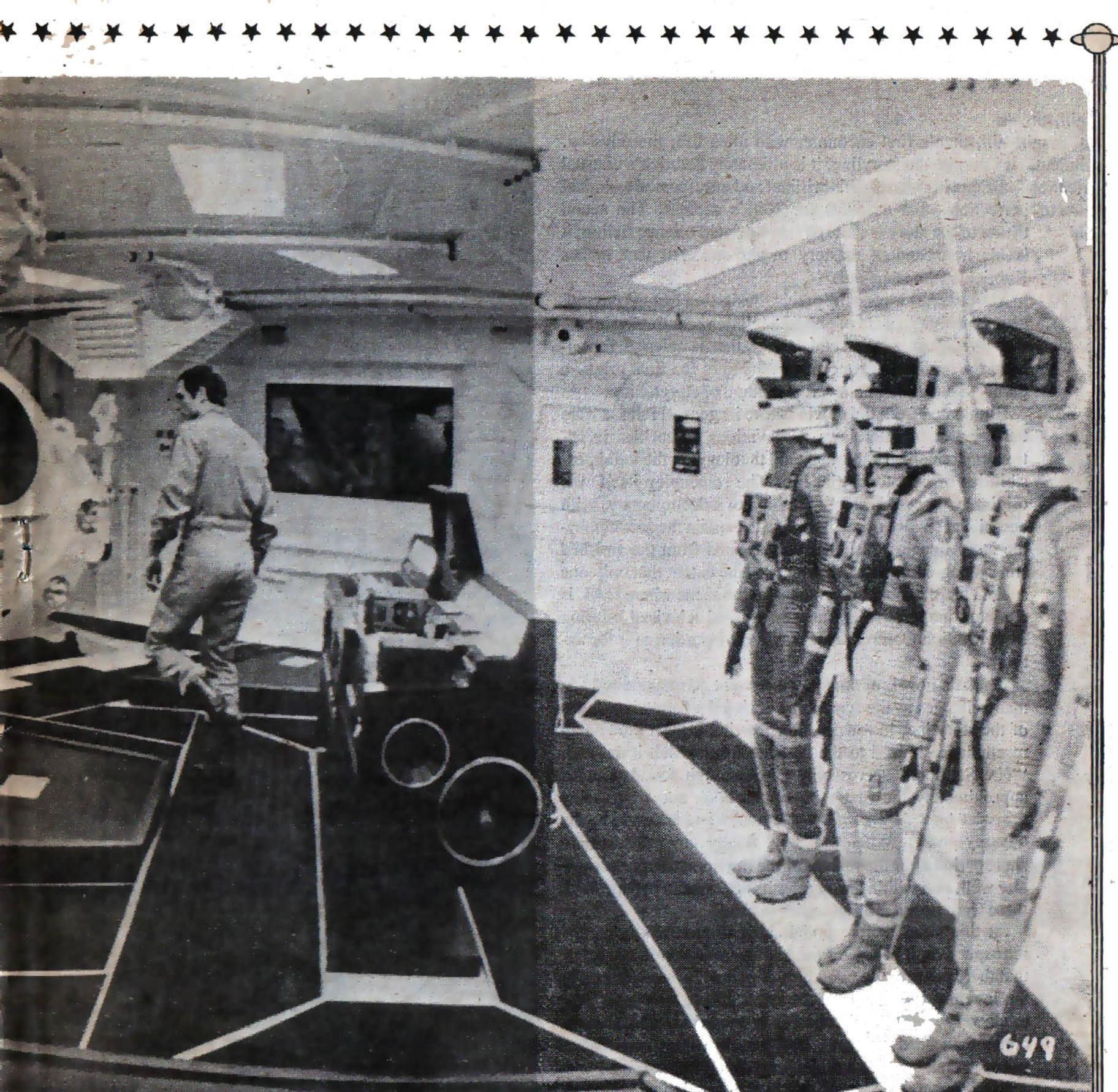
Kubrick started by approaching science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke with the seminal notion for the film, and





after reviewing the body of the Englishman's published works, came to a mutual agreement with him to do a "first contact" story (humans meeting extraterrestrials for the first time). This is a recurring motif in prose science fiction, the prototype being Murray Leinster's original short story, "First Contact," published circa 1945 in Street & Smith's *Astounding* magazine, which ironically makes 2001 not only the lauded experimental cinematic triumph of 1968, but also a bastard offspring of the pulps.

In fact, it derives quite directly from the pulps in yet another way, since for their working plot the two men chose Clarke's own "The Sentinel," not really a full short story,



but rather a vignette which itself first appeared in a digest-size pulp magazine in 1950. This became the basic premise from which Kubrick and Clarke were to develop the screenplay for the MGM film, tentatively (and unimaginatively) titled **JOURNEY BEYOND THE STARS**. The project was to be an ambitious co-venture into both cinema and print; the screenplay, reflecting Kubrick's experience and pre-eminence in the visual medium, would be credited as by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke, while the novel would reverse the order to honor Clarke's standing in the field of prose (although, when eventually published, the novel bore an exclusive by-line for Clarke).

Thus "The Sentinel" became the springboard for two years of intensive development on a simultaneous novel/screenplay that, at one point, called for the actual appearance of functioning extraterrestrials—an idea eventually abandoned in the interests of verisimilitude. Clarke's technical and hard science background came into play in a determined quest for accuracy and, according to Kubrick, "The trip and the magical alignment of Jupiter and its satellites are the only things in 2001 that don't conform to what is known to physicists and astronomers."

The movie, when it eventually emerged years later in finished form, presented a synthesis of myths—the human

origin, man's first encounter with alien life, the *odyssey*. But, despite the storyline, it is ultimately Kubrick's unusual technique in cinema—his brilliant and unsurpassed technical perfection—that accounts for 2001's success. The actual theme of the story is quite *passé* in printed science fiction; it is his transcendent mastery of the medium that makes Kubrick's film stand out.

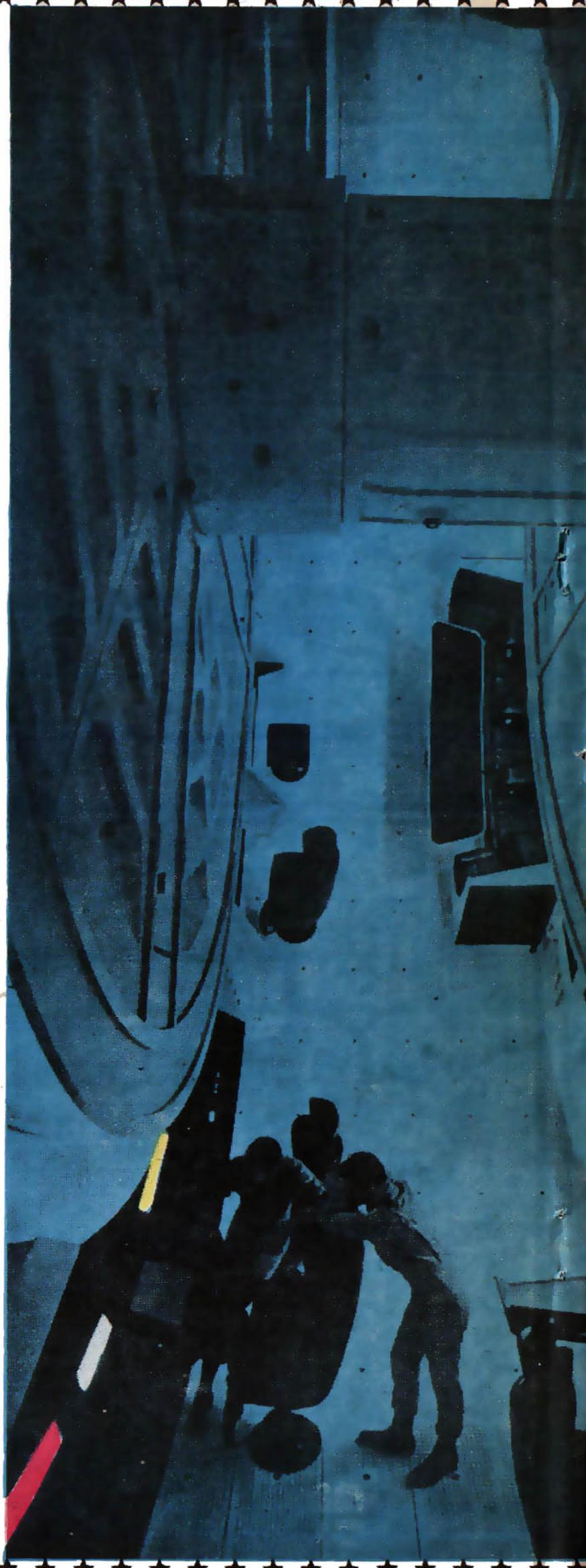
Moreover, it was not by precise design but instead through an exhaustive process of experimentation, continuing all the way through production and editing, that he at length formulated the innovative concept employed in the final print—a purely visual rather than verbal method of storytelling.

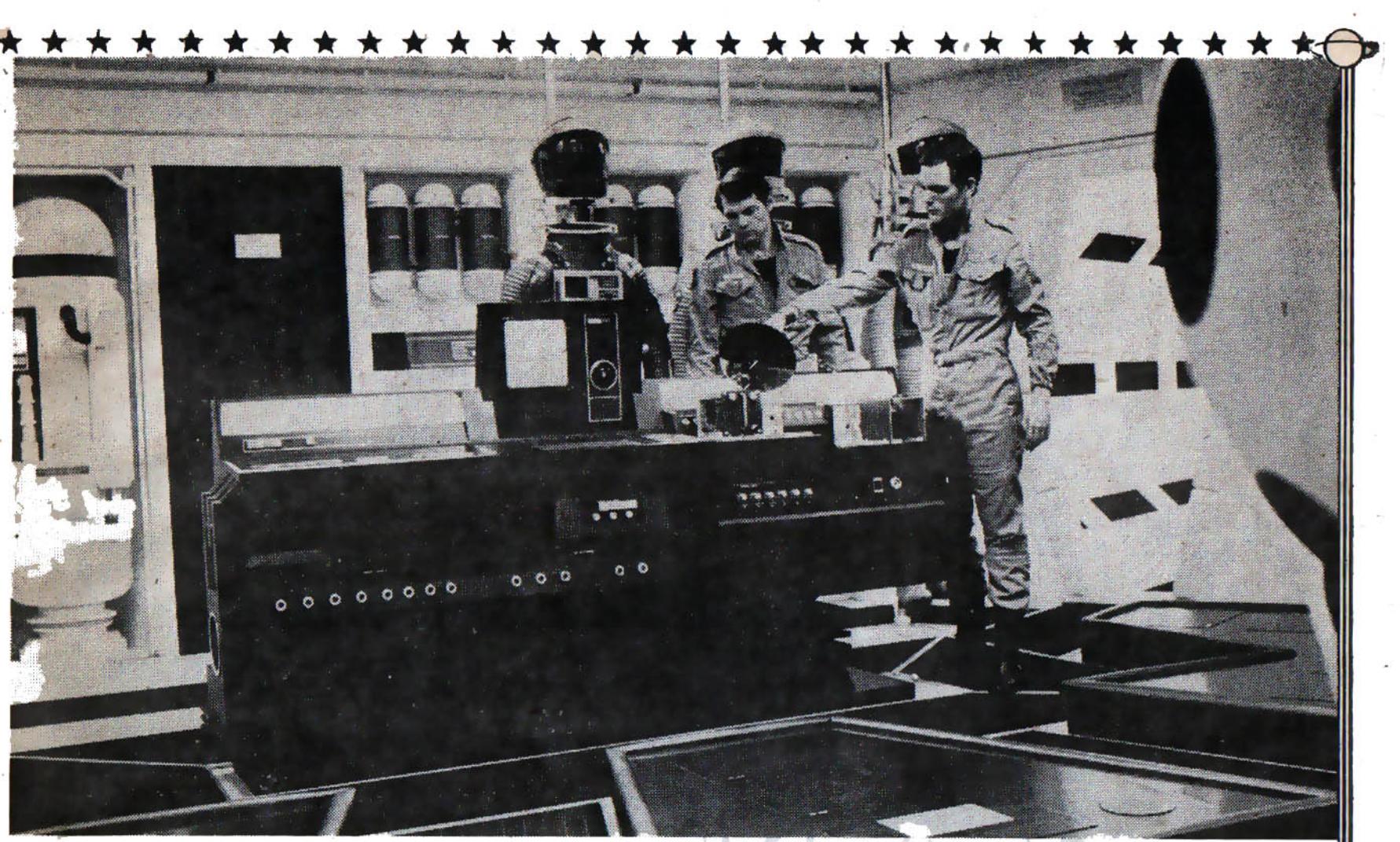
Eliminated from the movie before its general release were ten minutes of interviews with various authorities in astronomy, chemistry, biology and theology on the valid possibilities of extraterrestrial life. The screenplay itself was originally prepared after the fashion of a documentary, with occasional "voice over" narrative to explain the accompanying story images; this, too, was excised from the finished film, along with excess dialogue, to the extent that only one spoken bit of exposition remains (in the scene where HAL is rendered inoperative and a pre-recorded televised briefing from Mission Control reveals a missing portion of information).

Clarke's novel, of course, underwent correspondingly as many changes as the screenplay during the formative stages of the storyline, in rewrite after rewrite, until it bore small resemblance indeed to the vignette from which it derived. "The Sentinel" serves only as the rough foundation for approximately the first third of the book and film, being preceded by the *Dawn of Man* sequence and followed by the *odyssey* proper. When the novel finally saw publication a short period after the release of the movie, it did phenomenally well, and within a year after its appearance in paperback there were over a million copies in print.

At this point, before undertaking the remainder of this retrospective, it behooves me to draw attention to my belief that there are actually two kinds of people, when it comes to the innermost workings of the mind. These two types may relate very well to each other, may even find themselves in common accord on many subjects, but they nonetheless arrive at their convictions in utterly dissimilar fashions.

I first became aware of this fact in relation to a highly-respected friend and occasional freelance text writer for Marvel, Dan Hagen. We find ourselves in frequent agreement, and consequently we each made certain unconscious assumptions with regard to our mutual reasoning processes that went unchallenged, until the time when I expressed an enthusiastic opinion that was thoroughly refuted by Dan. It wasn't his objection that stunned me, but the rational philosophical argument he presented in his offhand defense of it. Utterly taken aback, I realized that here was a manner of thinking completely alien to me. My actions and reactions spring from an intuitive/emotional process, while Dan's stem from logical/ethical considerations. This astounding discovery has not adversely affected our friendship, but it has served me peculiarly well in subsequent assessments and perceptions of the world around me.





Stanley Kubrick is, I believe, of my turn of mind. He has stated that, "The truth of a thing is in the feel of it, not the think of it." Unquestionably, the feel of *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* is breathtakingly grand. And rather than analyze the film frame by frame, or even scene by scene, I'm going to present some of my own spontaneous feelings expanded from sporadic notes made during my most recent viewing of it at the Ziegfeld.

There's absolutely no denying that the special effects are superb—indeed, that the movie owes most of its "sense of wonder" to the cinematic tricks devised by Kubrick and Douglas Trumbull—but even so I couldn't help finding the mixture of apes and men quite noticeable, especially in the first stalking scene at the waterhole (Arthur C. Clarke's well-publicized statement to the effect that "2001 did not win the Academy Award for makeup because the judges may not have realized apes were actors," notwithstanding).

Still, the faces and grimaces are excellent, and the *Dawn of Man* sequence is both effective and impressive. The human-bone-to-orbiting-satellite transition shot, bridging four million years, is sheer genius. And the subsequent sight of placid human countenances, in contrast to the grimacing man-apes in the preceding segment, serves most subtly to reinforce the jump from the savage to civilization.

There is magic here—and careful creativity. Witness as further evidence the extraordinary marriage of visuals to music in the early space scenes, which continues masterfully throughout most of the film, and owes far more to the revolutionary spirit of Walt Disney's *FANTASIA* than to any contemporary standards prevalent at the time of *2001*'s production.

I remember that, the first time I saw the feature, it was my impression the human element had been sacrificed to the technological, so overwhelmed was I by the stunning special

effects. This became one of my chief arguments against the film, and I now realize that it was the proverbial case of not being able to see the forest for the trees.

Above all, the motion picture is about Man. It is the *story of Man*, from a speculative viewpoint that gives rise to "metaphysical, philosophical and even religious questions" (to quote Clarke).

In choosing to tell the quintessential story of man *qua* Man, Kubrick relegated individual personality traits to the background, abandoning customary focus on aberrations of character, in order to view each man as the personification of all men. Without essentially changing the plot, another filmmaker might have achieved an entirely different effect with the same story—the difference, say, between *2001* and an episode of *Star Trek*.

Several critics complained somewhat irrelevantly that the sets betray a pristine, un-lived-in, and thus artificial appearance once the action shifts to space, never pausing to notice minute touches of realistic detail—such as the smudged and fingerprinted viewplates on the helmets of the astronauts as they descend into the moonpit to examine the monolith (in a scene which, to illustrate the immensely complex procedures involved in every phase of the making of *2001*, was filmed in a studio in 1966, but didn't have the lunar background added until a full year later via the matting process).

The great black monolith itself, the unifying factor for the entire film, demonstrating the theme of extraterrestrial intervention into human affairs, underwent considerable change from the "glittering, roughly pyramidal structure, twice as high as a man, that was set in the rock like a gigantic, many faceted jewel" described in Clarke's "The Sentinel." That mysterious artifact, diagnosed as a machine, had been found by an astronaut named Wilson atop a mountain on the moon, and it had been protected by an invisible force field that

finally yielded to an atomic explosion. Unfortunately, the ageless "sentinel" was also decimated by the blast, and consequently narrator Wilson postulated the imminent arrival of emissaries from beyond the stars, who would be signalled by its destruction that an infant civilization capable of nuclear power had finally evolved on Earth.

The movie, as you can see, took certain liberties.

Among them was the visualization of the artifact, in early production designed to be a tetrahedron, but eventually reduced to the stately magnificence of a solid black slab. This was done to avoid any mistaken confusion with the pyramids, and the shape finally chosen was not presumed to hold any associational significance for viewers (though some critics likened it to a 1950s candybar, for want of anything better to say). Even its final ominous color underwent earlier experimentation, a translucent slab being rejected in favor of

hear a philosophical discussion between HAL and any member of the crew, but their conversation was always limited to polite exchanges. The closest intimacy as to HAL's private perceptions occurs when he asks Dave Bowman the personal question about whether he's been having second thoughts about the mission. And this, rather than being an insight into HAL's normal character, is an indication of his growing paranoia.

The computer's subsequent malfunctioning and homicidal breakdown is, of course, displayed to its utmost effect, and has received the near-unanimous critical acclaim it so well deserves. But there is still some question as to HAL's possible motives.

Arthur C. Clarke, credited as co-author of the movie, himself criticized this filmic ambiguity: "I personally would like to have seen a rationale of HAL's behavior."



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the solid black, which photographed much better.

The peculiar fashion in which Kubrick chose to tell the story combines with the pacing, odd camera angles and sense of detachment to stimulate occasional insight into unexpected quarters. One such moment occurs when Frank receives the broadcast from his parents back on Earth, who seem particularly insipid and phoney. Perhaps they are. Or, on the other hand, maybe genuine emotion—when seen from a detached, impersonal point of view—really does have that vapid quality. And maybe that realization scares people. At any rate, Kubrick was amply chastised in print for the film's lack of human relationships or characteristic sexual interest, which has become nearly mandatory in contemporary popular cinema.

This is not so frustrating in human terms, since we can draw from experience to interpret the unexpressed, as it is in the case of HAL 9000, the sentient computer. I literally ached to

So would I.

After all, what could HAL have hoped to gain by terminating the lives of the human crew? Being intelligent, it seems he would grow lonesome for intellectual companionship on the remainder of the journey, as well as being functionally unable to fulfill the mission upon his arrival at Jupiter. Or, aware of its awesome significance, was he prepared to offer himself as the zenith of intelligent life on Earth? Science fiction author Harlan Ellison has proposed an even more novel possibility: The aliens tampered with HAL's functioning from afar, causing him to turn homicidal, because they wanted only the hardiest specimen of human life to arrive for cosmic rejuvenation. A novel proposal, but hardly likely.

And the ever-changing role of the monolith, itself, deserves some questioning.

In the *Dawn of Man* sequence, it acts as some kind of quasi-mystical catalyst for Man's evolution, yet on the moon



it has been relegated merely to the status of a signal transmitting device *a la* its counterpart in "The Sentinel." The fate of its predecessor of 4,000,000 years ago is left unexplained, even as is that of the moon monolith itself. But yet another monolith may be seen floating in space above Jupiter, just preceding Dave's phantasmagorical trip. Why? This one is neither touched by human hands nor used to transmit signals; perhaps it was the receiver for the broadcast from the moon, or maybe it's there to guide Bowman on the spectacular mind-blowing journey which follows. There is one final scene utilizing the monolith, when the aged Bowman reaches out for the last time to touch it before being reborn as the Star-Child. Here, like in the opening scene, the monolith has a transmogrifying effect.

Are there several of them, then, acting in different capacities as machines of the extraterrestrials—or is there only one monolith, mobile and capable of the various func-

tions? Is it a machine at all? Might it not, in fact, actually be one of the *aliens*?

This latitude for speculation which extends throughout 2001 may be somewhat annoying, but at the same time such unanswered questions obviously contribute to the mysterious allure of the film. Kubrick has managed to whet the imagination and, in so doing, create a classic.

He has also been accused of sloppy storytelling.

Be that as it may, there are some marvelous bits of imagery and mood, drawing up free-form associations with memorable experiences and favorable sensations at large. The aforementioned scenes of the monolith floating in space above Jupiter simultaneously evoked in my head sympathetic strains of the Moody Blues' song, "Lovely to See You Again" with its exhortation to "Tell us what you've seen, in far away forgotten lands . . ." Then follows the much-lauded visual sequence often heralded as the





cinematic equivalent of a psychedelic trip by those who have obviously never experienced one.

Strangely enough, this is the one part of *2001* about which I have not changed my initial opinion. My first reaction to the highly-touted optical extravaganza—the single element in the movie which has perhaps gained the most widespread notoriety—was one of utter disappointment. It did not appear to me to warrant the inordinate amount of press devoted to it, or the lavishly extravagant claims made for it. Once again, I think it was a case of critics leaping on the most obvious and outstanding feature of a film they did not immediately comprehend, in an attempt to find at least *something* to say. And after seeing *2001* for the third time, and having drastically altered my views since first watching it, I still maintain my original opinion in this single respect.

To my mind, beyond the sudden effective contrast of the stark white-on-white Louis XVI bedroom to the garish frenzy just preceding it, the really impressive work near the end of the motion picture consists of Kubrick's effective use of segues to jump ahead in time and display the remainder of Dave's life. Bowman steps out of his capsule, already looking older, and as he stands in his spacesuit surveying the room he "sees" himself as a yet older man. Then, in a sudden switch of viewpoint, we find it's actually the old man experiencing *déjà vu*! The effect is excellent.

It is employed again when he looks at the bed and "sees" himself very much older and dying, then becomes that older figure remembering back. *Excellent!*

Finally, the monolith appears before Man once more, to aid in the transcending of limitations, and thus Dave Bow-

man is reborn in translucent amniotic fluid as the Star-Child—glimpsed only for the briefest of moments before the house lights come on and the curtains close.

In 1968, the effect of *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* was a discernible impact on audiences; it has not appreciably diminished in effect, even eight years later. In the interim, Stanley Kubrick has continued to make films (*A CLOCK-WORK ORANGE* and *BARRY LYNDON*) and Arthur C. Clarke has continued to write books (*RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA* and *IMPERIAL EARTH*), but their celebrated collaboration—the first big budget motion picture ever to deal with space travel—continues to merit for them both respect and royalties.

When I first saw *2001*, I was disconcerted at the lack of fast action and mundane physical confrontations to which melodramatic science fiction features had accustomed me, yet it is precisely this absence which marks a breakthrough for the movie, and so excited critics and sf people alike. It is indeed an exclusively visual experience.

And despite the controversy it aroused—or perhaps because of it—*2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY* brought long-sought respect to the medium of the science fiction film. That in itself is an accomplishment worth \$10,500,000 and five years. The fact that *2001* is a continuing commercial success and already a bona fide classic vindicates Kubrick's vision and Clarke's story.

Even I've come around to appreciating it.

What more can I say?

—David Anthony Kraft



MGM presents A Stanley Kubrick Production
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY in Cinerama

THE CAST

Keir Dullea.....	Bowman
Gary Lockwood.....	Poole
William Sylvester.....	Dr. Heywood Floyd
Daniel Richter.....	Moonwatcher
Douglas Rain.....	Hal 9000
Leonard Rossiter.....	Smyslov
Margaret Tyzack.....	Elena
Robert Beatty.....	Halvorsen
Sean Sullivan.....	Michaels
Frank Miller.....	Mission Controller

THE PRODUCTION

Directed and produced by..... *Stanley Kubrick*
Screenplay by..... *Stanley Kubrick, Arthur C. Clarke*
Director of Photography..... *Geoffrey Unsworth*
Additional Photography..... *John Alcott*
Production Design..... *Tony Masters, Harry Lange, Ernie Archer*
Editor..... *Ray Lovejoy*
All Special Photographic Effects Designed and Directed by
MR. KUBRICK
Special effects supervisors..... *Wally Veevers, Douglas Trumbull,*
Con Pederson, Tom Howard
Wardrobe..... *Hardy Amies*

JACK KIRBY: ONE MAN'S ODYSSEY



What the title's trying to say is, that it's been a long road to this special Treasury Edition of 2001.

Jack Kirby's been at the drawing board since he was barely out of his teens. Born on New York's Lower East Side, Jack spent the earlier part of his youth dreaming of getting out of it. The movies were a big help. Edward G. Robinson and Jimmy Cagney were blasting their way through the gang operas, the Marx Brothers provided boffola comedy relief, and Buster Crabbe was using up all the tin in Hollywood for his rocket ships in *Flash Gordon*.

But best of all for Jack were the newspaper comic strips. He read them all avidly, absorbed by their appeal. This spurred him to action. He got it on his first professional job at the Max Fleischer Studios, filling in the "in-between" action on such notables as *Popeye*, *Wimpy*, and *Olive Oyl*.

After that the momentum built. A small newspaper syndicate gave Kirby a crack at strips, editorial cartoons, and miscellaneous illustrated subjects, until he left to involve himself with a new story-telling medium making its initial appearance on the newsstands. Comic books.

It was the real beginning of Kirby's road. *CAPTAIN AMERICA* was published in March 1941, written and drawn by Joe Simon and Jack Kirby for Timely Comics (later to emerge as Marvel). This association was to cover many years and a number of companies, until it dissolved in the fifties. Then, it was back to Marvel for Jack and the renewal of an old acquaintanceship with a young dynamo named Stan Lee. Every comics fan knows the rest. The list of new titles and characters has never stopped burgeoning.

Jack is hyped on the Marvel "big books" and considers 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY a landmark, worthy of the collector's choice. It is a faithful reproduction of the classic film which has intrigued millions; mind-boggling science-fiction and thorough entertainment for the reader. But, if you're reading this, you've already read "Odyssey," and in the lingo of Stan Lee, "Nuff said!"

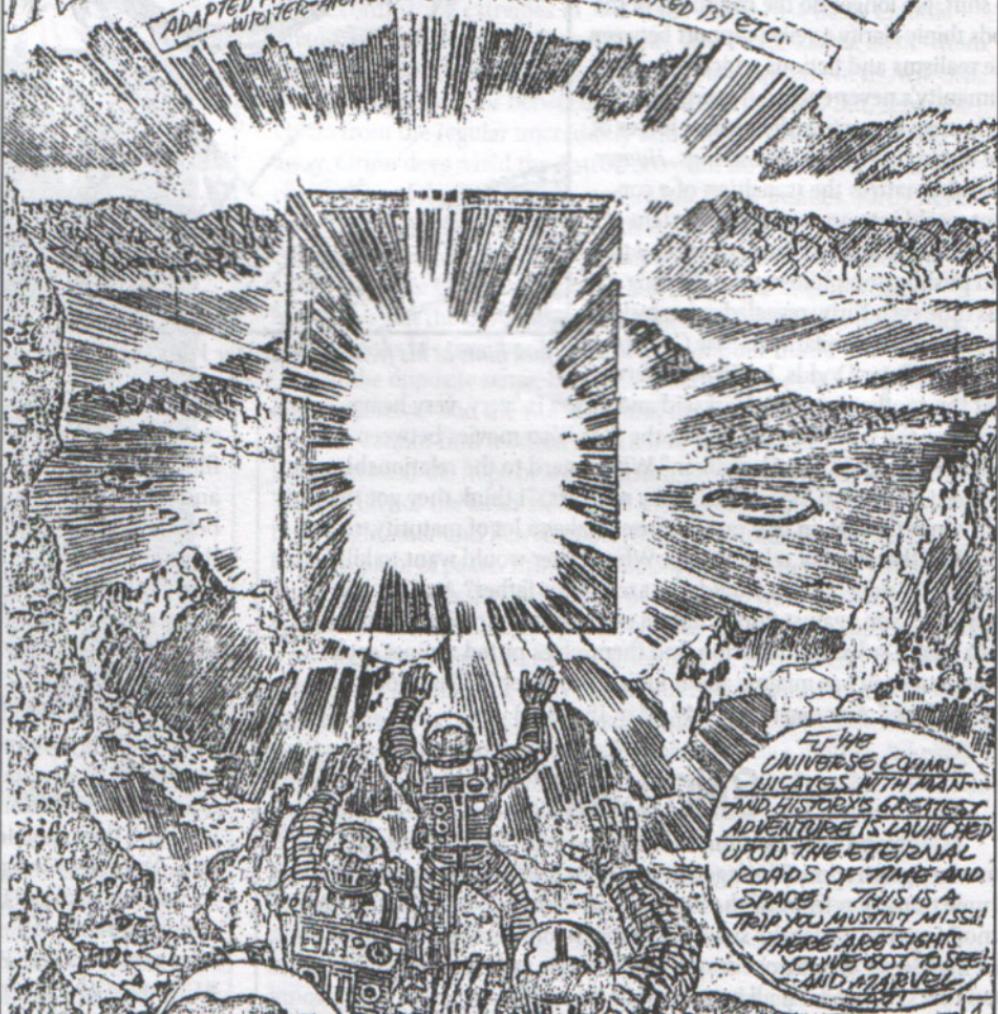
Jack Kirby, at this moment, is still busily working on other projects for us, and still dreams of the newer and bigger things which he, and every Marvel fan, knows can come from a simple sheet of 2 ply bristol board.



2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY

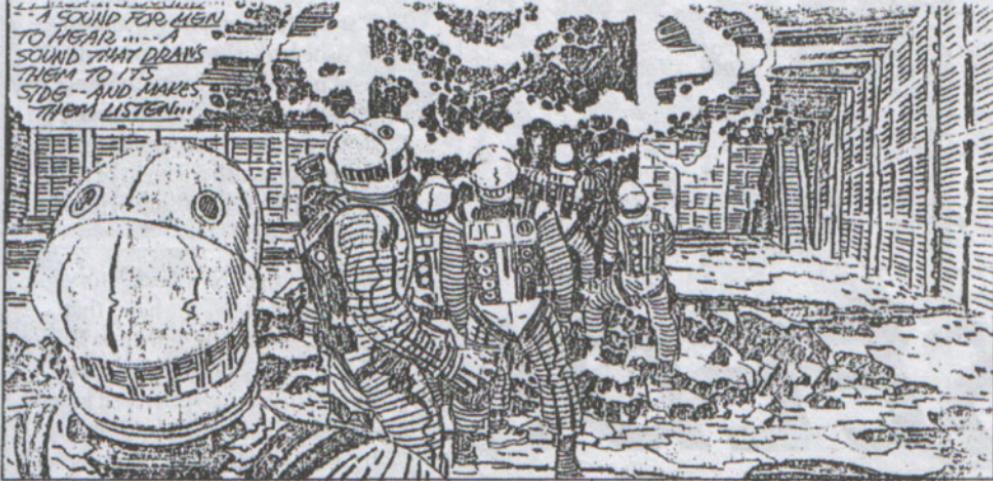
WITH THE MONolith
BEGINS THE JOURNEY
OF MAN!

ADAPTED FROM THE FILM BY JACK KIRBY
WRITER-ARTIST — INKED BY ETC.



FOR THE
UNIVERSE COMMU-
NICATES WITH MAN
AND HISTORY'S GREATEST
ADVENTURE IS LAUNCHED
UPON THE ETERNAL
ROADS OF TIME AND
SPACE! THIS IS A
TRIP YOU MUSTN'T MISS!
THERE ARE SIGHTS
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE
— AND A MARVEL

"A SOUND FOR MEN
TO HEAR... A
SOUND THAT DRAWS
THEM TO ITS
SDG-- AND MAKES
THEM LISTEN!!!



"IT IS TIME FOR MAN'S NEXT,
GREAT ADVENTURE... IT IS
TIME TO TAKE THE STEP
BEYOND ALL THE THINGS THAT
BIND MAN TO 'SMALLNESS'.
AS ANOTHER GROUP HAD
LONG LONG AGO, FLOYD AND
HIS MEN CLUNG TO THE
MONOLITH-- AND LISTEN!!!

